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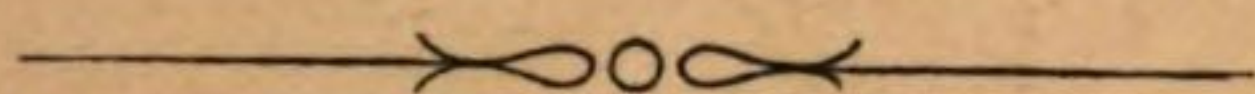








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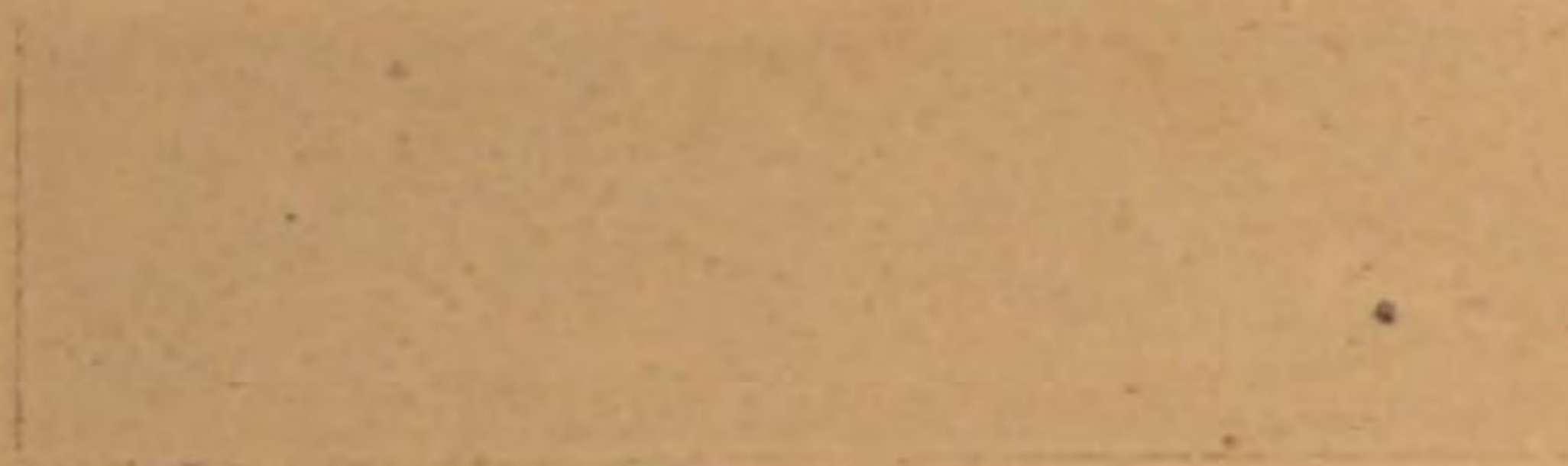
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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO





THE  
OLD BOOK COLLECTOR'S  
MISCELLANY;  
OR, A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
READABLE REPRINTS  
OF  
LITERARY RARITIES,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE HISTORY, LITERATURE, MANNERS  
AND BIOGRAPHY OF THE ENGLISH NATION

DURING THE  
**Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.**

*Edited by*  
CHARLES HINDLEY, Esq., M.N.S.

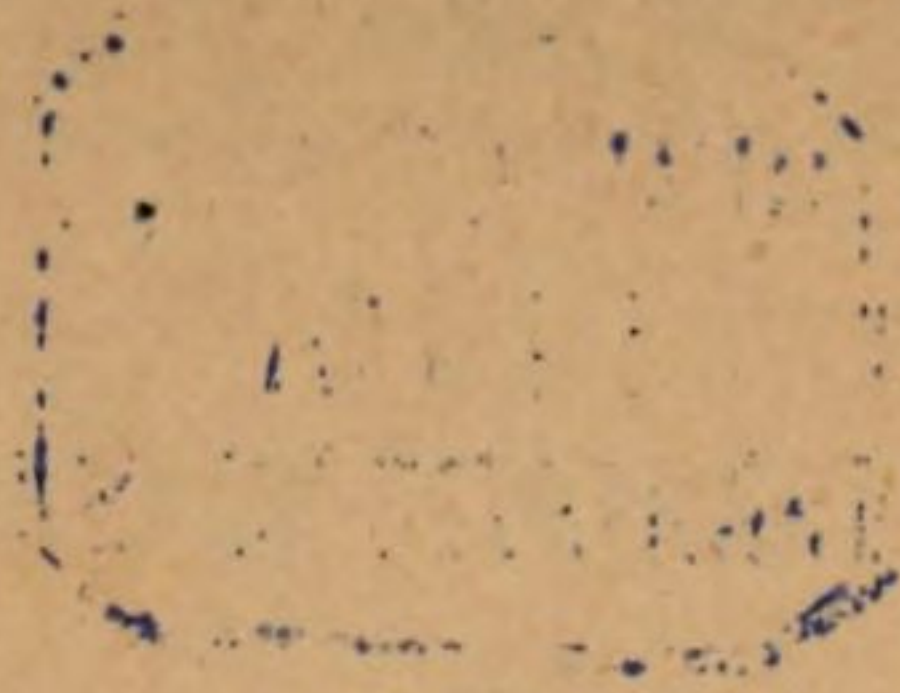
VOL. I.

LONDON:  
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1871.









TO

JAMES EGLINGTON A. GWYNNE, Esq.,

J.P., F.S.A., C.E., Etc.,

OF HARLEY STREET, LONDON,

AND DOVERCOURT, IN THE COUNTY OF ESSEX,

AS

A TESTIMONIAL OF ESTEEM

For him, as

A LOVER OF LITERATURE AND PATRON OF THE FINE ARTS,

*The First Volume of*

"THE OLD BOOK COLLECTOR'S MISCELLANY"

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE EDITOR.

*Rose Hill Terrace,*

*Brighton.*

*August, 1871.*









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OF  
VOLUME I.

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How the Goode Wif Thaght  
hir Daughter.



**The Goode Wif thaught hir Doughter fele tyme  
& ofte gode woman for to be.**

**D**oughter zif þou wilt ben a wif / & wifeliche werche  
Loke þ<sup>t</sup> þou loue welle god / & holy cherche

Go to cherche when þou mygthe / lette for no reyne  
Alle þe day þou farest þe bette / þ<sup>t</sup> þou hast god yseyne

**W**eie thryuethe þat god louethe my dere childe  
Blethely zeue þi tythys / & þin offerynges bothe  
þe pore men at þi dore / be þou hem nogthe lothe  
Zeue hem blethely of þi good / & be þou nogthe to harde  
Seldam is þe house pore / þere god is stywarde

**T**resour he hathe þ<sup>t</sup> pouere fedithe my leue childe  
The while þou sittest in chirche / þi bedys schalt þou  
bidde

Make þou none iangelynge / withe fremed ne withe  
sibbe

Laughe none to shorne / nethir olde ne zonge  
Be of a good berynge / & of a good tonge

**I**n þi gode berynge begynnynthe þi worschipe my dere  
childe

Zif any man bidde þe worschipe / & wille wedde the  
Aupsely answere hym / scorne hym noghte what he be  
Schewe it to þin frendis / & for=hele it noght  
Sitte bi hym ne stande / þer synne may be wroght

**A** slaundree þ<sup>t</sup> is reised is euelle to felle my leue childe



THE GOOD WIFE TAUGHT HER  
DAUGHTER MANY A TIME AND  
OFT GOOD WOMAN FOR TO BE,

**D**AUGHTER if thou wilt be a wife, and  
wisely work  
Look that thou love well God, and Holy  
Church

Go to church when thou mayest, stop for no rain  
All the day thou farest the better, that thou hast God seen,  
*Well thriveth that God loveth my dear child.*

Blithely give thy tithes, and thy offerings both  
The poor men at thy door, be thou to them not loth  
Give them blithely of thy good, and be thou not too  
hard ;

Seldom is the house poor, where God is Steward  
*Treasure he hath that the poor feedeth my dear child.*

The while thou sittest in church, thy beads shalt  
thou bid [relative]  
Make thou no jangling, with stranger, nor with sib  
Laugh none to scorn, neither old nor young,  
Be of good bearing, and of a good tongue  
*In thy good bearing beginneth thy worship my dear  
child*

If any man bid thee worship, and will wed thee  
Advisedly answer him, scorn him not whatever he be  
Show it to thy friends, and conceal it not  
Sit [not] by him, nor stand where sin may be wrought  
*A slander that is raised is evil to fell my dear child.*



What man þe wedde schalle / be for god withe a rygne  
 Honoure hym & wurchiþe him / and bowe ouere alle  
 þinge

Mekely hym answere / & noght to haterlynge  
 And so þou schalt slake his mode / & be his derlynge

*Fayre wordes wratthe slakithe my dere chil þe*

Swete of speche schalt þou be / glad of mylde moode  
 Trewe in worde & in dede / in lyue & soule goode  
 Kepe þe fro synne / fro bylenye & schame

And loke þ<sup>t</sup> þou bere þe so wele / þ<sup>t</sup> men seie þe no blame

*A gode name fore wynnethe my leue childe*

Be þou of semblauntz sad / & euer of faire chere  
 þat þi chere chaunge noght / for noght þ<sup>t</sup> þou maiste here  
 Fare noght as a gygge / for noght þ<sup>t</sup> may be tyde  
 Laughe þou noght to lowde / ne zane þou noght to wyde

*Lawchen þou maight & faire mought, make my dere  
 childe*

When þou goest be þe weie / goe þou noght to faste  
 Wagge noght withe þin hedde / þin schuldres awei to  
 caste

Be noght of many wordes / swere þou noght to grete  
 Alle suche maners my dere child / þou muste lete

*Euell lak euell name my leue childe*

Go þou noght to tounne / as it were a gase

Fro house to house / for to seke þe mase

Goe þou noght to market / þi borelle for to selle

Ne goe þou noght to tauerne / þi wurchiþe to felle

*þat tauerne hauntethe his thriste for=sakithe my dere  
 childe*



Whatever man shall thee wed before God with a ring  
Honour him and worship him, and bow over all things  
Meekly answer him, and not too sharply  
And so thou shalt slake his anger, and be his darling.

**Fair words slaketh wrath my dear child.**

Sweet of speech shalt thou be, glad, of mild mood  
True in word and in deed, in life and soul good  
Keep thee from sin, from indecency, and shame  
And look that thou bear thee so well, that men say  
to thee no blame

**A good name far winneth my dear child.**

Be thou of appearance sad, and ever of fair cheer  
That thy cheer change not, for naught that thou  
mayest hear

Fare not as a flighty person, for naught that may  
betide

Laugh thou not too loud, nor yawn thou not too wide

**Laughing thou mayest and fair mouth make my  
dear child.**

When thou goest by the way go thou not too fast  
Wag not with thy head, thy shoulders away to-cast  
Be not of many words, swear thou not too greatly  
All such manners my dear child, thou must forsake

**Evil play evil name my dear child.**

Go thou not to town, as it were to gaze  
From house to house, for to seek the maze  
Go thou not to market, thy cloth for to sell  
Nor go thou not to tavern, thy worship to sell

**He that tavern haunteth his thrift forsaketh, my  
dear child.**



Zif þou be in any stede / þer good drynke is a losse  
 Whethir þou serue / or sitte softe  
 Mesurely take þer offe / þt þe falle no blame  
 Zif þou be ofte dronken / it fallithe the to grete schame  
 þat mesure louethe & skille ofte hathe his wille my leue  
 childe.

Goe þou noght to wrastelynge / ne schetyngge at þe  
 cokke

As it were a strumpet / or a gegelotte  
 Wone at home doughter / & kepe þin owen wike  
 And so þou schalt my leue child / sone ware riche  
 Mery is owne þinge to kepe my dere childe

Awhepynte þe noght withe ilke man / þt þou metest in  
 þe strete

And þei he speke foule to þe / faire þou him grete  
 . . þou forth in þe weie / longe by none þou stande  
 . . þou þorow no vyleyny þin hert no þinges chaunge  
 For alle ben nought trewe þt faire spekyn my leue  
 childe

For none wronge couetise / zifte þou ne take  
 But þou wete wele whi / sone þou it forsake  
 Goode wise men withe ziftis / men may ouergone  
 Thow þei were also trewe / as euer was þe stone  
 Bounden he is þat zifte takithe my dere childe  
 In othir mannys house / make þou none maistrpe  
 Re blame þou no þinge / þt þou seiste withe þi eye  
 I pray þe my dere childe / loke þou bere þe so wele  
 þat alle men may sepen / þou art so trewe as stele  
 Gode name is golde worthe my leue childe



If thou be in any place, where good drink is aloft  
Whether thou serve, or sit softly  
Measurely take thereof, that to thee there fall no blame  
If thou be oft drunken, it falleth thee to great shame

He that loveth measure and skill oft hath his will  
my dear child.

Go thou not to wrestling, nor shooting at the cock  
As it were a strumpet, or a giglot [silly, flighty  
wanton]

Dwell at home daughter, and keep thy own wike  
[house]

And so thou shalt my dear child, soon be rich.

Merry it is one's own things to keep my dear child.  
Acquaint thee not with each man that thou meetest  
in the street

And though he speak foul to thee, fair thou him greet  
Hie thou forth in the way, long by none thou stand  
Dothou through no indecency thy heart nothing change

For all be not true that speak fair my dear child.  
For no wrong covetousness, take thou any gifts  
But thou wit well why, soon thou forsake it  
Good wise men with gifts, men may over-gone  
Though thou wert as true, as ever was the stone

Bound he is that taketh gift my dear child.  
In other man's house, make thou no mastery  
Nor blame thou no thing that thou seest with thy eye  
I pray thee my dear child, look thou bear thee so well  
That all men may say, thou art as true as steel.

Good name is worth gold my dear child.



Be þou no chider / ne of wordis bolde

To mysseyn þi neyboure / neither zonge ne olde

Be þou noght to mody / ne to enbyouse

For noght þt may be tyde / in othir mannys house  
**Enbyouse herte hym selfe fretithe my dere child**

And zif þi neyboures wif / haue riche atpyre

Therfor make þou no stryue / ne bren þou noght as fyre

But þanke god of þt good / þt he hathe þe zeuen

And so þou schalt my good child / in grete ese leuen

**At ese he is þt seldam thankithe my leue childe**

Housewisly schalt þou goen / on þe werke day

Pride & reste & ydelchipe / do it alle away

And when þe haliday is come / wise schalt þou be

þe haliday to wurchipe / & god schalle loue þe.

**More for worschipe þan for pride my dere childe**

With the ryche robys & garlondys / & swiche þinge

Ne countirfete no ladijs / as þi lorde were a kyng

With the swiche as he may þe fynde / payede schalt þou be

þat he lees noght his manhed / for þe love of þe

**Quere done pride makythe nakid syde my leue childe**

Mekille schame ben wmmen worthi / & so hem

schalle be tide

þat bryngyn her lordis in mischef / for here mekille

pride

Be wele wise doughtere / & kepe þin owen gode

For aftir þe wrenne hathe beynes / men schalle late

hir blode

**Mis thrifte warithe thynne þt spendithe more þan**

**wynne my dere childe**



Be thou no chider, nor of words bold  
To speak ill of thy neighbour, neither young nor old.  
Be thou not too moody, nor too envious,  
For nought that may betide, in other man's house,  
**Envious heart fretteth himself, my dear child.**

And if thy neighbour's wife have rich attire,  
Therefore make thou no strife, nor burn thou not as fire  
But thank God of that good, that he hath given thee  
And so thou shalt, my good child, in great ease live  
**At ease he is that seldom thanketh my dear child.**

Housewife-like shalt thou go on the week day,  
Pride and rest and idleness, put it all away,  
And when the holyday is come, wise shalt thou be  
The holyday to worship, and God shall love thee  
**More for worship than for pride, my dear child.**

With rich robes and garlands, and such things  
Do not counterfeit ladies, as if thy lord were a king,  
With such as he may find thee, pleased shalt thou be  
That he lose not his manhood for the love of thee  
**Overdone pride maketh naked side, my dear child.**

Much shame are women worthy of, and so shall  
betide them,  
That bringing their lords in mischief, for their much  
pride

Be well wise, daughter, and keep thy own goods,  
For after the wren hath veins, men shall let her  
blood,  
**His thrift waxeth thin that spendeth more than he  
winneth, my dear child.**



Housewisly loke þin house / & alle þin meyne  
 To bitter ne to boner / withe hem ne schalt þou be  
 Loke what note is moste nede / for to done  
 And sette hem þer to / bothe rathe & sone

**Nedy is at nede aforne done dede my leue childe**  
 And zif þin lorde be fro home / lete hem noght goen  
 ydelle

Loke þ<sup>t</sup> þou wete wele / ho do mekylle or lytelle  
 He þ<sup>t</sup> hathe wele done / zelde hym wele his whyle  
 He dothe an oþer tyme þe bette / but he be a vyle

**A dede wele done herte it whemyth my dear childe**  
 And zif þi nede be grette / & þi tyme streite  
 Goe þi selfe þere to / & make an housewifis breyde  
 Alle þei schalle do þe better / þ<sup>t</sup> þou bi hem standes  
 þe werke is þe soner done / þ<sup>t</sup> hathe many handes

**Many handys make light werke my leue childe**  
 Loke wele what þi meny dothe / abowte hem þou  
 wende

Wilke dede þ<sup>t</sup> schalle be done / be at þe tone ende  
 Zif þou fynde defaugthe / sone do þou it amende  
 . . . þei haue swiche for hem / þ<sup>t</sup> may hem defende

**Mykelle note hym be=houethe to don þ<sup>t</sup> house schall  
 holden [my leue childe]**

Loke þat alle þing be wele / when þei her werke letyne  
 Take þe keyzes to þe warde / þ<sup>t</sup> þei be nought for=  
 getyne

Loke þat þinge be wele / lette for none feyntyse  
 Doughter zif þou doest so / þan doest þou as þe wise  
**Neue none better þan þi selfe my leue childe**



Housewife-like look to thine house and all thymeyne  
Too bitter nor too free with them, shalt thou be ;  
Look what work is most needful for to [be] done  
And set them there-to, both early and soon

**Needy is at need before-done-deed, my dear child.**  
And if thy lord be from home let them not go idle,  
Look that thou know well who do much or little ;  
He that hath well done yield him well his while,  
He doth another time the better but he be a vile (person).

**A deed well done it pleaseth heart, my dear child.**  
And if thy need be great and thy time strait  
Go thyself there-to and make an housewife's turn,  
All they shall do the better for that thou by them  
standest,

The work is the sooner done that hath many hands.

**Many hands make light work, my dear child.**  
Look well what thy household doth, about them thou  
wend [go],  
Whatsoever deed shall be done be at the one end  
[thereof]

If thou find default soon do thou amend it  
. . they have such for them that may defend them.

**Much work behoveth him to do that house shall  
hold, my dear chi...**  
Look that all things be well when they leave their  
work,

Take the keys to the warden that they be not forgotten,  
Look that things be well, stay not for any idleness,  
Daughter if thou doest so then doest thou as the wise.

**Believe none better than thyself my dear child.**



Sitte þou nought to longe / on nygthis by þe cuppe  
 And sey wasseile & drynkeheil / oure sires thriste is  
 vyppē

Go to þi bedde be tyme / on morowe reys vyppē be lyue  
 And so þou schalt my dere childe / hasteliche thryue.  
*All his ese may be nought haue þ<sup>t</sup> thryue schalle my  
 dere childe*

Zif it so betyde / þin frendes fro þe falle  
 And god sendde þe childryn / þ<sup>t</sup> aftir brede wille calle  
 And þou haste mekylle nede / & counseylle haste þou  
 none

But as bare as þou come / from þe harde ston  
*Thynge þ<sup>t</sup> may be tyde is for to dowte my leue childe*

Doughter I þe praye / þ þou þe so be thengke  
 What men þe honouren / & sette þe on þe bēgke  
 Of aventurys þ<sup>t</sup> may be tyde / boþe yonge & olde  
 þat now ben fulle pouere / þ<sup>t</sup> sum tyme were fulle  
 bolde

*Many for folpe hem self for-doothe my dere childe*

Take ensaumples by hem / & lette alle folie  
 þ<sup>t</sup> þou haue none defawte / ne they or ze dyen  
 Zif god þe sende children / þou hast þe more to done  
 þei askyn grete dispens / here warisone þei wille haue  
 sone

*Care he hathe þ<sup>t</sup> childryn schalle kepe my leue childe*

And zif þou be a ryche wiffe / be þou nought to harde  
 Welkome fayre þin neyboures / þ<sup>t</sup> comen to þe  
 towarde



Sit thou not too long a-nights by the cup  
And say "Wassail!" and "drink hail!" "our sires thrift  
is up" ;

Go to thy bed betimes, on the morrow rise up belive  
[early, soon]

So thou shalt my dear child, hastily thrive  
*All his pleasure may he not have that shall thrive,  
my dear child.*

If it so betide, that friends fall from thee  
And God send thee children, that after bread will call  
And thou hast much need, and counsel hast thou none  
But art as bare as if thou camest from the hard stone  
*Think that what may betide is to be feared, my  
dear child.*

Daughter I pray thee, that thou so bethink thee  
(Whatever men honour thee, and set thee on the  
bench [dais])

Of adventures that may betide both young and old  
That now are full poor, that some time were full bold,  
*Many for folly ruin themselves, my dear child.*

Take example by them, and leave all folly  
That thou have no default, nor they ere ye die  
If God do send children, thou hast the more to do  
They demand great expense, their sustenance they  
will have soon  
*Care he hath that shall keep children, my dear  
child.*

And if thou be a rich wife, be thou not too hard  
Welcome kindly thy neighbours, that come toward  
thee,



Meete & drynke withe faire semblaunte / þe more  
schalle be þi mede.

Like a man after his state / & zeue þe pouere atte nede  
**For happye þ<sup>t</sup> may be tide loue þi neybourghe þe be  
side my leue childe**

Loke to þin doughters so wele / þat þei bethe nought  
for lorne

Fro þat tyme þ<sup>t</sup> þei ben / of þin body borne  
Gader þou muste faste / to here mariage  
And zeue hem sone to man / when þei ben of age  
**Maydenys ben loneliche & no þing sekir my leue  
childe**

And zif þou loue þin childryn / loke þou holde hem lowe  
Zif any of hem do amys / curse hem nought ne blowe  
But take a smerte rodde / & bete hem alle by rowe  
Tylle þei crye mercy / & be here gylte aknowe  
**Leue childe lore behoueth my dere childe**

Borow nought blethely / ne take nought frest  
But þe more nede it make / or þe more brest  
Make þe nought to riche / of oper mannys þinge  
The bolder to spend / þe worthe of a ferthinge  
**Borowed þinge wole home my leue childe**

Zeue þi meyne here hire / at here terme day  
Whether þei leue stille / or þei wende away  
Be þou wise wif of þin owen / þ<sup>t</sup> þou hast in wolde  
þ<sup>t</sup> þi frendes haue joye of þe / bothe zonge & olde  
**Chi thrifte is þi frendis myrthe my dere childe**



Meat and drink with kind cheer, the more shall be  
thy meed [reward],

Each man after his state, and give the poor at need  
*For happen what may betide, love thy neighbour  
beside thee, my dear child.*

Look to thy daughters so well that they be not  
forlorn [ruined]

From the time that they be of thy body born ;

Gather thou must fast for their marriage

And give them soon to a man when they be of age.  
*Maidens be lonely and nothing sure, my dear  
child.*

And if thou love thy children look thou hold them low  
If any of them do amiss curse them not nor blow  
But take a smart rod and beat them all by row,  
Till they cry "mercy!" and their guilt be acknow-  
ledged.

*The dear child needs learning my dear child.*

Borrow not blithely nor take thou any loan  
But the more need there is or the more force  
Make thee not too rich of other man's things  
The bolder to spend the worth of a farthing.

*Borrowed things will home, my dear child.*

Give thy attendants their hire at their term day  
Whether they still remain or they go away;  
Be thou wise, wife, of thy own that thou hast in thy  
power,

That thy friends have joy of thee, both young and old,  
*Thy thrift is thy friend's mirth, my dear child.*



Now haue I taught þe doughter / so dide my modir  
me

Thenk þer on bothe nyght & day / forzete nought þise  
þre

Haue mesure lowenesse & forthought / þt I haue þe  
taught

What man þt þe wedde schalle / þan is he nought  
bycaught

**Better were a childe vnborne þan vntaught my leue  
childe**

Now thrifte & thedam mote þou haue / my leue swete  
barn

Of alle oure forme fadres / þt euer ware or arn

Of patriarkes of prohetis / þt euer were o lyue

Here blessynge mote þuo haue / & wele mote þou  
thryue

**Wele is þe childe þat þryue may my dere childe.**

**Explicit expliciat ludere scriptor eat.**



Now have I taught thee daughter, as did my  
mother me

Think on her both night and day, forget not  
these three

Have moderation, lowliness and forethought that I  
have taught thee,

Whatever man shall wed thee, then is he not becaught

**Better were a child unborn than untaught my dear  
child.**

Now thrift and prosperity mayest thou have, my  
dear sweet child

Of all our ancestors, that ever were or are,

Of patriarchs, of prophets that ever were alive,

Their blessing mayest thou have and well mayest  
thou thrive.

**Well is the child that may thrive my dear child.**

*Explicit expliciat ludere scriptor eat.*







A  
COUNTERBLASTE

*To Tobacco.*



Imprinted at London  
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GOVERNMENT

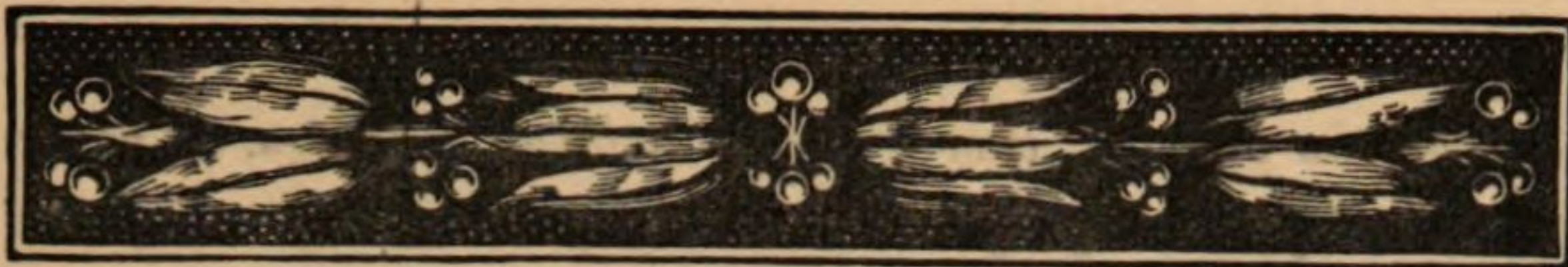
OF THE

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## TO THE READER.

**A**S every human body (*dear countrymen*) how wholesome soever is notwithstanding subject, or at least naturally inclined to some sorts of diseases, or infirmities : so is there no Commonwealth, or body-politic, how well governed, or peaceable soever it be, that lacks the own popular errors, and naturally inclined corruptions: and therefore is it no wonder, although this our country and Commonwealth, though peaceable, though wealthy, though long flourishing in both, be amongst the rest, subject to the own natural infirmities. We are of all nations the people most loving and most reverently obedient to our prince, yet are we (as time hath often borne witness) too easy to be seduced to make rebellion, upon every slight grounds. Our fortunate and oft proved valour in wars abroad, our hearty and reverent obedience to our princes at home, hath bred us along, and a thrice happy peace : our peace hath bred wealth : And peace and wealth hath brought forth a general sluggishness, which makes us wallow in all sorts of idle delights, and soft delicacies, the first seeds of the subversion of all great monarchies. Our clergy are become negligent and lazy, our nobility and gentry prodigal, and sold to their private delights, our lawyers covetous, our Commonwealth people prodigal and curious ; and generally all sorts of people more careful for their private ends, than for their mother the Commonwealth.

For remedy whereof, it is the King's part (as the proper physician of his politic-body) to purge it of all those diseases, by medicines meet for the same : as by a certain mild, and yet just form of government, to maintain the public quietness and prevent all occasions of commotion : by the example of his own person and court, to make us all ashamed of our sluggish delicacy, and to stir us up to the practice again of all honest exercises, and martial shadows of war ; as likewise by his, and his courts moderateness in apparel, to make us ashamed of our prodigality : by his quick admonitions and careful overseeing of the clergy, to waken them up again, to be more diligent in their offices : by the sharp trial, and severe



*punishment of the partial, covetous and bribing lawyers, to reform their corruptions : and generally by the example of his own person, and by the due execution of good laws, to reform and abolish, piece and piece, these old and evil grounded abuses. For this will not be Opus unius diei, but as every one of these diseases, must from the King receive the own cure proper for it, so are there some sorts of abuses in Common-wealths, that though they be of so base and contemptible a condition, as they are too low for the law too look on, and to mean for a King to interpose his authority, or bend his eye upon : yet are they corruptions, as well as the greatest of them. So is an ant an animal, as well as an elephant : so is a wren Avis, as well as a swan and so is a small dint of the toothache, a disease as well as the fearful plague is. But for these base sorts of corruption in Common-wealths, not only the King, or any inferior magistrate, but Quilibet è populo may serve to be a Physician, by discovering and impugning the error, and by persuading reformation thereof.*

*And surely in my opinion, there cannot be a more base, and yet hurtful, corruption in a country, than is the vile use (or other abuse) of taking Tobacco in this kingdom, which hath moved me, shortly to discover the abuses thereof in this following little pamphlet.*

*If any think it a light argument, so is it but a toy that is bestowed upon it. And since the subject is but of smoke, I think the fume of an idle brain, may serve for a sufficient battery against so fumous and feeble an enemy. If my grounds be found true, it is all I look for ; but if they carry the force of persuasion with them, it is all I can wish, and more than I can expect. My only care is, that you, my dear Countrymen, may rightly conceive even by this smallest trifle, of the sincerity of my meaning in greater matters, never to spare any pain, that may tend to the procuring of your weal and prosperity.*







## A COUNTERBLAST TO TOBACCO.

**T**HAT the manifold abuses of this vile custom of *Tobacco* taking, may the better be espied, it is fit, that first you enter into consideration both of the first original thereof, and likewise of the reasons of the first entry thereof into this Country. For certainly as such customs, that have their first institution either from a godly, necessary, or honourable ground, and are first brought in, by the means of some worthy, virtuous, and great personage, are ever, and most justly, holden in great reverent estimation and account, by all wise, virtuous, and temperate spirits : So should it by the contrary, justly bring a great disgrace into that sort of customs, which having their original from base corruption and barbarity do in like sort, make their first entry into a country by an inconsiderate and childish affection of novelty, as is the true case of the first invention of *Tobacco* taking, and of the first entry thereof among us. For



*Tobacco* being a common herb, which (though under divers names) grows almost everywhere, was first found out by some of the barbarous *Indians*, to be a preservative, or antidote against the pox, a filthy disease, whereunto these barbarous people are (as all men know) very much subject, what through the uncleanly and adust<sup>1</sup> constitution of their bodies, and what through the intemperate heat of their climate: so that as from them was first brought into Christendom, that most detestable disease, so from them likewise was brought this use of *Tobacco* as a stinking and unsavoury antidote, for so corrupted and execrable a malady, the stinking suffumigation whereof they yet use against that disease, making so one canker or venime<sup>2</sup> to eat out another.

And now good countrymen let us (I pray you) consider, what honour or policy can move us to imitate the barbarous and beastly manners of the wild, godless, and slavish *Indians*, especially in so vile and stinking a custom? Shall we that disdain to imitate the manners of our neighbour *France* (having the style of the first Christian Kingdom) and that cannot endure the spirit of the Spaniards (their king being now comparable in largeness of dominions, to the great Emperor of Turkey). Shall we, I say, that have been so long civil and wealthy in peace,

<sup>1</sup>ADUST.—Parched, burnt

<sup>2</sup>VENIME.—Poison, venom,



famous and invincible in war, fortunate in both, we that have been ever able to aid any of our neighbours (but never deafened any of their ears with any of our supplications for assistance) shall we, I say, without blushing, abase ourselves so far, as to imitate these beastly *Indians*, slaves to the *Spaniards*, refuse to the world, and as yet aliens from the holy covenant of God? Why do we not as well imitate them in walking naked as they do? in preferring glasses, feathers, and such toys, to gold and precious stones, as they do? yea why do we not deny God and adore the Devil, as they do?

Now to the corrupted baseness of the first use of this *Tobacco*, doth very well agree the foolish and groundless first entry thereof into this kingdom. It is not so long since the first entry of this abuse amongst us here, as this present age cannot yet very well remember, both the first author, and the form of the first introduction of it amongst us. It was neither brought in by king, great conqueror, nor learned doctor of physic.

With the report of a great discovery for a conquest, some two or three savage men, were brought in, together with this savage custom. But the pity is, the poor wild barbarous men died, but that vile barbarous custom is yet alive, yea in fresh vigour; so as it seems a miracle to me, how a custom springing from so vile a ground, and brought



in by a father so generally hated, should be welcomed upon so slender a warrant. For if they that first put it in practice here, had remembered for what respect it was used by them from whence it came, I am sure they would have been loath, to have taken so far the imputation of that disease upon them as they did, by using the cure thereof. For *Sanies non est opus medico*, and counterpoisons are never used, but where poison is thought to precede.

But since it is true, that divers customs slightly grounded, and with no better warrant entered in a commonwealth, may yet in the use of them thereafter, prove both necessary and profitable ; it is, therefore, next to be examined, if there be not a full sympathy and true proportion, between the base ground and foolish entry, and the loathsome and hurtful use of this stinking antidote.

I am now therefore heartily to pray you to consider, first upon what false and erroneous grounds you have first built the general good-liking thereof; and next, what sins towards God, and foolish vanities before the world you commit, in the detestable use of it.

As for these deceitful grounds, that have specially moved you to take a good and great conceit thereof, I shall content myself to examine here only four of the principals of them ; two



found upon the theoric of a deceivable appearance of reason, and two of them upon the mistaken practice of general experience.

First, it is thought by you a sure aphorism in the physics, that the brains of all men, being naturally cold and wet, all dry and hot things should be good for them ; of which nature this stinking suffumigation is, and therefore of good use to them. Of this argument, both the proposition and assumption are false, and so the conclusion cannot but be void of itself. For as to the proposition, that because the brains are cold and moist, therefore things that are hot and dry are best for them, it is an inept<sup>1</sup> consequence : for man being compounded of the four complexions, (whose father are the four elements) although there be a mixture of them all in all the parts of his body, yet must the divers parts of our *Microcosm* or little world within ourselves, be diversely more inclined, some to one, some to another complexion, according to the diversity of their uses, that of these discords a perfect harmony may be made up for the maintenance of the whole body.

The application then of a thing of a contrary nature, to any of these parts, is to interrupt them of their due function, and by consequence hurtful to the health of the whole body. As if a man, because the liver is hot (as the fountain of blood)

<sup>1</sup>INEPT.—Not apt or fit ; unsuitable.



and as it were an oven to the stomach, would therefore apply and wear close upon his liver and stomach a cake of lead ; he might within a very short time (I hope) be sustained very good cheap at an ordinary, besides the clearing of his conscience from that deadly sin of gluttony. And as if, because the heart is full of vital spirits, and in perpetual motion, a man would therefore lay a heavy pound stone on his breast, for staying and holding down that wanton palpitation, I doubt not but his breast would be more bruised with the weight thereof, than the heart would be comforted with such a disagreeable and contrarious cure. And even so is it with the brains. For if a man, because the brains are cold and humid, would therefore use inwardly by smells, or outwardly by application, things of hot and dry quality, all the gain that he could make thereof, would only be to put himself in a great forwardness for running mad, by over-watching himself, the coldness and moistness of our brain being the only ordinary means that procure our sleep and rest. Indeed I do not deny, but when it falls out that any of these, or any part of our body grows to be distempered, and to tend to an extremity, beyond the compass of nature's temperate mixture, that in that case cures of contrary qualities, to the intemperate inclination of that part, being wisely prepared and discreetly ministered, may be both necessary and



helpful for strengthening and assisting nature in the expulsion of her enemies : for this is the true definition of all profitable physic.

But first these cures ought not to be used, but where there is need of them, the contrary whereof, is daily practised in this general use of *Tobacco* by all sorts and complexions of people.

And next, I deny the minor of this argument, as I have already said, in regard that this *Tobacco*, is not simply of a dry and hot quality ; but rather hath a certain venemous faculty joined with the heat thereof, which makes it have an antipathy against nature, as by the hateful smell thereof doth well appear. For the nose being the proper organ and convoy of the sense of smelling to the brains, which are the only fountain of that sense, doth ever serve us for an infallible witness, whether that odour which we smell be healthful or hurtful to the brain (except when it falls out that the sense itself is corrupted and abused through some infirmity, and distemper in the brain.) And that the suffumigation thereof cannot have a drying quality, it needs no further probation, than that it is a smoke, all smoke and vapour, being of itself humid, as drawing near to the nature of the air, and easy to be resolved again into water whereof there needs no other proof but the meteors, which being bred of nothing else but of the vapours and exhalations sucked up by the sun out of the



earth, the sea, and waters yet are the same smoky vapours turned, and transformed into rains, snows, dews, hoar frosts, and such like watery meteors, as by the contrary the rainy clouds are often transformed and evaporated in blustering winds.

The second argument grounded on a show of reason is, that this filthy smoke, as well through the heat and strength thereof, as by a natural force and quality, is able and fit to purge both the head and stomach of rheums and distillations, as experience teacheth, by the spitting and avoiding phlegm, immediately after the taking of it. But the fallacy of this argument may easily appear, by my late preceding description of the meteors. For even as the smoky vapours sucked up by the sun, and stayed in the lowest and cold region of the air, are there contracted into clouds and turned into rain, and such other watery meteors ; so this stinking smoke being sucked up by the nose, and imprisoned in the cold and moist brains, is by their cold and wet faculty, turned and cast forth again in watery distillations, and so are you made free and purged of nothing, but that wherewith you wilfully burdened yourselves ; and therefore are you no wiser in taking *Tobacco* for purging you of distillations, than if for preventing the cholic you would take all kind of windy meats and drinks, and for preventing of the stone, you would take all kind of



meats and drinks that would breed gravel in the kidneys, and then when you were forced to avoid much wind out of your stomach, and much gravel in your urine, that you should attribute the thank thereof to such nourishments as bred those within you, that behoved either to be expelled by the force of nature, or you to have *burst at the broadside*, as the proverb is.

As for the other two reasons founded upon experience, the first of which is, that the whole people would not have taken so general a good liking thereof, if they had not by experience found it very sovereign and good for them: For answer thereunto how easily the minds of any people; wherewith God hath replenished this world, may be drawn to the foolish affectation of any novelty, I leave it to the discreet judgment of any man that is reasonable.

Do we not daily see, that a man can no sooner bring over from beyond the seas any new form of apparel, but that he cannot be thought a man of spirit, that would not presently imitate the same? And so from hand to hand it spreads, till it be practised by all, not for any commodity that is in it, but only because it is come to be the fashion. For such is the force of that natural self-love in every one of us, and such is corruption of envy bred in the breast of everyone, as we cannot be content unless we imitate everything that our fellows do, and so



prove ourselves capable of everything whereof they are capable, like apes, counterfeiting the manners of others, to our own destruction. For let one or two of the greatest masters of mathematics in any of the two famous universities, but constantly affirm any clear day, that they see some strange apparition in the skies : they will I warrant you be seconded by the greatest part of the students in that profession : so loath will they be, to be thought inferior to their fellows, either in depth of knowledge or sharpness of sight : and therefore the general good liking and embracing of this foolish custom, doth but only proceed from that affectation of novelty, and popular error, whereof I have already spoken.

The other argument drawn from a mistaken experience, is but the more particular probation of this general, because it is alleged to be found true by proof, that by the taking of *Tobacco* divers and very many do find themselves cured of divers diseases as on the other part, no man ever received harm thereby. In this argument there is first a great mistaking and next a monstrous absurdity. For is it not a very great mistaking, to take *non causam pro causa*, as they say in the logics ? because peradventure when a sick man hath had his disease at the height he hath at that instant taken *Tobacco*, and afterward his disease taking the natural course of declining, and consequently the patient of recovering



his health, O then the *Tobacco* forsooth, was the worker of that miracle. Beside that, it is a thing well known to all physicians, that the apprehension and conceit of the patient hath by wakening and uniting the vital spirits, and so strengthening nature, a great power and virtue, to cure divers diseases. For an evident proof of mistaking in the like case, I pray you what foolish boy, what silly wench, what old doting wife, or ignorant country clown, is not a physician for a toothach, for the cholic, and divers such common diseases? Yea, will not every man withal, teach you a sundry cure for the same, and swear by that mean either himself, or some of his nearest kinsmen and friends was cured? And yet I hope no man is so foolish as to believe them. And all these toys do only proceed from the mistaking *non causam pro causa*, as I have already said, and so if a man chance to recover one of any disease, after he hath taken *Tobacco*, that must have the thanks of all. But by the contrary, if a man smoke himself to death with it (and many have done) O then some other disease must bear the blame for that fault. So do old harlots thank their harlotry for their many years, that custom being healthful (say they) *ad purgandos Renes*, but never have mind how many die of the pox in the flower of their youth. And so do old drunkards think they prolong their days, by their swine-like diet, but



never remember how many die drowned in drink before they be half old.

And what greater absurdity can there be, than to say that one cure shall serve for divers, nay, contrarious sorts of diseases? It is an undoubted ground among all physicians, that there is almost no sort either of nourishment or medicine, that hath not something in it disagreeable to some part of man's body, because, as I have already said, the nature of the temperature of every part, is so different from another, that according to the old proverb, that which is good for the head, is evil for the neck and the shoulders. For even as a strong enemy, that invades a town or fortress, although in his siege thereof, he do belay and compass it round about, yet he makes his breach and entry, at some one or few special parts thereof, which he hath tried and found to be weakest and least able to resist; so sickness doth make her particular assault, upon such part or parts of our body, as are weakest and easiest to be overcome by that sort of disease, which then doth assail us, although all the rest of the body by sympathy feel itself, to be as it were belayed and besieged by the affliction of that special part, the grief and smart thereof being by the sense of feeling dispersed through all the rest of our members. And therefore the skilful physician presses by such cures, to purge and strengthen that part



which is afflicted, as are only fit for that sort of disease, and do best agree with the nature of that infirm part; which being abused to a disease of another nature, would prove as hurtful for the one, as helpful for the other. Yea, not only will a skilful and wary physician be careful to use no cure but that which is fit for that sort of disease, but he will also consider all other circumstances, and make the remedies suitable thereunto: as the temperature of the clime where the patient is, the constitution of the planets, the time of the moon, the season of the year, the age and complexion of the patient, and the present state of his body, in strength or weakness. For one cure must not ever be used for the self-same disease, but according to the varying of any of the foresaid circumstances, that sort of remedy must be used which is fittest for the same. Whereby the contrary in this case, such is the miraculous omnipotence of our strong tasted *Tobacco*, as it cures all sorts of diseases (which never any drug could do before) in all persons, and at all times. It cures all manner of distillations, either in the head or stomach (if you believe their axioms) although in very deed it do both corrupt the brain, and by causing over quick digestion, fill the stomach full of crudities. It cures the gout in the feet, and (which is miraculous) in that very instant when the smoke thereof, as light, flies up into the head, the virtue



thereof, as heavy, runs down to the little toe. It helps all sorts of agues. It makes a man sober that was drunk. It refreshes a weary man, and yet makes a man hungry. Being taken when they go to bed, it makes one sleep soundly, and yet being taken when a man is sleepy and drowsy, it will, as they say, awake his brain, and quicken his understanding. As for curing of the pox, it serves for that use but among the poxy Indian slaves. Here in *England* it is refined, and will not deign to cure here any other than cleanly and gentlemanly diseases. O omnipotent power of *Tobacco*! And if it could by the smoke thereof, chase out devils, as the smoke of *Tobias'* fish did (which I am sure could smell no stronger) it would serve for a precious relic, both for the superstitious priests, and the insolent Puritans, to cast out devils withal.

Admitting then, and not confessing that the use thereof were healthful for some sorts of diseases; should it be used for all sicknesses? should it be used by all men? should it be used at all times? yea should it be used by able, young, strong, healthful men? Medicine hath that virtue, that it never leaveth a man in that state wherein it findeth him: it makes a sick man whole, but a whole man sick. And as medicine helps nature being taken at times of necessity, so being ever and continually used, it doth but weaken, weary, and wear nature. What



speaking I of medicine? Nay let a man every hour of the day, or as oft as many in this country use to take *Tobacco*, let a man, I say, but take as oft the best sorts of nourishments in meat and drink that can be devised, he shall with the continual use thereof weaken both his head and his stomach: all his members shall become feeble, his spirits dull, and in the end, as a drowsy lazy belly-god, he shall vanish<sup>1</sup> in a lethargy.

And from this weakness it proceeds, that many in this kingdom have had such a continual use of taking this unsavoury smoke, as now they are not able to forbear the same, no more than an old drunkard can abide to be long sober, without falling into an incurable weakness and evil constitution: for their continual custom hath made to them, *habitu, alteram, naturam*: so to those that from their birth have been continually nourished upon poison and things venemous, wholesome meats are only poisonable.

Thus having, as I trust, sufficiently answered the most principal arguments that are used in defence of this vile custom, it rests only to inform you what fines and vanities you commit in the filthy abuse thereof. First, are you not guilty of sinful and shameful lust? (for lust may be as well in any of the senses as in feeling) that although you be

<sup>1</sup>EVANISH.—To vanish, to disappear.



troubled with no disease, but in perfect health, yet can you neither be merry at an ordinary, nor lascivious in the stews, if you lack *Tobacco* to provoke your appetite to any of those sorts of recreation lusting after it as the children of Israel did in the wilderness after quails? secondly it is, as you use or rather abuse it, a branch of the sin of drunkenness which is the root of all sins: for as the only delight that drunkards take in wine is in the strength of the taste, and the force of the fume thereof that mounts up to the brain: for no drunkard love any weak, or sweet drink: so are not those (I mean the strong heat and the fume) the only qualities that make *Tobacco* so delectable to all the lovers of it? And as no man likes strong heady drink the first day (because *nemo repent fit turpissimus*) but by custom is piece and piece allured, while in the end, a drunkard will have as great a thirst to be drunk, as a sober man to quench his thirst with a draught when he hath need of it: so is not this the very case of all the great takers of *Tobacco*? which therefore they themselves do attribute to a bewitching quality in it. Thirdly, is it not the greatest sin of all that you the people of all sorts of this kingdom who are created and ordained by God to bestow both your persons and goods for the maintenance both of the honour and safety of your king and commonwealth, should disable yourselves in both? In your



persons having by this continual vile custom brought yourselves to this shameful imbecility, that you are not able to ride or walk the journey of a Jew's Sabbath,<sup>1</sup> but you must have a reeky coal brought you from the next poor house to kindle your *Tobacco* with? whereas he cannot be thought able for any service in the wars, that cannot endure oftentimes the want of meat, drink and sleep, much more than must he endure the want of *Tobacco*. In the times of the many glorious and victorious battles fought by this nation, there was no word of *Tobacco*. But now if it were times of wars, and that you were to make some sudden *cavalcado* upon your enemies, if any of you should seek leisure to stay behind his fellow for taking of *Tobacco*, for my part I should never be sorry for any evil chance that might befall him. To take a custom in any thing that cannot be left again, is most harmful to the people of any land. *Mollicies* and delicacy were the wreck and overthrow, first of the Persian, and next of the Roman Empire. And this very custom of taking *Tobacco* (whereof our present purpose is) is even at this day accounted so effeminate among the Indians themselves, as in the market they will offer no price for a slave to be sold, whom they find to be a great *Tobacco* taker.

Now how you are by this custom disabled in your goods, let the gentry in this land here witness, some of them bestowing three, some four hundred

<sup>1</sup>A JEW'S SABBATH.—From sunset to sunset.



pounds a year upon this precious stink, which I am sure might be bestowed upon many far better uses. I read indeed of a knavish courtier, who for abusing the favour of the Emperor *Alexander Severus* his Master by taking bribes to intercede, for sundry persons in his master's ear (for whom he never once opened his mouth) was justly choked with smoke, with this doom, *Fumo pereat, qui fumum vendidit*: but of so many smoke-buyers, as are at this present in this kingdom, I never read nor heard.

And for the vanities committed in this filthy custom, is it not both great vanity and uncleanness, that at the table, a place of respect, of cleanliness, of modesty, men should not be ashamed, to sit tossing of *Tobacco pipes*, and puffing of the smoke of *Tobacco* one to another, making the filthy smoke and stink thereof, to exhale athwart the dishes, and infect the air, when very often, men that abhor it are at their repast? Surely smoke becomes a kitchen far better than a dining chamber, and yet it makes a kitchen also oftentimes in the inward parts of men, soiling and infecting them, with an unctious and oily kind of soot, as hath been found in some great *Tobacco* takers, that after their death were opened. And not only meat time, but no other time nor action is exempted from the public use of this uncivil trick; so as if the wives of *Dieppe* list to contest with this nation for good manners their worst manners would in all reason be found at least not so



dishonest (as ours are) in this point. The public use whereof, at all times, and in all places, hath now so far prevailed, as divers men very sound both in judgment, and complexion, have been at last forced to take it also without desire, partly because they were ashamed to seem singular (like the two philosophers that were forced to duck themselves in that rain water, and so become fools as well as the rest of the people) and partly, to be as one that was content to eat garlic (which he did not love) that he might not be troubled with the smell of it, in the breath of his fellows. And is it not a great vanity, that a man cannot heartily welcome his friend now, but straight they must be in hand with *Tobacco*? No it is become in place of a cure, a point of good fellowship, and he that will refuse to take a pipe of *Tobacco* among his fellows (though by his own election he would rather feel the savour of a sink) is accounted peevish and no good company, even as they do with tippling in the cold eastern countries. Yea the mistress cannot in a more mannerly kind, entertain her servant, than by giving him out of her fair hand a pipe of *Tobacco*. But herein is not only a great vanity, but a great contempt of God's good gifts, that the sweetness of man's breath, being a good gift of God, should be wilfully corrupted by this stinking smoke, wherein I must confess, it hath too strong a virtue: and so that which is an ornament



of nature, and can neither by any artifice be at the first acquired, nor once lost, be recovered again, shall be filthily corrupted with an incurable stink, which vile quality is as directly contrary to that wrong opinion which is holden of the wholesomeness thereof, as the venime of putrefaction is contrary to the virtue of preservation.

Moreover, which is a great iniquity, and against all humanity, the husband shall not be ashamed to reduce thereby his delicate, wholesome, and clean complexioned wife, to that extremity, that either she must also corrupt her sweet breath therewith, or else resolve to live in a perpetual stinking torment.

Have you not reason then to be ashamed, and to forbear this filthy novelty, so basely grounded, so foolishly received and so grossly mistaken in the right use thereof? In your abuse thereof sinning against God, harming yourselves both in person and goods, and raking also thereby the marks and notes of vanity upon you: by the custom thereof making yourselves to be wondered at by all foreign civil nations, and by all strangers that come among you, to be scorned and contemned. A custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless.



THE  
ARRAIGNMENT  
AND  
EXECVTION

Of  
*THE LATE TRAITORS,*  
WITH A  
RELATION OF THE OTHER TRAITORS,  
Which were executed at Worcester,  
The Twenty-seventh of January last past.



*L O N D O N,*  
Printed for Jeffrey Chorlton, and are to be sold at  
his shop, at the great north door of St. Paul's.  
1606.



The following tract contains a short narrative of the behaviour of these men at the gallows, who were executed for the gunpowder plot, of which we know not whether there is any other Protestant relation, and therefore have preserved this, though not very valuable either for its elegance or decency, for it is written in a strain of merriment and insult, which the religion, professed by the author, does not teach. However, as one extreme is naturally opposed to another, this pamphlet, in which the cause and sufferings of these wretches are treated with scoffs and derision, may be justly placed in contrast against those writings of their own church in which they are revered as martyrs.





*A brief Discourse upon the Arraignment and Execution of the eight Traitors, Digby, the two Winters, Grant, Rookwood, Keyes, Bates, and Johnson, alias Fawkes, four of which were executed in St. Paul's Church-yard, in London, upon Thursday, being the thirtieth of January; the other four in the old Palace in Westminster, over-against the Parliament-house, upon Friday next following.*

**N**OT to aggravate the sorrow of the living in the shame of the dead, but to dissuade the idolatrously blinded, from seeking their own destruction in the way to damnation, I have here briefly set down a discourse of the behaviour and carriage of the eight persons before named, from the time of their imprisonment, to the instant of their death; the nature of their offence, the little shew of their sorrow, their usage in prison, and their obstinacy to their end. First, for their offence, it is so odious in the ears of all human creatures, that it could hardly be believed, that so many monsters in nature should carry the shapes of men: murder, oh, it is the crying sin of the world, and such an



#### 4 THE ARRAIGNMENT AND EXECUTION OF

intended murder, as, had it taken effect, would have made a world cry ; and therefore the horror thereof must needs be hateful to the whole world to hear of it.

Men, that saw them go to their execution, did in a sort grieve to see such proper men, in shape, go to so shameful an end ; but the end was proper to men of so improper minds, who, to satisfy a blinded conceit, would forget their duties to God and their king, and unnaturally seek the ruin of their native country : they are said to be born unhappy, that are not someway profitable to their country ; and then, how accursed are they born, that seek the destruction of the whole kingdom ?

Papists will perhaps idly say, it was a bloody execution ; but, in respect of their desert, in the blood they intended to have shed, it was a merciful punishment : for, if Jezebel, a queen, for seeking the murder of one private man, was thrown out of a window, and fed upon by dogs : how can these people be thought to be cruelly used, that could intend and practice so horrible a villany as the death of so gracious a king, queen, and prince, so noble peers, and the ruin of so flourishing a kingdom ?

But since my intent is chiefly to make report of the manner of their demeanors, from the prison to the arraignment, and from thence to execution : I will truly set down what I have gathered, touching



the same. After their apprehension in the country, and being brought up to London, upon the appearance of their foul treason, before his Majesty's most honourable council, they were, by their commandment, committed to his Majesty's tower of London, where they wanted nothing, that, in the mercy of a christian prince, was thought fit, and, indeed, too good for so unchristian offenders.

For in the time of their imprisonment they seemed to feel no part of fear, either of the wrath of God, the doom of justice, or the shame of sin ; but, as it were, with seared consciences, senseless of grace, lived as not looking to die, or not feeling the sorrow of their sins ; and now, that no subtle fox, or rather goose, that would fain seem a fox, shall have cause to say or think, that the justice of the law hath not been truly ministered, according to the rules of the divine will, behold here a true report, as I said before, of their behaviour and carriage, from their apprehension, to their imprisonment, and from condemnation to their execution. In the time of their imprisonment they rather feasted with their sins, than fasted with sorrow for them ; were richly apparelled, fared deliciously, and took tobacco out of measure, with a seeming carelessness of their crime, as it were daring the law to pass upon them ; but the Almighty, and our most merciful good God, first revealed them. His Majesty's and his council's



careful head apprehended them, the law plainly did decipher them, justice gave judgment on them, and death made an end of them ; but, to come to their arraignment, and to deliver the manner of their behaviour, after they went from the tower by water, and came to Westminster, before they came into the hall, they made some half hour's stay, or more, in the star-chamber, whither being brought, and remaining till the court was all ready to hear them, and, according to the law, to give judgment on them, it was strange to note their carriage, even in their very countenances : some hanging down the head, as if their hearts were full of doggedness, and others forcing a stern look, as if they would fear death with a frown, never seeming to pray, except it were by the dozen, upon their beads, and taking tobacco, as if that hanging were no trouble to them ; saying little but in commendation of their conceited religion, craving mercy of neither God or the King for their offences, and making their consciences, as it were, as wide as the world : and to the very gates of hell, to be the cause of their hellish courses, to make a work meritorious.

Now being come into the hall, and upon the scaffold at the bar, standing to answer to their indictments, they all pleaded not guilty, but were all found guilty. Digby, without craving mercy, or favour, of either God or the King, made only five



wordly requests, that his wife might have her jointure, his children the lands entailed by his father, his sisters their legacies in his hand unpaid, his debts paid, and for his death, to be beheaded, and not hanged.

Robert Winter, in like manner, thinking himself already half a saint for his whole villany, said little to any purpose, that either made shew of sorrow, or sought mercy, but only made a request to the King for mercy towards his brother, in regard of his offence, as he said, through his only persuasion.

His brother said little, but, with a guilty conscience, swallowed up a concealed grief, with little show of sorrow for that time.

Grant, stubborn in his idolatry, seemed nothing penitent for his villany, asked little mercy, but, as it were, careless of grace, received the doom of his desert.

The younger Winter said little, but to excuse the foulness of his fact, in being drawn in by his brother, and not of his own plotting, with little talk to little purpose, troubled the time the lesser while.

Rookwood, out of a studied speech, would feign have made his bringing up, and breeding in idolatry, to have been some excuse to his villany; but a fair talk could not help a foul deed, and therefore, being



found guilty of the treason, had his judgment with the rest of the traitors.

Now, after their commendation and judgment, being sent back to the tower, there they remained till the Thursday following; upon sledges and hurdles they were drawn into St. Paul's Church-yard, four of them, viz. Everard Digby, the elder Winter, Grant, and Bates, of whom I forgot to speak, having no great matter to speak of, but only that being a villain, and hoping for advancement by the same, he had the reward of a traitor.

Now these four being drawn to the scaffold, made on purpose for their execution: first went up Digby, a man of a goodly personage, and a manly aspect, yet might a wary eye, in the change of his countenance, behold an inward fear of death, for his colour grew pale and his eye heavy; notwithstanding that he enforced himself to speak, as stoutly as he could, his speech was not long, and to little good purpose, only, that his belied conscience, being, but indeed, a blinded conceit, had led him into this offence, which, in respect of his religion, *alias*, indeed idolatry, he held no offence, but, in respect of the law, he held an offence for which he asked forgiveness of God, of the King, and the whole kingdom; and so, with vain and superstitious crossing of himself, betook him to his Latin prayers, mumbling to himself, refusing to have any prayers



of any, but of the Romish Catholics ; went up the ladder, and, with the help of the hangman, made an end of his wicked days in this world.

After him went Winter up to the scaffold, where he used few words to any good effect, without asking mercy of either God, or the King, for his offence ; went up the ladder, and, making a few prayers to himself staid not long for his execution.

After him went Grant, who, abominably blinded with his horrible idolatry, though he confessed his offence to be heinous, yet, would feign have excused it by his conscience for religion ; a bloody religion, to make so bloody conscience ; but better that his blood, and all such as he was, should be shed by the justice of law, than the blood of many thousands to have been shed by his villany, without law or justice ; but to the purpose, having used a few idle words to ill effect, he was, as his fellow before him, led the way to the halter ; and so, after his crossing of himself, to the last part of his tragedy.

Last of them came Bates, who seemed sorry for his offence, and asked forgiveness of God, and the King, and of the whole kingdom ; prayed to God for the preservation of them all, and, as he said, only for his love to his master, drawn to forget



his duty to God, his king and country, and therefore was now drawn from the tower to St. Paul's Churchyard, and there hanged and quartered for his treachery. Thus ended that day's business.

The next day, being Friday, were drawn from the Tower to the Old Palace in Westminster, over against the Parliament-house, Thomas Winter, the younger brother, Rookwood, Keyes, and Fawkes the minor, justly called, the Devil of the Vault ; for, had he not been a devil incarnate, he had never conceived so villanous a thought, nor been employed in so damnable an action.

Now Winter, first being brought to the scaffold, made little speech, but seeming, after a sort, as it were sorry for his offence, and yet crossing himself, as though those were wards to put by the devil's stoccadoes, having already made a wound in his soul, of which he had not yet a full feeling, protesting to die a true Catholic, as he said ; with a very pale and dead colour went up the ladder, and, after a swing or two with a halter, to the quartering-block was drawn, and there quickly dispatched.

Next him came Rookwood, who made a speech of some longer time, confessing his offence [to God, in seeking to shed blood, and asking therefore mercy of his Divine Majesty ; his offence to the



King, of whose Majesty he likewise humbly asked forgiveness ; his offence to the whole state, of whom in general he asked forgiveness, beseeching God to bless the King, the Queen, and all his royal progeny, and that they might long live to reign in peace and happiness over this kingdom. But last of all, to mar all the potage, with one filthy weed, to mar this good prayer with an ill conclusion, he prayed God to make the King a Catholic, otherwise a Papist, which God of his infinite mercy ever forbid ; and so, beseeching the King to be good to his wife and children, protesting to die in his idolatry, a Romish Catholic, he went up the ladder, and, hanging till he was almost dead, was drawn to the block, where he gave his last gasp.

After him came Keyes, who, like a desperate villain, using little speech, with small or no show of repentance, went stoutly up the ladder ; where, not staying the hangman's turn, he turned himself off with such a leap, that with the swing he brake the halter, but, after his fall, was quickly drawn to the block, and there was quickly divided into four parts.

Last of all came the great Devil of all, Fawkes, alias Johnson, who should have put fire to the powder. His body being weak with torture and sickness, he was scarce able to go up the ladder, but with much ado, by the help of the hangman,



went high enough to brake his neck with the fall : who made no long speech, but, after a sort, seeming to be sorry for his offence, asked a kind of forgiveness of the King and the state for his bloody intent, and with his crosses and idle ceremonies, made his end upon the gallows and the block, to the great joy of the beholders, that the land was ended of so wicked a villany.

Thus have I ended my discourse upon the arraignment and execution of these eight traitors, executed upon Thursday and Friday last past, in St. Paul's Church-yard, and the Old Palace at Westminster.

Now there is certain report of the execution done on Monday, being the twenty-seventh of January, in the city of Worcester, upon one Perkins, and his man, for the receiving of traitors. God be blessed for it! And continue the justice of law to be executed upon all such rebellious and traitorous wretches, as either plot such villanies, conceal such treasons, or relieve such traitors! for since the betraying the Lord of heaven and earth, was there ever such a hellish plot practiced in the world? If the Pope were not a very devil, and these Jesuits, or rather Jebusites and satanical seminaries, very spirits of wickedness, that whisper in the ears of Eves, to bring a world of Adams to destruction, how could nature be so senseless, or reason so



graceless, as to subject wit so to will, as to run all headlong to confusion? Is this a rule of religion? Or rather of a legion? Where the synagogue of Satan sat in council for the world's destruction, for the satisfaction of a lousy humour, or bloody devotion, or hope of honour, or to make way to some mad fury to bring the most flourishing kingdom on the earth to the most desolation in the world; to kill at one blow, or with one blast, king, queen, prince, and peer; bishop, judge, and magistrate, to the ruin of the land, and utter shame to the whole world; and left naked to the invasion of any enemy: Is this a holy father, that begets such wicked children? is this religion, where is no touch of charity? Or, is there any spark of grace in these priests, that so poison the souls, and break the necks of so many people?

Ignorance in the simple, and idolatry in the subtle, take ceremonies for certainties, superstition for religion, envy for zeal, and murder for charity: what can that church be, but hell, where the devil sings such masses? *Servus Servorum*, says he that would be *Dominus Dominorum*; servant of servants, that would be master of masters; Is not he a cunning herdsman, that can make one painted cow, or printed bull, give him more milk, than many a herd of better kind? Are not these sweet notes to be taken in the nature of the popish government?



Kill princes, sow seditions, maintain bawdy-houses, blind the simple, abuse the honest, bereave the innocent, swear and forswear, so it be for the Pope's profit, the church will absolve you ; and, if you miss the mark to hit the mischief you shoot at, you shall be a hanging saint, till you be taken down to the devil. Oh, fine persuasions ! That infinite sins by numbered prayers, inward curses by outward crossings, an offence against God by a pardon from man, should be believed to be helped ! A child cannot conceive it, a wise man cannot digest it, and surely none, but either blind women, or madmen, can believe it. If a man would but a little look into their idolatries, he should see a world of such mockeries, as would make him both laugh at their fooleries, and abhor their villanies. Their kissing of babies, their kneeling to wooden ladies, their calling to saints that cannot hear them, their praying by the dozen, their taking of penance, their pilgrimages to idols, their shavings and their washings, their confessions and their crossings, and their devilish devices to deceive the simple of their comfort : These, with a world of such tricks, as would make a jackanapes a fine juggler. He, that could see them with that clear eye, that can judge betwixt light and darkness, would, if they were his friends, be sorry for them ; if his enemies, laugh at them ; and, howsoever, or whatsoever, leave them



and say, as he may say, that papistry is mere adolatry, the Pope an incarnate devil, his church a synagogue of Satan, and his priests the very locusts of the earth.

But let us leave them to their loathsome puddles, and let us be thankful to Almighty God for the clear water of life, that, in his holy word, we receive from the fountain of his gracious mercy; and let us a little look into the difference betwixt the traitorous papist, that dieth for his villany, and the faithful protestant, that dieth for the truth of his conscience in the belief of the word of God.

The traitorous papist will put down princes, and subvert kingdoms; murder and poison whom they cannot command: the faithful protestant prayeth for princes, and the peace of the people; and will endure banishment, but hate rebellion: the proud papist will shew intemperancy in passion, while the humble protestant will embrace affliction with patience: the protestant cries to God for mercy for his sin; the papist gives authority to sin when, before the offence, the pardon is purchased.

I say, was it not a strange speech of Digby, through the blindness of his bewitched wit, "That to bring the kingdom into the Popish idolatry, he cared not to root out all his posterity?"



Oh the misery of these blinded people ! who forsake the true God of heaven and earth, to submit their service to the devil of the world ; be traitors to their gracious princes, to serve a proud, ungracious prelate ; lose their lands and goods, beggar their wives and children, lose their own lives with an open shame, and leave an infamy to their name for ever, only to obey the command a of cunning fox that, lying in his den, preyeth on all the geese that he can light on ; and in proud belief to be made saints, will hazard their souls to go to the Devil.

But how many millions hath this devil enchanted ! and how many kingdoms hath he ruined ! and how many massacres hath he plotted and how many souls hath he sent to damnation ! God for his mercy cut him off, or open the eyes of all them Christian princes, that they may agree together and pull him down : for, during his pride, princes, that are of his religion, will be but as copyholders to his countenance ; soldiers that fight not under his banner, shall be as shake-rags to his army ; lawyers, except they plead in his right, shall have but curses for their fees ; divines, if not of his opinion, shall be excommunicated out of his church ; merchants that bring not him commodities, shall keep no shops in his sanctuary ; nor



beggars that pray not for his monarchy, shall any alms in his basket. And therefore I hope that God will so wipe off the scales from the eyes of the blind, that both one and other, soldier and lawyer, divine and layman, rich and poor, will so lay their heads, their hearts and hands, and their purses together, that, whereas he hath been long in rising, and could not set fast, when he was up, he shall take a fall of a sudden and never rise again, when he is down : to which prayer, I hope all true Christians will say, Amen.









THE  
PENNILESS PARLIAMENT  
OF

*T H R E A D - B A R E P O E T S ;*

OR,

ALL MIRTH AND WITTY CONCEITS.



Printed at London, for William Barley, and are to  
be sold at his Shop in Grace Church-street,  
near Leaden-hall-gate. 1608.



The witty conceits of the following tract, seem to carry with them an air of rebuke against the vices and follies of those times in which they were composed ; and, so far as the same subject of rebuke subsisteth, they may still be serviceable to the same end : A jocose reproof is frequently known to take place of a serious admonitions.





THE  
PENNILESS PARLIAMENT.

I. **F**IRST of all, for the increase of every fool in his humour, we think it necessary and convenient, that all such as buys this book, and laughs not at it, before he has read it over, shall be condemned of melancholy, and be adjudged to walk over Moorfields,<sup>1</sup> twice a week, in a foul shirt, and a pair of boots, but no stockings.

2. It is also agreed upon, that long-bearded men shall seldom prove the wisest; and that a niggard's purse shall scarce bequeath his master a good dinner; and, because water is like to prove so

MOORFIELDS.—Adjoining the manor of Finsbury was formerly one continuous fenny marsh, passable only by rude causeways here and there raised upon it. Eventually it was efficiently drained, and in 1614 it was to a certain degree levelled, and laid out into walks. In 1732, or between that and 1740 its level was perfected, and the walks planted with elms, and was a similar place of resort for recreation and amusement as Greenwich Park, with the advantage of being nearer London. After this, the spot was for years neglected, and *Moorfields* became an assemblage of petty shops, particularly booksellers, and of ironmonger's stalls, till the year 1790, when the handsome square of Finsbury, and the adjacent streets, arose upon its site,



weak an element in the world, that men and women will want tears, to bewail their sins, we charge and command all gardeners to sow more store of onions, for fear widows should want moisture, to bewail their husband's funerals.

3. In like manner we think it fit, that red-wine should be drank with oysters; and that some maidens shall blush more for shame, than for shamefacedness; but men must have care, lest, conversing too much with red petticoats, they banish their hair from their heads,<sup>1</sup> and, by that means, make the poor barbers beggars, for want of work.

4. Furthermore, it is lawful for those women, that, every morning, taste a pint of muscadine with eggs, to chide, as well as they that drink small beer all the winter; and those that clip, that they should not, shall have a horse night-cap, for their labour; gentlemen, that sell land for paper, shall buy penury with repentance; and those, that have most gold, shall have least grace; some that mean well, shall fare worse; and he that hath no credit, shall have less commodity.

5. It is also ordered and agreed upon, that such as are choleric, shall never want woe and sorrow; and they, that lack money, may fast upon Fridays, by the statute; and it shall be lawful for

<sup>1</sup>THEY BANISH THEIR HAIR FROM THEIR HEADS.—By reason of Lues Venerea.



them, that want shoes, to wear boots all the year ; and he, that hath never a cloak, may, without offence, put on his best gown at midsummer ; witness old Prime, the keeper of Bethlem dicing-house.

6. In like manner it is agreed upon, that what day soever St. Paul's church hath not, in the middle aisle of it, either a broker, masterless man, or a penniless companion, the usurers of London shall be sworn by oath, to bestow a new steeple upon it ; and it shall be lawful, for cony-catchers<sup>1</sup> to fall together by the ears, about the four knaves at cards, which of them may claim superiority ; and whether false dice, or true, be of the most antiquity.

7. Futhermore, we think it necessary and lawful for the husband and wife to fall at square, for superiority, in such sort, as the wife shall sit playing above in the chamber, while the husband stands painting below in the kitchen : likewise we mark all brokers to be knaves, by letter patents ; and usurers, for five marks a piece,<sup>2</sup> shall lawfully be buried in the chancel, though they have bequeathed their souls and bodies to the devil in hell.

<sup>1</sup>CONY-CATCHERS.—Sharpers or cheats. *Cony-catching*, that system of cheating, or, as it is now called, swindling, was carried to such a great length early in the 17th century, that a collective society of sharpers was called *a warren*, and their dupes *rabbit-suckers*—*i.e.*, young rabbits, or conies.

<sup>2</sup>FOR FIVE MARKS A PIECE.—Alluding to the table of fees for burials.



8. In like manner, it is thought good, that it shall be lawful for muscadines; in vintner's cellars, to indict their masters of commixtion,<sup>1</sup> and serjeants shall be contended to arrest any man for his fees: Alewives shall sell flesh on Fridays, without license and such as sell beer, in half-penny pots, shall utter bread and cheese for money through the whole year; and those, that are past honesty and shame, shall smile at sin; and they, that care not for God, prefer money before conscience.

9. Futhermore, it shall be lawful for foot-stools (by the help of women's hands) to fly about without wings; and poor men shall be accounted knaves without occasions; those, that flatter least, shall speed worst; and pigs, by the statute, shall dance the antics, with bells about their necks, to the wonder and amazement of all swineherds.

10. In like manner it is convenient, that many men shall wear hoods, that have little learning; and some surfeit so much upon wit, and strive so long against the stream, as their necks shall fail them; some shall build fair houses by bribes, gather much wealth by contention, and, before they be aware, heap up riches for another, and wretchedness for themselves.

11. Furthermore, it shall be established, for the benefit of increase, that some shall have a tympany

<sup>1</sup>COMMIXTION.—Blending; adulteration.



in their bellies, which will cost them a child-bearing; and, though the father bear all the charges, it shall be a wise child, that shall know his own father.

12. It shall be lawful for some to have a palsy in their teeth, in such sort, as they shall eat more than ever they will be able to pay for: Some such a megrim in their eyes, as they shall hardly know another man's wife from their own some such a stopping in their hearts, as they shall be utter obstinate, to receive grace; some such a buzzing in their ears, as they shall be enemies to good counsel; some such a smell in their noses, as no feast shall escape, without their companies; and some shall be so needy, as neither young heirs shall get their own, nor poor orphans their patrimony.

13. Also, it is enacted and decreed, that some shall be so humorous in their walks, as they cannot step one foot from a fool; some so consumed in mind, as they shall keep never a good thought to bless themselves, some so disguised in purse, as they count it fatal to have one penny, to buy their dinners on Sundays; some so burdened in conscience, as they account wrongful dealing the best badge of their occupation.

14. But, amongst other laws and statutes, by us here established, we think it most necessary and convenient, that poulterers shall kill more innocent poultry, by custom, than their wives and maids can



sell, with a good conscience ; also it is ordered and agreed upon, that bakers, woodmongers, butchers, and brewers, shall fall to a mighty conspiracy, so that no man shall either have bread, fire, meat, or drink, without credit, or ready money.

15. Sycophants by the statute shall have great gifts, and good and godly labours shall scarce be worth thanks ; it is also thought necessary, that maidens, about midnight, shall see wondrous visions, to the great heart-grief of their mothers.

16. Furthermore it is marked and set down, that, if lawyers plead poor men's causes without money, Westminster-hall shall grow out of custom, to the great impoverishing of all nimmers, lifters, and cutpurses. Those, that sing bass, shall love good drink by authority ; and trumpeters, that sound trebles, shall stare by custom. Women, that wear long gowns, may lawfully raise dust in March ; and they, that keep a temperate diet, shall never die on surfeits.

17. In like manner, it shall be lawful for sailors and soldiers to spend, at their pleasures, what pay they get by their sword ; and if the treasurer pay them anything beyond account and reckoning, if they build not an hospital therewith, they may bestow it in apparel by the statute.

18. It is farther established and agreed upon, that they that drink too much Spanish sack shall,



about July, be served with a fiery-faces<sup>1</sup>; but oh! you ale-knights, you that devour the marrow of the malt, and drink whole ale-tubs into consumptions; that sing Queen Dido over a cup, and tell strange news over an ale-pot; how unfortunate are you, who shall piss out that which you have swallowed down so sweetly; you are under the law, and shall be awarded with this punishment, that the rot shall infect your purses, and eat out the bottoms, before you be aware.

19. It is also agreed upon and thought necessary, that some women's lips shall swell so big, as they shall long to kiss other men beside their husbands; others cheeks shall be so monstrously out of frame, as they cannot speak in a just cause without large fees; some with long tongues shall tell all things which they hear; some with no brains shall meddle much and know little; and those, that have no feet, may by the statute go on crutches.

20. Furthermore, it is convenient and thought meet, that ale shall exceed so far beyond its bouuds as many stomachs shall be drowned in liquor, and thereupon will follow the dropsy, to the great benefit of all physicians; it is lawful for some to take such purgative drugs, that, if nature help not, the worms, in the churches of London, shall keep their Christmas at Midsummer in their bellies: but

<sup>1</sup>FIERY-FACES.—Punning on the writ *feri facias*.



tailors, by this means, shall have more conscience ; for, where they were wont to steal but one quarter of a cloak, they shall have due commission to nick their customers in the lace, and, beside their old fee, take more than enough for new fashion's sake. But now, touching these following articles, we are to advise old men to look with spectacles, lest, in finding over many wise lines, they wax blind with reading.

21. But now, touching the benefit of private houses, by our rare and exquisite judgments, we think it very commodious, that those married men of weakest wit, and worse courage, should provide themselves with good weapons, to defend themselves from assaults, which shall assail them about midnight ; and it shall be lawful for all wives to have a masculine courage, in such sort, that they, who have their wills to this hour, shall have the mastery all the year after : and those husbands, which do not valiantly resist them, shall be awarded to pay a sheep's head to their next neighbour, in penance for their folly.

22. As by our provident judgments we have seen into lamentable miseries, incidents in these parts of the world ; so for the reformation thereof, we do ordain and enact, that the oil of holly shall prove a present remedy for a shrewd housewife, accounting Socrates for a flat fool, that suffered his



wife to crown him with a piss-pot ; ordaining that all those, that give their wives their own wills, be fools by act of parliament.

23. Also, it is farther established and agreed upon, that Essex calves shall indict butcher's knives of wilful murder ; and whosoever will prove a partial juryman, shall have a hot sheep's skin for his labour. Bow bell in Cheapside, if it break not, shall be warranted by letters patents to ring well ; and, if the conduit heads want no water, the tankard-bearers shall have one custard more to their solemn dinners, than their usual custom.

24. Moreover, it is thought good, that it shall be lawful for all tripe-wives to be exquisite physicians, for in one offal they shall find more simples, than ever Galen gathered since he was christened ; besides, if dancers keep not tide and time in their measures, they shall forfeit a fat goose to their teacher, for their slender judgment. The French morbus,<sup>1</sup> by commission, shall be worth three weeks diet, and they, who have but one shirt to shift them withal, may, by the law, strain courtesy to wear a foul one upon the Sunday ; also our commission shall be sent forth for the increase of hemp, as not only upland-ground shall be plentifully stored therewith, but also it shall so prosper in the highways,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>THE FRENCH MORBUS—*i. e.*, *The disease.*

<sup>2</sup>HIGHWAYS.—By the increase of highwaymen.



as the stalks thereof shall touch the top of Tyburn.

25. In like manner, we think it necessary and convenient, that there shall be great noise of wars in taverns, and wine shall make some so venturous, as they will destroy 'Tyrone'<sup>1</sup> and all his power at one draught; also we think it meet, that there be craft in all occupations, and those, that are penitent in this world, shall have comfort in a better; silk-weavers by the statute, shall prosper well, if they wash their hands clean on fasting-days, for otherwise, in soiling their work, they shall lose their workmasters: daws, by authority, shall leave building in steeples, and dwell in cities; and such as are cunning in music, shall know a crotchet from a quaver; but let such men, as instruct youth, be very circumspect; for, if they learn more than their masters can teach them, they shall forfeit their wits to those that bring them up.

26. Furthermore, we think it most necessary and convenient, that the generation of Judas should walk about the world, in these our latter days, and sell their neighbour for commodity to any man; but the usurers shall be otherwise disposed, for, having monthly taken but a penny in the shilling, ever since they first began their occupation, shall now, with a good conscience, venture upon three pence with the

<sup>1</sup>TYRONE.—The Irish rebel.



advantage; besides, many men shall prove themselves apparently knavish, and yet, in their own opinions, will not be so; and many women shall imagine that there are none fairer than themselves.

27. Moreover, for the further increase of foolish humours, we do establish and set down, that fantastic devices shall prove most excellent; and some shall so long devise for other men, that they will become barren themselves; some shall devise novelties to their own shames, and some snares to entrap themselves with.

28. In like manner, we think it most necessary, that those, who be fortune tellers, shall shut a knave in a circle, and, looking about for a devil, shall find him locked in their own bosoms; atheists, by the law, shall be as odious as they are carles<sup>1</sup>; and those that depend on destiny, and not on God, may chance look through a narrow lattice at Footmen's Inn<sup>2</sup>: But, my dear friends, the grocers are plentifully blessed, for their figs and rasins may allure fair lasses by authority: yea, many men, by the statute, shall be so kind-hearted, that a kiss and an apple shall serve to make them innocents.

29. It is further agreed upon and established, that many strange events shall happen in those houses, where the maid is predominant with her

<sup>1</sup>CARLE.—A churl, a bondman; a clown.

<sup>2</sup>FOOTMAN'S INN.—Bridewell.



master, and wants a mistress to look narrowly unto her.

30. Also, we think it convenient, that some shall take their neighbour's bed for their own ; some the servant for their master ; and if candles could tell tales, some will take a familiar for a flea. Also we think it meet, that there should be many fowlers, who, instead of larks, will catch lobcocks<sup>1</sup>; and many for want of wit, shall sell their freehold for tobacco-pipes and red petticoats. Likewise, we think it convenient, that there should be many takers ; some would be taken for wise men, who, indeed, are very fools ; for some will take cracked angels<sup>2</sup> of your debtors, and a quart of malmsy when they cannot get a pottle.<sup>3</sup>

31. But, stay a while, whither are we carried leaving the greatest laws unpublished, and establishing the less ? Therefore, we enact and ordain, as a necessary statute, that there shall great contentions fall between soldiers and archers, and, if the fray be not decided over a pot of ale and a black pudding, great bloodshed is like to ensue ; for some shall maintain, that a Turk can be hit at twelve score pricks<sup>4</sup> in Finsbury Fields, *Ergo*, the bow and shafts

<sup>1</sup>LOBCOCK.—A lubber.

<sup>2</sup>CRACKED ANGELS.—Bad money.

<sup>3</sup>POTTLE.—A measure of two quarts.

<sup>4</sup>PRICK.—A peg in the centre of a target, to hit which gave the first prize in archery.



won Boulogne; others say that a pot-gun<sup>1</sup> is a dangerous weapon against a mud-wall, and an enemy to the painter's work<sup>2</sup>; amongst these controversies we will send forth our commission to god Cupid, being an archer, who shall decide the doubt and prove that archery is heavenly, for, in meditation thereof, he hath lost his eyes.

32. O gentle fellow-soldiers, then leave your controversies, if you love a woman, for I will prove it, that a mince-pie is better than a musket; and he that dare gainsay me, let him meet me at the Dagger in Cheap,<sup>3</sup> with a case of pewter spoons, and I will answer it; and, if I prove not that a mince-pie is the better weapon, let me dine twice a week at Duke Humphry's table.

33. It is furthermore established, that the four knaves at the cards shall suddenly leap from out the bunch, and desperately prank about the new play-house, to seek out their old master, Captain Crop-ear; also it is thought meet, that some men, in these days, shall be politic without reason, and write more in one line than they can prove in an age.

34. Furthermore, it shall be lawful for some to study which way they may walk to get them a stomach to their meat, whilst others are as careful

<sup>1</sup>POT-GUN—*i.e.*, pop-gun.      <sup>2</sup>PAINTER'S WORK.—That on sign boards.

<sup>3</sup>DAGGER IN CHEAP.—A celebrated Pie-House in Cheapside.



to get meat to put into their bellies ; likewise there shall be great persecution in the commonwealth of kitchen fees, so that some desperate woman shall boil, try, and see the poor tallow to the general commodity of all the whole company of tallow-chandlers.

35. Alas ! alas ! how are we troubled to think on these dangerous times ; for tailors, by act of parliament, may lawfully invent new fashions ; and he that takes Irish Aquavitæ by the pint, may by the law stumble without offence, and break his face ; and it shall be thought convenient, that some be so desperately bent, as they shall go into my Lord Mayor's buttery, when all the barrels be full, without either sword or dagger about them ; many men shall be so venturously given, as they shall go into Petticoat Lane, and yet come out again as honestly as they went first in.

36. In like manner, it shall be lawful for Thames water to cleanse as much as ever it did in times past : and, if the brewers at London buy store of good malt, poor bargemen at Queenhithe shall have a whole quart for a penny ; St. Thomas's onions shall be sold by the rope at Billingsgate by the statute, and sempsters in the Exchange shall become so conscionable, that a man, without offence, may buy a falling band<sup>1</sup> for twelve pence.

<sup>1</sup>FALLING-BAND.—A neck-band worn so as to fall on the shoulders.



37. It shall be lawful for smiths to love good ale, and, if it be possible to have a frost of three weeks long in July, men shall not be afraid of a good fire at Midsummer. Porter's baskets shall have authority to hold more than they can honestly carry away : and such a drought shall come amongst cans<sup>1</sup> at Bartholomew Fair in Smithfield, that they shall never continue long filled.

38. The images in the Temple Church, if they rise again, shall have a commission to dig down Charing Cross with their fauchons<sup>2</sup> ; and millers, by custom, shall have small mind to morning-prayers, if the wind serve them in any corner on Sunday. Those that go to wars, and can get nothing, may come home poor by authority ; and those, that play fast and loose with woman's apron string, may chance make a journey for a Winchester pigeon<sup>3</sup> ; for prevention thereof, drink every morning a draught of *noli me tangere*, and by that means, thou shalt be sure to escape the physician's purgatory.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup>CANS.—Ale-house pots.

<sup>2</sup>FAUCHIONS.—Swords.

<sup>3</sup>A WINCHESTER PIGEON OR GOOSE.—A name for a syphilitic bubo ; 16th Cent. It is thought to have originated from the circumstance of the public stews at Bankside, in Southwark, being under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of *Winchester* (*temp.* Hen. IV).

“—— had belike some private dealings with her, and there got a *goose*. —The cunning jade comes into th' court, and there deposes that she gave him true *Winchester* measure.” *Cure for a Cuckold*, act iv, scene I.

“ Then ther's a *Goose* that breeds at *Winchester*,  
And of all *Geese* my mind is least to her ;  
For three or foure weekes after she is rost,  
She keeps her heat more hotter than a tost.” Jo. Taylor's *Goose*.

<sup>4</sup>PHYSICIAN'S PURGATORY.—A salvation.



39. Furthermore, it shall be lawful for bakers to thrive by two things ; that is, scores well paid, and millers that are honest.

40. Physicians, by other men's harms, and churchyards by often burials.

41. Also, we think it necessary for the commonwealth, that the salmon shall be better sold in Fish-street, than the beer shall be at Billingsgate.

42. And heart's ease among the company of herb-wives, shall be worth as much as they can get for it by the statute.

43. It is further enacted and agreed upon, that those that run fourscore miles a foot, on a winter's day, shall have a sore thirst about seven of the clock in the evening.

44. And such as are inclined to the dropsy, may be lawfully cured, if the physicians know how.

45. Also, we ordain and appoint, that, if there be no great store of tempests, two half-penny loaves shall be gold for a penny in Whitechapel.

47. Chaucer's books, by act of parliament, shall in these days prove more witty than ever they were before ; for there shall so many sudden, or rather sodden wits, step abroad, that a flea shall not frisk forth unless they comment upon her.

47. O what a detestable trouble shall be among women about fourscore and ten years old, for such have had more teeth about them, than they



can well use, shall die for age, if they live not by miracle.

48. Moreover, we think it necessary, that those that have two eyes in their head, shall sometimes stumble ; and they, that can neither write nor read, may as boldly forswear themselves, as they that can.

49. And it shall be lawful for almanack makers, to tell more lies than true tales.

50. And they that go to sea, without victuals, may suffer penury by the statute.

51. In like manner it shall be lawful for any man to carry about him more gold than iron, if he can get it.

52. But they that are given to sullen complexions, if they be females, must be more circumspect ; for, if they repent their hidden sins too much, they may by chance catch heaven for their labour.

53. Therefore, let maidens take heed how they fall on their backs, less they catch a forty weeks favour.<sup>1</sup>

54. And he that hath once married a shrew, and, by good chance, buried her, beware how he come into the stocks again.

55. Further, it shall be lawful for those that be rich, to have many friends ; and they that be

<sup>1</sup>A FORTY WEEKS FAVOUR.—The period of gestation.



poor, may, by authority, keep money, if they can get it honestly.

56. Also, we command and charge all such as have no conscience, to do their worst, lest they die in the devil's debt. As for the rest, they that have more money than they need, may help their poor neighbours if they will.

57. In like manner, it shall be lawful for such as are subject to hot rheums, to drink cold drink: and those that have a mind to enrich physicians, but be never without diseases.

58. Also soldiers, that have no means to thrive by plain dealing, may by the statute swallow down an ounce of the syrup of subtlety every morning; and if they cannot thrive that way, we think it necessary, that, four times in the year, they go a fishing on Salisbury plain.<sup>1</sup>

59. Furthermore, for the benefit and increase of foolish humours, we think it necessary, that those our dear friends, who are sworn true servitors, to women's pantables,<sup>2</sup> should have this order set down, that you suit yourselves handsomely against goose-feast<sup>3</sup>; and if you meet not a fair lass betwixt St. Paul's and Stratford, that day, we will bestow a new

FISHING IN SALISBURY PLAIN.—Collecting or thieving.

<sup>2</sup>PANTABLE.—A sort of high shoe or slipper, corrupted from *pantofle*.

<sup>3</sup>GOOSE FEAST.—Green-goose Fair, kept at Stratford Bow, two miles from London, on Thursday in Whitsun week.



suit of satin upon you, so you will bear all the charges.

60. But, as for your dear friends and scholars, thus much we favour you, for you shall dine upon wit by authority ; and, if you pay your hostess well, it is no matter, though you score it up till it come to a good round sum.

61. In like manner, it shall be lawful for maid's milk to be good physic for kibed<sup>1</sup> heals ; and a cup of sack to bed-ward, a present remedy for the rheum.

62. Such as are sick, in the spring, may take physic by the statute ; and those that are cold may wear more clothes without offence.

63. It is best to ride in long journeys, lest a man be weary with going a-foot ; and more comely to go in broken stockings than bare-legged.

64. Further, it shall be lawful for some to be lean, because they cannot be fat.

65. Some, by statute, shall love beef passing well, because they can come by no other meat ; and other some simper it with an egg at dinner, that dare manfully set upon a shoulder of veal in the afternoon.

66. Some shall be sad when they want money, and in love with widows rather for their wealth than their honesty.

<sup>1</sup>KIBED.—Cracked ; or cracked with cold, afflicted with chilblains.



67. It is also thought necessary, that some shall suspect their wives at home, because they themselves play false abroad.

68. And some love bowling-allies better than a sermon.

69. But, above all other things, spirits with aprons shall much disturb your sleep about midnight.

70. Furthermore, it shall be lawful for him that marries without money, to find four bare legs in his bed; and he, that is too prodigal in spending, shall die a beggar by the statute.

71. In like manner we think it necessary, that he, that is plagued with a cursed wife, have his pate broke quarterly, as he pays his rent.

72. Likewise, he, who delights in subtlety, may play the knave by custom; and he who hath his complexion and courage spent, may eat mutton on fasting-days by the law.

73. And to conclude, since there are ten precepts to be observed in the art of scolding, we humbly take our leave of Duke Humphry's ordinary, and betake us to the chapel of ill counsel, where a quart or two of fine Trinedado shall arm us against the gun-shot of tongue-metal, and keep us safe from the assaults of Sir John Find-fault. *Vale*, my dear friends, till my next return.



# TRUE AND WONDERFULL.

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*A Discourse relating*

A STRANGE AND MONSTROUS  
SERPENT, OR DRAGON,

**Lately Discovered and yet living**

to the great Annoyance and divers Slaugh-  
ters both Men and Cattell, by his  
strong and violent  
Poyson.

In Sussex, two Miles from Horsam, in a Woode  
called St. Leonards Forrest, and thirtie  
Miles from London, this present  
Month of August, 1614.

Printed at London, by *John Trundle*,  
1614.



TO THE READER.

**T**HE just reward of him that is accustomed to lie, is not, to be believed when he speaketh the truth : so just an occasion may sometimes be imposed upon the pamphleting pressers; and therefore, if we receive the same reward, we cannot much blame our accusers, which often falls out either by our forward credulity to but-seeming true reports, or by false copies translated from other languages, which (though we beget not) we foster, and our shame is little the less. But, passing by what's past, let not our present truth blush for any former falsehood sake : the country is near us, Sussex; the time present, August; the subject, a Serpent; strange, yet now a neighbour to us; and it were more than impudence to forge a lie so near home, that every man might turn in our throats; believe it, or read it not, or read it (doubting) for I believe ere thou hast read this little all, thou wilt not doubt of one, but believe there are many serpents in England. Farewell.

By A. R.

He that would send better news, if he had it.





# A DISCOURSE

RELATING

## A STRANGE AND MONSTROUS SERPENT OR DRAGON.

**I**N Sussex, there is a pretty market-town called Horsham, near unto it a forest, called St. Leonards forest, and there, in a vast and unfrequented place, heathy, vaulty, full of unwholesome shades, and overgrown hollows, where this serpent is thought to be bred ; but, wheresoever bred, certain and too true it is that there it yet lives. Within three or four miles compass are its usual haunts, oftentimes at a place called Faygate, and it hath been seen within half a mile of Horsham, a wonder, no doubt, most terrible and noisome to the inhabitants thereabouts. There is always in his track or path left a glutinous and slimy matter (as by a small



similitude we may perceive in a snail's) which is very corrupt and offensive to the scent, insomuch that they perceive the air to be putrified withal, which must needs be very dangerous. For though the corruption of it cannot strike the outward part of a man, unless heated into his blood, yet by receiving it in at any of our breathing organs (the mouth or nose) it is by authority of all authors, writing in that kind, mortal and deadly, as one thus saith :

*Noxia serpentum est admixto sanguine pestis.*

LUCAN.

The serpent, or dragon, as some call it, is reputed to be nine feet, or rather more, in length, and shaped almost in the form of an axletree of a cart, a quantity of thickness in the midst, and somewhat smaller at both ends. The former part, which he shoots forth as a neck, is supposed to be an ell long, with a white ring, as it were, of scales about it. The scales along his back seem to be blackish, and so much as is discovered under his belly appeareth to be red ; for I speak of no nearer description than of a reasonable ocular distance. For coming too near it hath already been too dearly paid for, as you shall hear hereafter.

It is likewise discovered to have large feet, but the eye may be there deceived ; for some suppose that serpents have no feet, but glide upon certain



ribs and scales, which both defend them from the upper part of their throat unto the lower part of their belly, and also cause them to move much the faster. For so this doth, and rids way, as we call it as fast as a man can run. He is of countenance very proud, and, at the sight or hearing of men or cattle, will raise his neck upright, and seem to listen and look about, with arrogancy. There are likewise on either side of him discovered two great bunches so big as a large foot-ball, and, as some think, will in time grow to wings ; but God, I hope, will defend the poor people in the neighbourhood, that he shall be destroyed before he grow so fledged.

He will cast his venom about four rod from him, as by woeful experience it was proved on the bodies of a man and woman coming that way, who afterwards were found dead, being poisoned and very much swelled, but not preyed upon. Likewise a man going to chase it and, as he imagined, to destroy it, with two mastiff dogs, as yet not knowing the great danger of it, his dogs were both killed, and he himself glad to return with haste to preserve his own life. Yet this is to be noted, that the dogs were not preyed upon, but slain and left whole ; for his food is thought to be, for the most part, in a cony-warren,<sup>1</sup> which he much frequents,

<sup>1</sup>CONY-WARREN—*i.e.*, rabbit-warren.



6 A STRANGE AND MONSTROUS SERPENT, &c.

and it is found much scanted and impaired in the increase it had wont to afford.

These persons, whose names are hereunder printed, have seen this serpent, beside divers others, as the carrier of Horsham, who lieth at the White Horse, in Southwark, and who can certify the truth of all that has been here related.

JOHN STEELE.

CHRISTOPHER HOLDER.

And a Widow Woman dwelling near Faygate.





# WORKE FOR CVTLERS:

*Or,*

A Merrie Dialogue betweene  
Sword, Rapier, and Dagger.

---

Acted in a Shew in the Famous  
Universitie of Cambridge.

---



London, printed by THOMAS CREEDE, for Richard  
Meighen and Thomas Iones; and are to be sold  
at S. Clement's Church without Temple-  
barre. 1615.









# WORK FOR CUTLERS;

OR,

A MERRY DIALOGUE BETWEEN

SWORD, RAPIER, AND DAGGER.

*Enter Sword.*

*Sword.* **N**AY Rapier, come forth : come forth,  
I say, I'll give thee a *crown*  
though it be but a *cracked* one.  
What, wilt not? Art so hard to be *drawn forth*  
Rapier?

*Enter Rapier.*

*Rap.* S'foot! thou shalt know that Rapier  
dares enter ; nay, Back-Sword.

*Enter Dagger ; he holds Rapier's hands behind him.*

*Rap.* Who's this behind me?

*Dag.* 'Tis Dagger, Sir. What, will you never  
leave your quarreling?

*Rap.* Well, Sword : Dagger hath defended you  
a good many times. But 'tis no matter ; another  
time shall serve. Shall I get you out Sword alone,  
that I may have you *Single-Sword*.



*Sword.* Yes : if you'll be *Single* Rapier too.

*Dag.* Nay, Sword, put the case of Rapier's aside, that there were two of them : I hope you were able to *buckle* with them.

*Sword.* I'll tell you what : if I go into the field with him, hang Sword up if I do not cut Rapier's *points*, and lash him when I have done. Nay, you shall find Sword *mettle* to the very back. S'foot ! my teeth be an *edge* at him.

*Dag.* If you offer but to *thrust* towards him, Rapier ; I'll strike you down.

*Sword.* Hang him, I defy him, base Spaniard !

*Rap.* Defy me ; sirrah Sword, Rapier spits in thy face. Dar'st meet me i' the fields, cravenly capon !

*Sword.* Capon ?

*Rap.* Aye, Capon ! so I say, Sir.

*Dag.* Why any man may see that thou art well *carved*, Sword : and yet methinks that Rapier should not speak of that ; for it's an hundred to one if he be not *gilt* too.

*Sword.* Well, Rapier, if thou goest into the fields with me, I'll make a capon of you before I have done with you. You shall ne'er come home *uncut*, I'll warrant you.

*Dag.* Nay, you shall find Sword a notable *cutter*.



*Rap.* He a cutter ; alas, he ne'er went into the fields yet, but he was soundly *hacked* before he came out.

*Sword.* Ne'er talk you of *hacking* : for its a hundred to one if you have not the *Foil*, Rapier.

*Rap.* S'foot! if you be so *short*, Sword; Rapier ne'er fears you. Come along.

*Dag.* Nay, ne'er go : for if you do, I'll send one after you which shall *scour* you both. The Cutler can do it. I have seem him *handle* you both bravely.

*Sword.* The Cutler. Alas! we are the best friends he has : and if it were not for us, the Cutler might soon shut up his shop.

*Dag.* Alas! Sword, you need not talk of his shutting up of shop. An, if it had not been for him, you had *broken* by this time, Sword. Nay, ne'er talk : for you know he can hold your nose to the *grind-stone*, when he list. And as for you, Rapier, you know he *brought you up* first ; and if you stayed with him still it might been better for you.

*Rap.* Better for me! Alas, he knew not how to *use* me.

*Dag.* He used you too well, indeed : for when you were with him, he furnished you with *silver* and everything; but now you are *worn out* of all fashion.



You are even like a lapwing : you are no sooner hatched, Rapier, but you run abroad presently from him.

*Rap.* Yet I scorn to run away from him.

*Sword.* But it were more wisdom than to stand : for the Cutler is a man as well armed as any man I know ; and has as good skill in his weapons.

*Rap.* Ha, Sword : is the wind in that door ? Faith, now I see which way you stand *bent*, Sword : you had rather sleep in a whole skin, than go into the fields to *try* yourself.

*Sword.* Sir, Sword has been *proved* before now ; and yet he'll prove himself again with you, if you dare follow him.

*Dag.* Do you hear, Sword ? If you go look for Dagger at your *backs* presently : for I am a justice of peace, and am sworn to keep and defend the peace.

*Rap.* Sir, we will fight ; and do you take it in dudgeon, Dagger, if you please. If you once offer to hinder us, I'll so *pummel* you, Dagger, that you were never pummeled in your life. And howsoever, I hope there's law against you as well as others, and Rapier can put up a *case* against you.

*Dag.* Alas ! I care not if you were both plaintiffs against me : you shall find Dagger your defendant, I'll warrant you. Aye, and if need be, I could put up an action of *battery* against you.



*Sword.* What : talk you of Law ? Sword scorns to have any other law than *martial* law, and that upon you, Rapier.

*Dag.* Away, Sword ; the time was indeed when thou wast a notable *swash-buckler*,<sup>1</sup> but now thou art grown *old*, Sword.

*Rap.* Aye, you do well to excuse his cowardice.

*Sword.* Why, Sir, 'tis well known that Sword has *flourished* in his days.

*Dag.* Flourished ? I'faith, Sir, I have seen Sword *hang* with nothing but *scarfs* ere now.

*Rap.* With scarfs ? With a halter, if he had been well served : for he's a notable thief.

*Dag.* A thief ?

*Rap.* Aye, a thief. Did you never hear of *Cutting Dick*<sup>2</sup> ? this is the very same man.

*Dag.* Nay, Rapier, ne'er hit Sword i' th' teeth with that : for you know you were both indicted for treason before now ; and were in danger to be *hanged* and *drawn* too, and had escaped well if you had not been *quartered*.

*Sword.* Sword, I hope, knows how to keep his *quarters*.

*Dag.* You are a crafty fox, Sword. It were well if you knew how to keep your friendship too : for gentlemen and friends should not *fall out*.

<sup>1</sup>SWASH BUCKLER.—One who makes a furious noise with sword and buckler, to appal antagonists ; a bravo, or swaggering ruffian.

<sup>2</sup>CUTTING DICK.—A ruffian, a swaggerer, &c., as *swash-buckler*.



*Sword.* Rapier, a gentleman !

*Rap.* A gentleman, and has *arms*.

*Dag.* But methinks, *Sword*, by the very sounding of his name should be the better gentleman, and has the better *arms* too; for if the truth were well known *Rapier* hath but one arm.

*Rap.* *Sword* bear arms? He's a base companion. Alas, I have known you bear a *basket*, *Sword*.

*Dag.* If you look in the Book of Armoury, I'll warrant you, you shall find *Sword* of more antiquity than you, *Rapier*. He derives his pedigree from *Morglay*, Bevis of Southampton's sword; and that from St. George his sword, that killed the dragon.

*Rap.* Ay, the dragon in Sussex,<sup>1</sup> the other day. But I'll warrant you *Rapier's* of as good a *blood* as he, for his heart.

*Dag.* By th' mass, I think indeed you are both well *sanguined*. You're both of one *blood*: only there's this difference, that *Sword* comes of the elder brother, and you *Rapier* of the younger.

*Rap.* And oftentimes the younger brother proves the better soldier.

*Dag.* Nay, *Dagger* will defend you both for good soldiers.

*Sword.* *Rapier*, a soldier! when did you ere know *Rapier* fight a *battle*!

<sup>1</sup>THE DRAGON IN SUSSEX.—See the tract on “a Strange and Monstrous Serpent or Dragon,” &c.



*Dag.* Yes, Rapier is a soldier, and a man as well *armed at all points* as any one.

*Sword.* No, no ; it's Sword that's the notable soldier. Why, there's none of all you captains could do any thing in war without him.

*Rap.* I hope Rapier hath not been at *fencing-school* all this while for nothing.

*Dag.* Alas, there's none master of defence but *Dagger*. But yet, if you speak of soldiers, there's Bow, Bill, and Gun, worth twenty such as we are.

*Rap.* Indeed, they say that Bow has been an old soldier.

*Sword.* Yet he's not fit for a soldier : any man may *bend* him as he list.

*Rap.* And as for Bow-string, I dare undertake to *whip* him myself.

*Sword.* Then let me alone to tickle Bow's own nock,<sup>1</sup> i' faith.

*Dag.* But what say you to Bill ? He's a notable sturdy villain.

*Sword.* Bill ! I'll *pay* him soundly, if ere I reach him.

*Dag.* It's more than you can do, I'm afraid. For Bill's a tall fellow on's hands, and will quickly be wood. And then there's Gun; such another bouncing fellow too.

*Rap.* Gun : alas, he's nobody. Any little boy

<sup>1</sup>Nock.—The posteriors,



will make him *roar*. I have made him *go off* o' th' fields a good many times myself.

*Dag.* Well; is Gun nobody? I'm sure he'll give some *blows* sometimes.

*Sword.* Its ne'er but when Powder *overcharges* him: then indeed, he'll be somewhat *hot* o' th' matter.

*Rap.* I think that Powder is a vile bragger; he doth nothing but *crack*.

*Dag.* Faith, I know not what soldier he is: but they say he's an excellent politician.

*Rap.* He a politician?

*Dag.* Why, he has an excellent wit.

*Sword.* Pish, its nothing but a *flash*.

*Dag.* I'm sure I can remember since he was a parliament man.

*Rap.* He a parliament-man! For what shire?

*Dag.* Nay, by o'r Lady, it was for the whole country.

*Sword.* I wonder they should choose him. Why he does everything *on the sudden*.

*Dag.* Oh, he *plots* shrewdly. If they had not looked to it, he had *undermined* the whole parliament-house.<sup>1</sup>

*Sword.* Aye, but he's nobody now a days; he's *blown up* long ago.

<sup>1</sup>UNDERMINED THE WHOLE PARLIAMENT-HOUSES.—Alluding to the Gunpowder Plot in 1605.



*Dag.* Well, if either you or anybody else should meet with Powder, yet it's a hundred to one if he meet not with his *match*.

*Rap.* Nay, you should let him alone, Dagger; and you should see that Sword's as notable a bragger as Powder. He thinks he shall ne'er be matched too; but he shall; and over-matched too by Rapier, I warrant him. Come, Sword, after your long parley, dare you go into the fields?

*Sword.* Dare I? you shall soon see that. Go, and I'll follow you.

*Dag.* Well said, desperate Dick. Sword, you may be ashamed to offer it. You know you are two handed Sword, and Rapier has but one hand (unless I help him) to do any good withal: and yet you'd have him go into the fields with you. Come, there's neither of you shall go. Do not you know that duels are put down? You'll be bound to the peace ever hereafter, if you strike but one stroke. Therefore, you had better let me decide your controversy for you.

*Sword.* Why, you are a *back*-friend to us both, Dagger.

*Dag.* Nay, you know I'm equally *allied* to you *both*; and, therefore, shall prove an impartial judge. How say you, will you be ruled by me?

*Rap.* Nay, let him choose: Rapier's at a *good point*, whether he will or no.



*Dag.* Why are you so long, Sword, before you speak?

*Sword.* Are duels put down? Then I am forced to be friends. Speak then.

*Dag.* Then, in brief, it shall be thus. Sword, you shall bear chief force i' th' camp, and be made general of the field, to bear sway every where. As for you, Rapier, since duels are put down, you shall live quietly and peaceable here i' th' Court, and go every day in *velvet*. You shall be friends with every one, and be on every one's *side*; that if occasion serve, and Sword be absent, so that matters are driven to a *push*, Rapier shall be the only man to perform a combat: and I myself will back you both, as occasion shall serve. How say ye, are ye content?

*Rap.* We are.

*Dag.* Then go before to my house, to the Dagger in Cheap: and there we'll conclude all.

*Rap.* Along, Sword.

[*Exeunt Sword and Rapier.*]

*Dag.* Our weapons drawn, and yet no hurt ye find:  
Did Dagger then defend unto your mind?  
He that defended others not long since,  
At last he dares not stand in's own defence.  
But this he hopes, with you it will suffice,  
To crave a pardon for a scholar's *prize*.



# *A MERRIE DIALOGUE*

Betweene

**Band, Cuffe, and Ruffe,**

Done by an excellent Wit, and lately acted in a  
Shew in the Famous Universitie of Cambridge.



London, printed by W. Stansby for Miles Partrich,  
and are to be sold at his shop neere Saint  
Dunstone's Church-yard, in  
Fleet Street.

1615.



*To the Readers of the Old Book Collector's*

*Miscellany.*

The punning species of wit with which this and the preceding Dramatic Dialogues abound, is likely to have procured them many academical admirers. The particular occasion which introduced them does not appear ; but as they are curious specimens of the taste of a former age in its scholastic entertainments, and by no means devoid of humour, we have reprinted them.

Fencing was introduced into England from France, and soon became popular. Fencing-schools were opened in various parts of the town, and from what we can glean from our early dramatic writers, they were by no means *Moral Schools*, or *Schools for Morals* ; but as every gentleman was supposed to wear a sword, and some feeling inclined also to use one, "schools" became a necessity, and we can, therefore, easily imagine that such a smartly written and right "Merrie Dialogue between Sword, Rapier, and Dagger," would be likely to draw.

The "Merrie Dialogue between Band, Cuff, and Ruff," is of considerable value as an illustration of the history of the costume of the period. The band, as an article of ornament for the neck, was the common wear of gentlemen, though now exclusively retained by the clergy and lawyers ; the cuff, as a fold at the end of a sleeve, or the part of the sleeve turned back from the hand, was made highly fantastical by means of ornamental "cut work ;" the ruff, as a female neck ornament, made of plaited lawn, or other material, is well-known, but it was formerly used by both sexes. The effeminacy and coxcombry of a man's ruff, is well ridiculed by many of our dramatic writers,





# A MERRY DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

## BAND, CUFF, AND RUFF.

---

*Actors : BAND, CUFF, RUFF.*

*Enter Band and Cuff.*

*Band.* uff, where art thou ?

*Cuff.* Here at *hand*.

*Enter Ruff.*

*Ruff.* Where is this Cuff ?

*Cuff.* Almost at your *elbow*.

*Ruff.* Oh, Band, art thou there ? I thought thou hadst been *worn* out of date by this time, or *shrunk* in the *washing* at least.

*Band.* What, do you think I am afraid of your *greatness* ? No, you shall know that there are men of *fashion* in place as well as yourself.

*Cuff.* Good Band, do not *fret* so.



*Band.* A scurvy shig-shag gentleman, new come out of the North ; a puisne, a very freshman, come up hither to learn fashions ; and seek to expel me?

*Cuff.* Nay, if you be so *broad* with him, Band ; we shall have a *fray* presently.

*Ruff.* Sir, I'll pull down your *collar* for you  
(*He jostles B. and C. stays him.*)

*Cuff.* It was time for me to *stay* you : for I am sure you were a *falling Band*.

*Ruff.* Well, Band, for all you are so *stiff*, I'll make you *limber* enough before I leave you.

*Band.* No, hog-yonker, its more than thou canst do.

*Cuff.* O let me come to him. Well, Band, let me catch you in another place, and I'll make *cut-work* of you.

*Band.* Cut-work of me ! No, there's ne'er a Spanish Ruff of you all can do it.

*Cuff.* S'foot, if these two should go together by the *ears*, Cuff would be in a fine plight ; would he not ?

*Ruff.* Well, Band, thou hadst need look to thyself : for if I meet thee, I will *lace* thee *roundly*.

*Band.* *Lace* me ? Thou wouldst be *laced* thyself ; for this is the very truth, Ruff, thou art but a *plain* knave.



*Cuff.* If they talk of *lacing*, I were best look about myself.

*Ruff.* Darest thou meet me in the field ?

*Band.* In the field ? Why thou art but an effeminate fellow, Ruff, for all thou art so well *set*. But at what weapon ?

*Ruff.* Nay, I will give thee that advantage. Bring thou what weapons thou wilt. I scorn to make anything of thee, Band, but *needle-work*.

*Band.* S'foot, thou shalt know, a gentleman and a soldier scorns thy proffer.

*Ruff.* A soldier.

*Cuff.* Did you not hear of the great *Bands* went over of late ?

*Ruff.* Where didst thou serve ? in the Low Countries ?

*Cuff.* It may be so : for he is a *Holland Band*.

*Band.* Where served, it is no matter ; but I am sure I have been often *pressed*.

*Cuff.* Truly, his *laundress* will witness thereof.

*Ruff.* Press me no pressings : for I'll make you know that Ruff is *steeled* to the back. If I had my *stick* here, you should feel it.

*Band.* Nay, bragger, it is not you great words can carry it away so. Give Band but a *hem*, and he will be for you at any time. Name, therefore, the place, the day, and the hour of our meeting.



*Ruff.* The place, the *papermills*: where I will tear thee into *rags*, before I have done with thee: the time, to-morrow about one. But do you hear? We will fight *single*: you shall not be *double*, Band.

*Cuff.* Now I perceive the Spaniard and the Hollander will to it roundly.

*Ruff.* But do you hear? Once more, do not say at our next meeting you forgot the time.

*Cuff.* No: I dare warrant you, there is no man more careful of the time than Band is: for I am sure he hath always a dozen *clocks*<sup>1</sup> about him.

*Ruff.* Farewell then.

*Band.* Then farewell.

*Cuff.* Nay, you shall not part so. You two will go into the fields to fight, and know not what fighting means. A couple of *white-livered* fellows! the laundress will make you both look as *white* as a *clout*, if she list. If you lack *beating*, she'll beat you I'll warrant you. She'll so *clap* your *sides* together, that she'll beat you all to pieces, in once or twice handling. Why, I have known her leave her *marks* behind her a whole week together. She'll quickly beat you *black* and *blue*; for I am sure she'll scarce *wash white* before she *starch*.

*Band.* Well, remember the time and place,  
*Ruff.*

<sup>1</sup>CLOCK.—A kind of ornamental work worn of various parts of dress, now applied exclusively to that on each side of a stocking.—Clock-work.



*Cuff.* Remember yourself, and Mistress *Stitchwell* ; one that you have been both beholden to in your days.

*Band.* Who? Mistress *Stitchwell*. I know her not.

*Cuff.* Nor thou neither.

*Ruff.* No :—I swear by all the *gum* and *blue starch* in Christendom.

*Cuff.* I thought so. Why its the *sempster*. One, that both you had been *undone*, had it not been for her. But what talk I of your *undoing*? I say Mistress *Stitchwell*, the sempstress, was the very *maker* of you : yet you regard her thus little. But it is the common *fashion* of you all. When you come to be so *great* as you are, you forget from what house you came.

*Ruff.* S'foot! Ruff careth not a *pin* for her.

*Band.* Nor Band a *button*.

*Cuff.* Well, well Band and Ruff, you had best take heed of her, you know she set you both in the *stocks* once before ; and if she catch you again, it is a hundred to one, if she *hang* you not both up ; for she hath got strings already.

*Ruff.* Well, meet me if thou darst.

*Band.* The place, the paper-mills, the hour, to-morrow at one.

*Cuff.* If you go, go. But look well about you, do you hear me? As little a fellow as I am, I will come



and *cuff* you both out of the field. If I do not, say Cuff is no man of his *hands*.

*Ruff*. Alas! poor shrimp, thou art nothing in my hands.

*Cuff*. If you go, you shall never say Cuff came of a *sleeveless* errand. I'll *bind* your *hands*, I warrant you, for striking.

*Band*. Say, and hold, Ruff, remember the paper-mills.

*Cuff*. And if ye be so choleric, I'll even pin you both in, as soon as I come home. Can you not decide the quarrel between yourselves, without a field? I thought, Ruff, you had been a little more mild, Ruff. You were a horrible puritan the other day, a very *precise* Ruff.

*Ruff*. Hang him, base rascal! Would he not make any man mad, to see such a poor snake? I durst not scarce peep out of doors, before *Collar* came to town, and now to swagger thus.

*Cuff*. Come, you shall be friends, Band.

*Band*. Friends with him? such a base rascal as he is! a *thread-bare* fellow as he is! I scorn, but my man Collar should go better every day in the week than he, and be friends with him.

*Ruff*. Thy man, Collar? Thy master, thou would'st have said. I am sure he is thy *upholder*.

*Cuff*. Nay, surely, he is his master; at least his maker. For Bands make rags, rags make paper,



paper makes pasteboard, and pasteboard makes *Collar* : and is not this a *stiff* argument, that he is his maker, and therefore master ?

*Ruff*. Well, be he what he will, if I catch his collar I'll cut him in *jags*. Let me but clasp him, and I'll make him for stirring.

*Cuff*. But ye shall not fight. Have ye not friends and neighbours enough to end this controversy, but you must go into the fields, and there cut the *thread* of your lives ? No, we'll have no such doing. Come, choose you an umpire, Band, for it shall be so.

*Band*. Since you will force me to it ; if Ruff be content, I am willing.

*Cuff*. Ruff, you shall be content.

*Ruff*. If I shall, then I must : let me name him.

*Band*. If I may choose, I'll have Master Handkerchief.

*Cuff*. Nay, stay there : he is a mutable *snivelling* fellow, and a notable lawyer. He will *wipe* your nose of all, if you put the *case* to him. But what say you to *Shirt* ?

*Ruff*. *Hang* him, a *rope* on him. He is a filthy *shifting* knave ; and one to whom Band a little before hath been much beholden. They were *joined* a long time together in friendship.

*Cuff*. Why, then go to Master Cap the *head-man* of the town.



*Band.* No ; I deem that he is a very bad justice. You may have him *wrought* on any *side* for money.

*Ruff.* I'll tell you what : then we will go to my Lord *Corpus* himself.

*Band.* He is not in town.

*Ruff.* He is : for to-day I saw *Sock*, his chief *foot-man* in town.

*Cuff.* Here's ado with you and my Lord *Corpus*. Indeed, I would you were both hanged about his *neck* for me ; for then I think you would be both *even*. But I see, this strife will never be ended, till I be arbitrator myself. You know I am equally allied to you both : shall I be moderator between you ?

*Band* and *Ruff.* Content.

*Cuff.* Well then, Ruff shall be most accounted of amongst the clergy, for he is the graver fellow : although I know the puritans will not greatly care for him ; he hath such a deal of *sitting*, and they love *standing* better. As for you, Band, you shall be made most of amongst the young *gallants* : although sometimes they shall use Ruff for a *fashion*, but not otherwise. However, you need not regard the giddy-headed multitude. Let them do as they list ; sometimes respecting one, sometimes the other. But when you come to the counsellors and men of law, which know right from wrong, judging your worths to be equal, they shall prefer neither, but use



the kindness of both. How say you : are you both pleased ?

*Band and Ruff.* We are.

*Cuff.* Then go before me to the next town, and I'll follow after with a *band* of your friendship drawn, which I hope these gentleman will *seal* with their *hands*.

[*Exeunt Band and Ruff.*

*Cuff.* Claw me, and I'll claw thee,—the proverb goes :  
Let it be true, in this that freshman shows.  
Cuff graceth hand, Cuff's debtors hand remain ;  
Let *hands* clap me, and I'll *cuff* them again.





# Notes and Observations

ON

WORK FOR CUTLERS,

AND

A MERRY DIALOGUE BETWEEN  
BAND, CUFF, AND RUFF.

*By* \_\_\_\_\_

*of* \_\_\_\_\_

*in the County of* \_\_\_\_\_

18 \_\_\_\_\_

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# THE COLD YEARE, 1614.

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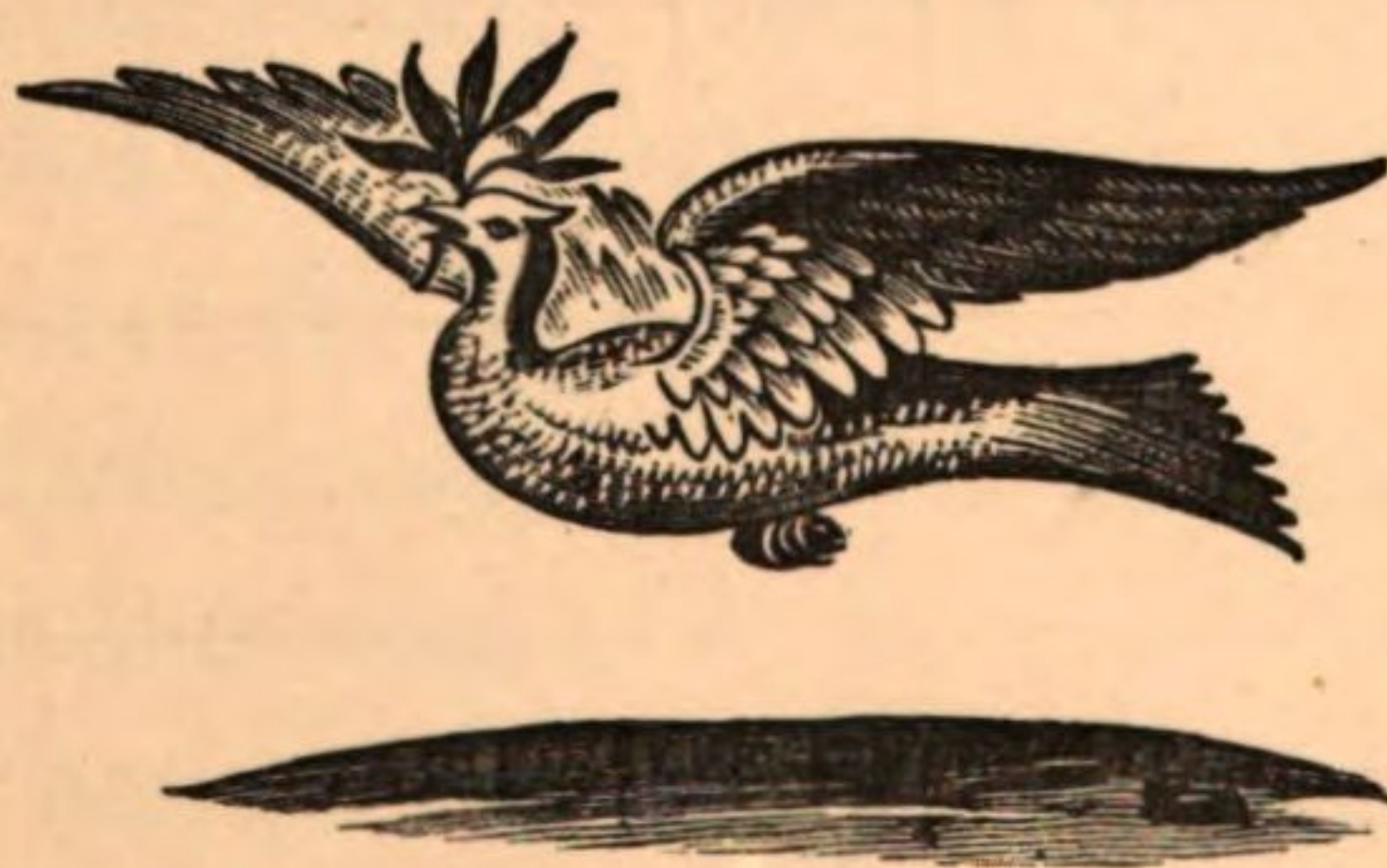
## A Deepe Snow :

*In which Men and Cattell have perished,*

To the generall losse of Farmers, Grasiers, Husbandmen, and all sorts of People in the Countrie ; and no lesse hurtfull to Citizens.

Written Dialogue-wise, in a plaine Familiar Talke betweene a London Shopkeeper, and a North-Country-Man.

*In which, the Reader shall find many thinges for his profit.*



Imprinted at London for Thomas Langley in Iuie Lane, where they are to be sold.

1615.



TO THE READER.

Stowe refers to the severity of the winter of 1613-14, in his annals, thus:—"The 17th of January began a great Frost, with extreame Snow which continued untill the 14th of February, and albeit the Violence of the Frost and Snow some dayes abated, yet it continued freezing and snowing much or little untill the 7th of March."





## THE GREAT SNOW.

### A DIALOGUE.

*The Speakers :*

A CITIZEN.

A NORTH COUNTRYMAN.

*North Countryman—*



OD save you sir : here's a letter directs me to such a sign as that hanging over your door ; (and if I be not deceived) this is the shop : is not your name Master *N. B.* ?

*Citizen.—N. B.* is my name (Father :)

What is your business :

*Nor.* I have letters to you out of the *North.*

*Cit.* From whom, I pray?

*Nor.* From one Master *G. M.* of *Y.*

*Cit.* I know him very well ; and if I may hear by you that he is in health, I shall think you a bringer of good and happy news.



*Nor.* Good and happy news do I bring you then ; (for thanks be to God) health and he have not parted this many a year.

*Cit.* Trust me, your tidings warms my heart, as cold as the weather is.

*Nor.* A cup of mulled sack (I think) would do you more good. But to put a better heat into you, I have from your friend and mine, brought you two bags full of comfort, each of them weighing a hundred pounds of current English money.

*Cit.* Bir o'r Lady sir, the sack you spoke of, would not go down half so merrily, as this news : for money was never so welcome to Londoners (especially tradesmen) as it is now.

*Nor.* Why : Is it as scanty here, as with us : I thought if the silver age had been any where, your city had challenged it. Methinks our northern climate, should only be without silver mines, because the sun (the sovereign breeder of rich metals) is not so prodigal of his beams to us. Why, I have been told, that all the angels of the kingdom fly up and down *London* : Nay, I have heard, that one of our ruffling gallants in these days, wears more riches on his back, in hat, garters, and shoe-strings, than would maintain a good pretty farm in our country, and keep a plough-land for a whole year.

*Cit.* We care not how brave our gallants go, so their names stand not in our books : for when a



citizen crosses a gentleman, he holds it one of the chiefest Cheapside-blessings. *I believe it.*

*Nor.* I understand you sir : you care not what colours they wear, so you keep them not in black and white.

*Cit.* You measure us rightly : for the keeping of some so (that carry their heads full high) makes many a good shopkeeper oftentimes to hide his head. So that albeit you that dwell far off, and know not what *London* means, think (as you say) that all the angels of the kingdom, fly up and down here. We, whose wares lie dead upon our hands for want of quick customers, see no such matter : but if any angels do fly, they have either their wings broken and fly not far ; or else are caught like partridges, a few in a covey. Albeit sir, I have all this while held talk with you, yet mine eye hath run over these letters, and acknowledge myself your debtor, in respect an age so reverend (as your head warrants you are) hath been the messenger. But I hope Sir, some greater especial business of your own besides, drew you to so troublesome a journey.

*Nor.* Troth sir, no extraordinary business : the countryman's hands are now held as well in his pocket, as the shopkeepers. That drew me to *London*, which draws you citizens out of your houses ; or to speak more truly, drives you rather into your houses.



*Cit.* How mean you sir, the weather :

*An old man.*

*Nor.* The very same. I have been an old briar, and stood many a northerly storm ; the winds have often blown bitterly in my face. Frosts have nipped my blood, icicles (you see) hang at my beard, and a hill of snow covers my head. I am the son of winter, and so like the father, that as he does, I love to be seen in all places. I had as leave walk up to the knees in snow, as to tread upon Turkey carpets : and therefore my journey to see *London* once more ere I die, is as merry to me,

*Earth lies in, all  
in white.*

as if I were a woman and went a gossiping ; for the earth shows now, as if she lay in, (all in white.)

*Cit.* Belike then you have heard she hath been delivered of some strange prodigious births, that you came thus far, to see her child-bed ?

*Nor.* I have from my childhood spent my best days in travel, and have seen the wonders of other countries, but am most in love with this of mine own.

*Cit.* Where, if any be born never so well proportioned, within a day or two it grows to be a monster.

*Nor.* You say true, and jump with me in that : for I have but two ears ; yet these two ears bring me home a thousand tales in less than seven days : some I hearken to, some shake my head at, some I smile at, some I think true, some I know false.



But because this world is like our millers in the country, knavish and hard to be trusted; though mine ears be mine own, and good, yet I had rather give credit to mine eyes, although they see but badly, yet I know they will not cozen me: these four score years they have not; and that is the reason I have them my guides now in this journey, and shall be my witnesses (when I get home again, and sit, as I hope I shall, turning a crab<sup>1</sup> by the fire) of what wonders I have seen.

*Cit.* In good sadness father, I am proud that such a heap of years (lying on your back) you stoop no lower for them: I come short of you by almost forty at the least, and methinks I am both more un lusty, and (but for the head and beard) look as aged.

*Nor.* Oh sir! riots, riots, surfeits overnights, and early potting it next morning, stick white hairs upon young men's chins, when sparing diets holds colour: your crammed capons feed you fat here in *London*; but our beef and bacon feeds us strong in the country; long sleeps and past-midnights-watchings, dry up your bloods and wither your cheeks: we go to bed with the lamb, and rise with the lark, which makes us healthful as the spring. You are still sending to the apothecaries, and still crying out,

*Surfeits kill  
more than the  
Sword.*

*The country life  
and city life  
compared.*

<sup>1</sup>A CRAB.—Apple.



Early bridals,  
make early  
burials.

*Fetch Master Doctor to me:* but our apothecary's shop, is our garden full of pot-herbs; and our doctor is a clove of garlick: besides, you fall to wenching, and marry here in *London*, when a stranger may think you are all girls in breeches, (your chins are so smooth,) and like cock sparrows, are treading so soon as you creep out of the shell, which makes your lives short as theirs is: but in our country, we hold it as dangerous to venture upon a wife, as into a set battle: it was 36 ere I was pressed to that service; and am now as lusty and sound at heart (I praise my God) as my yoke of bullocks, that are the servants to my plough.

*Cit.* Yet I wonder, that having no more sand in the glass of your life, how you durst set forth, and how you could come thus far?

*Nor.* How I durst set forth? If it were 88 again, and all the *Spanish* fireworks at sea,<sup>1</sup> I would thrust this old battered breastplate into the thickest of them. We have trees in our town that bear fruit in winter; I am one of those winter-plums: and though I taste a little sour, yet I have an oak in my belly, and shall not rot yet (I hope) for all this blustering weather.

*Cit.* It were pity you should yet be felled down, you may stand (no doubt) and grow many a fair year.

SPANISH FIREWORKS.—The Spanish Armada,



*Nor.* Yes sir, my growing must now be downward, like an ear of corn when it is ripe. But I beseech you tell me, are all those news current, which we hear in the country :

*Cit.* What are they pray ?

*Nor.* Marry sir, that your goodly river of The Thames a nurse to London Thames, (I call it yours, because you are a citizen ; and because it is the nurse that gives you milk and honey) is that (as 'tis reported) all frozen over again, that coaches run upon it ?

*Cit.* No such matter.

*Nor.* When I heard it I prayed to God to help the fishes ; it would be hard world with them, if their houses were taken over their heads. Nay sir, I heard it constantly affirmed, that all the youth of the city, did muster upon it in battle array, one half against the other : and by my troth, I would have ambled on bare ten-toes a brace of hundred miles, to have seen such a triumph.

*Cit.* In sadness (I think) so would thousand besides yourself : but neither hath the river been this year (for all the vehement cold) so hard-hearted as to have such a glassy crusted floor ; neither have our youth been up in arms in so dangerous a field : yet true it is, that the *Thames* began to play a few cold Christmas gambols ; and that very children (in good array) great numbers, and with war-like Children turned Soldiers. furniture of drums, colours, pikes, and guns, (fit to



their handling) have sundry times met army against army, in most of the fields about the city; to the great rejoicing of their parents, and numbers of beholders.

*Nor.* In good sooth I am sorry, I was not one of those standers by: I have been brought up as a scholar myself; and when I was young, our wars were wrangling disputations; but now it seems, that learning surfeits, having too many scholars; and that we shall need soldiers, when such young cockerels address to a battle: It shows like the *Epitome* of war; and it is a wonder for men to read it. Our painters in former ages have not drawn such pictures. But you cut me off from what I was about else to know.

*Cit.* What is that, father?

*Nor.* A bird came flying from the *North*, and chattered, that snow fell in such abundance within and round about the city of *London*, that none without could enter; nor any within, pass forth.

*Cit.* Fables, fables: a man may by the shadow have some guess how great the substance is: your own eye (upon your now being in *London*) can witness that your *Northern* song went to a wrong tune.

*Nor.* And yet by your favour, I think you have not seen your city so whited this forty years.



*Cit.* Indeed our Chronicles speak of one deep snow only, memorable to our time ; and that was about 34 or 36 years ago. The great snow 36 years ago.

*Nor.* Nay, not so much, but of your white bears, bulls, lions, &c., we had the description as fully as if with snow-balls in our hands, your apprentices and we silly country clowns had been at their baiting. I remember when I travelled into *Russia*, I have there seen white bears and white foxes : but some credulous fools would needs swear us down, that your city was full of such monsters ; and that they ran alive in the streets, and devoured people : but I see your giants, and terrible herds of beasts, have done your city good service ; for instead of grass, they have had cold provender, and helped to rid away the greater part of your snow. Monsters fashioned of the snow in our streets.

*Cit.* They have indeed : and yet albeit an arm from heaven hath for several years, one after another, shaken whips over our land, sometimes scourging us with strange inundations of floods ; then with merciless fires, destroying whole towns ; then with intolerable and killing frosts, nipping the fruits of the earth : also for a long season, with scarcity of victuals, or in great plenty, sold exceedingly dear ; and now last of all, with deep and most dangerous snows. Yet (as all the former laches), the prints being worn out, are forgotten ; so of this, we make but a May-game, fashioning ridiculous Divers warning, but no amendment.



*God strikes, and  
we laugh, as if  
he did but jest.*

monsters of that, which God in vengeance pours on our heads; when in doing so, we mock our own selves, that are more monstrous and ugly in all the shapes of sin.

*A good distilla-  
tion.*

*Cor.* You melt (Sir) out of a heap of snow, very profitable and wholesome instructions. But I suppose you have heard of some misfortunes, lately happening unto certain graziers :

*Cit.* No indeed, sir.

*A tale of grasiers*

*Nor.* Then take it for truth and on my credit, that a good company of them coming up together to *London* with great store both of sheep and bullocks, they lost, by reason of the snows and deep waves, so many of either (especially of sheep) that perished in great numbers, even on the way, and before their faces, that if they had been sold to their value, it had been a sufficient estate to have maintained a very good man, and have kept him rich all his life time.

*An old man is a  
new Almanac.*

*Cit.* I believe you : but I pray sir, what is your opinion of this strange winter : give me your judgment I beseech you, of these frosts and snows ; and what (in the school of your experience) you have read, or can remember, may be the effects, which they may produce, or which of consequence are likely now to follow.

*Nor.* I shall do my best to satisfy you. When these great hills of snow, and these great mountains



of ice be digged down, and be made level with the waters; when these hard rocks shall melt into rivers, and these white feathers of heaven stick upon the backs of floods; and that sudden thaws shall show, that the anger of these winter storms are mollified; then it is to be feared, that the swift, violent, and irresistable land-currents (or rather torrents) will bear down bridges, beat down buildings, overflow our corn-fields, overrun the pastures, drown our cattle, and endanger the lives both of man and beast, travelling on their way; and, unless God's hand of plenty be held open, a dearth, to strike the land in the following summer.

*What is likely to happen upon this great snow.*

*Cit.* You say right. This prognostication which your judgment thus looks into, did always fall out to be true.

*Nor.* These extraordinary fevers (shaking a whole kingdom) have always other mortal diseases waiting upon them.

*Cit.* We are best to fear it; and by fearing, provide against them.

*Nor.* I pray God (at whose command the sun sends forth his heat, and the winds bitter storms to deface the fruits of it), that in this last affliction sent down in flakes from the angry element, all other miseries may be hidden, swallowed, and confounded.

*Cit.* I gladly, and from my heart, play the clerk, crying, *Amen.*



*Nor.* But I pray sir, you may have melted a great part of our North Country snow out of me, how hath your city here (with all their castles, and *St. George* a horseback to help it), borne off the storm :

*Cit.* Marry, I will tell you how, sir : just as our *London* fencers oftentimes do in their challenges : she has taken it full upon the head.

*Nor.* Methinks, and I see it with mine eyes, it cannot hurt you much ; for your streets are fuller of people than ever they were.

*The hurt the  
city takes by this  
snow.*

*Cit.* True sir : but, full streets, make shops empty : it's a sign that tradesmen and handicrafts have either little to do, or else can do little, by reason of the weather, when they throw by their tools, and fall to flinging of snow-balls. I assure you father, the tyranny of this season, kills all trading (unless in villany, which shrinks for no weather) so that all commerce lies dead. Besides, it lessens our markets for provision, so that all sort of food was never more dear : it eats up firing, and almost starves the poor, who are not able to buy coal or wood, the rates upon every frosty morning being lifted up and raised at the pleasure of every paltry chandler. Men of occupations, for the most part lie still ; as carpenters, bricklayers, plasterers, and such like : not one of these, nor of many other, turns alchemist, for (unless they be shoe-



makers) none can extract or melt a penny of silver out of all these heaps of snow.

*Nor.* You have now given me a large satisfaction.

*Cit.* Nay, if you should walk but along one street only in *London*; and that is *Thames* street, The dwellers in Thames street. and to see their cellars and warehouses full of rich merchandise, drowned, and utterly spoiled, you would both wonder at the loss, which cannot be set down; and lament it, albeit you know it to be none of your own.

*Nor.* I do already (by your report, to which I give much credit) lament it in others, as if it were mine own. I love not these tragical passions, I suffer for them upon the reporting. But putting them by, I pray sir, seeing I have unladen myself to you here in your shop, send not you me home like a collier's horse, only with an empty sack on my back: let me have some good news to carry with me.

*Cit.* The best, and most noble, that I have at this time, to bestow upon you, is to request you to step into Smithfield, where you shall see by the careful providence, care, and industry, of our honourable senators (the fathers of our city) much money buried under that dirty field, by the hiring of hundreds of labourers to reduce it (as it is re- The paving of Smithfield.



ported), to the fairest and most famous market-place, that is in the whole kingdom.

*Smithfield made  
a market place.*

*Nor.* A market-place! now trust me, it stands fit for so noble a purpose, and will be a memorable monument to after ages, of the royalty, diligence, wisdom and bravery of this. But where shall your *Cheapside* market be then kept, this must either hinder that, or that this :

*Cit.* *Cheapside* shall by this means, have her streets freed from that trouble, by sending it hither, if (as it is reported) it prove a market place. It will add that beauty to that spacious place, which in former times hath by horses and panniers, and butter-wives, been taken from it: Nay, the very street itself, by this means, will show like a large new *Exchange* or *Rialto*; such a commerce of gentlemen and citizens will be seen there daily by walking upon it.

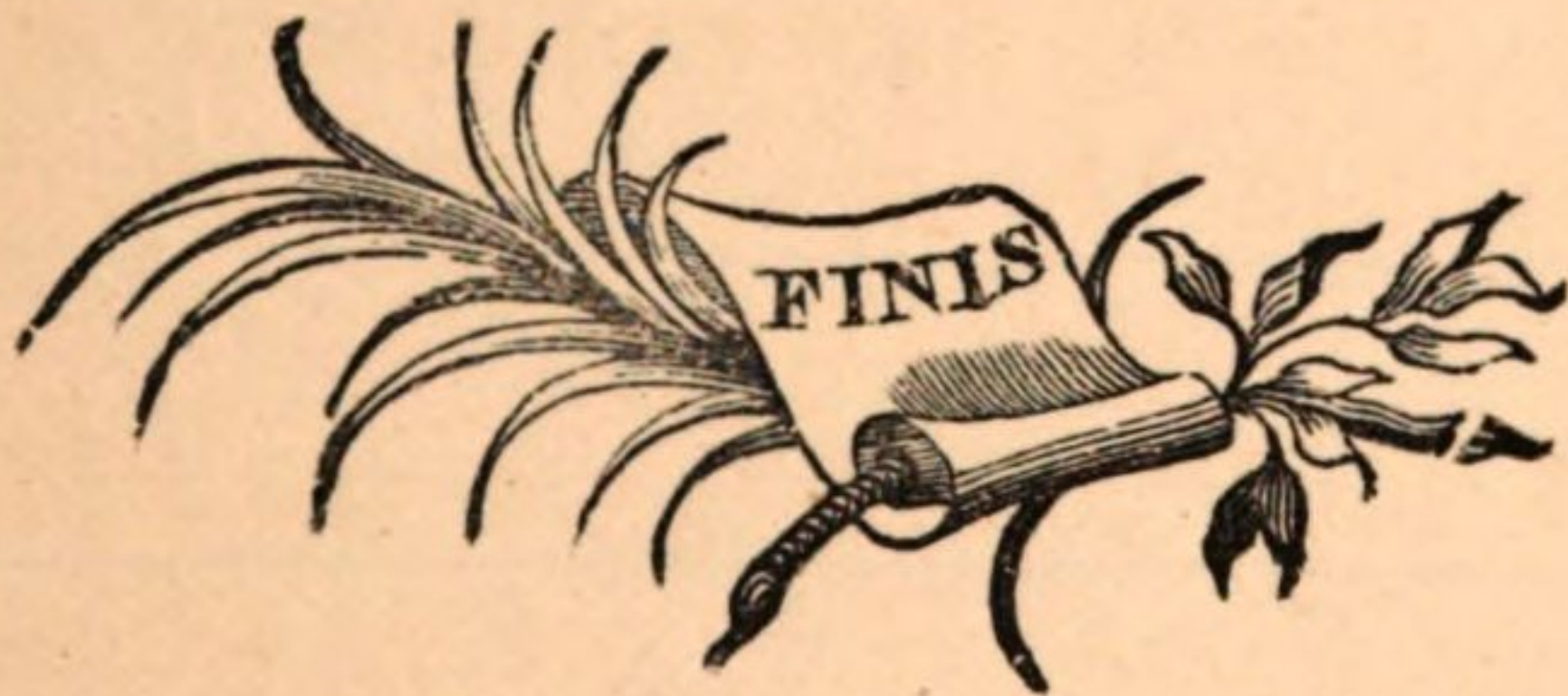
*Nor.* I thank you for this news; this goes with me into the *North*: And when I hear that the work is finished, I'll take off one ten years of mine, because I'll come up lustily to *London* once again, to see such an honour to your city.

*Cit.* And when you do, you shall find (as report already gives it out) besides the market, two goodly receptacles for water fairly built, to add unto it the greater glory and beauty.



*Nor.* Your city is full of honourable deeds ; and ever may it be so. I have troubled you long ; your money will I bring to you to-morrow morning ; in the meantime, because (as dirty as your streets are) I must trot up and down, to dispatch many businesses. I will for this time, take my leave of you ; and the rather, for that (you see) it hath now left snowing.

*Cit.* Sir, you are most heartily welcome.





The first thing I did

was to go to the bank and  
get some money. I had  
to go to the bank to get  
some money. I had to go  
to the bank to get some  
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bank to get some money.

1876



# Notes and Observations

ON

## THE GREAT SNOW STORM.

By \_\_\_\_\_

of \_\_\_\_\_

in the County of \_\_\_\_\_

18 \_\_\_\_\_

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THE GREAT SNOW STORM

THE GREAT SNOW STORM

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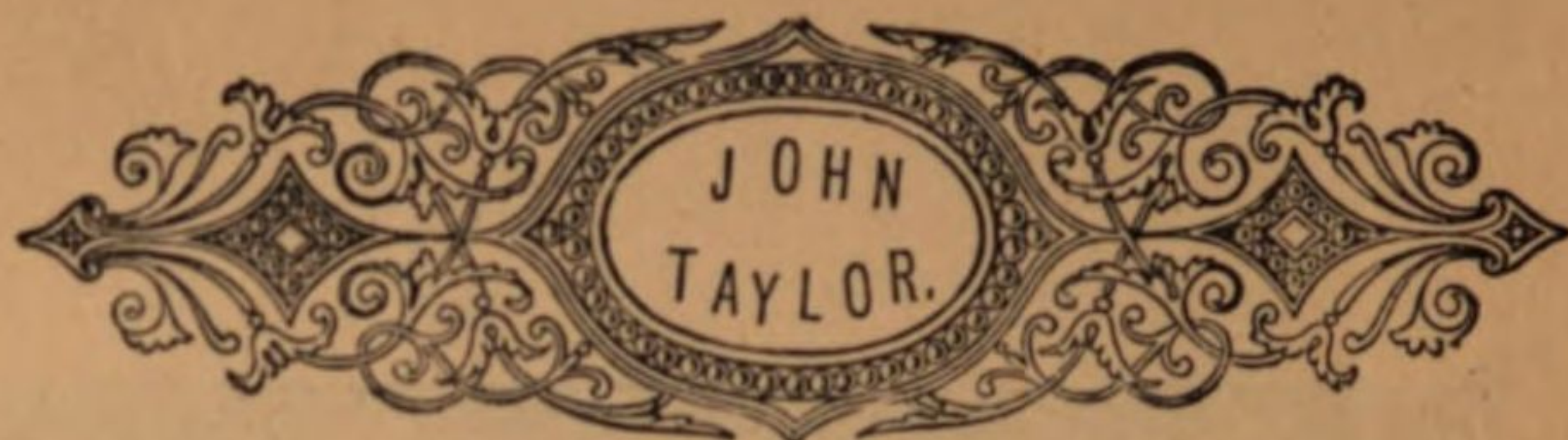
JOHN TAYLOR'S  
OBSERVATIONS AND TRAVEL

FROM

LONDON TO HAMBURGH.







**J**OHN TAYLOR, or, as he was wont to style himself, John Taylor, the *Water-Poet*, *alias* the King's Majesties *Water-Poet* and Queen's Waterman, was born at Gloucester on the 24th of August, 1580; but few particulars in connection with his parentage, education or inner life have reached us beyond those that are to be gleaned from his numerous and very miscellaneous works, extending from 1612 to 1653, which show him to have been—

“A man so various that he seem'd to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome,”

as he was a sailor, a waterman, a poet, a composer—on the shortest possible notice, and on the most reasonable terms—of nipping satires, epigrams, anagrams, odes, elegies and sonnets; a custom-house officer, an adventurer by sea and land, a licensed victualler, writer and publisher of short pieces in prose and verse for upwards of forty years, a peripatetic bookseller, a tuft-hunter, a very great schemer, and a firm Royalist with a lame leg! Such was the man John Taylor, as viewed through the medium of his printed works, of which “many (says Wood\*) were of that faculty that made great sport in their time, and most of them esteemed worthy to be remitted into a large folio. Had he had learning bestowed on him according to his natural parts, which were excellent, he might have equalled, if not excelled, many who claim a great share in the temple of the muses.”

John Taylor, the Water-Poet, died in the harness of a peripatetic book writer and publisher and a victualler, at his house, the Poet's Head, in Phoenix Alley, Long Acre, in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-fields, Westminster, 1653, and was buried in the parish churchyard December 5th.

His widow, it appears from the rate books, continued in the house, under the name of “Widow Taylor,” five years after his death. In 1658 ‘Wid[ow] Taylor’ is scored out, and “Mons. Lero” written at the side. The rate they paid was 2s. 6d. a year.

\* *Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses*, vol. iii.



Three VWeekes, three daies, and  
*three houres*

# OBSERVATIONS

AND TRAVEL, FROM

London to Hambvrgh

*in Germanie:*

Amongst *Jews* and *Gentiles*, with  
*Descriptions of Townes and Towers,*  
Castles and Cittadels, artificiall Gal-  
lowfes, Naturall Hangmen:

*And Dedicated for the present, to the absent Odcom-  
bian Knight Errant, St. THOMAS CORIAT.*

Great Brittaines Error, *and* the worlds Mirror.

---

By Iohn Taylor.

---



LONDON

Printed by EDWARD GRIFFIN, and are to be sold  
by GEORGE GYBBS at the sign of the  
Flower-deluce in *Pauls Churchyard.*

1617.



Three Volumes, three guineas, and

three shillings

# OBSERVATIONS

AND TRAVELS FROM

London to Hamburgh

in Germany

Amongst Trees and Gentles with

Observations of various kinds, Vegetables

(Fishes and Minerals, artificial and

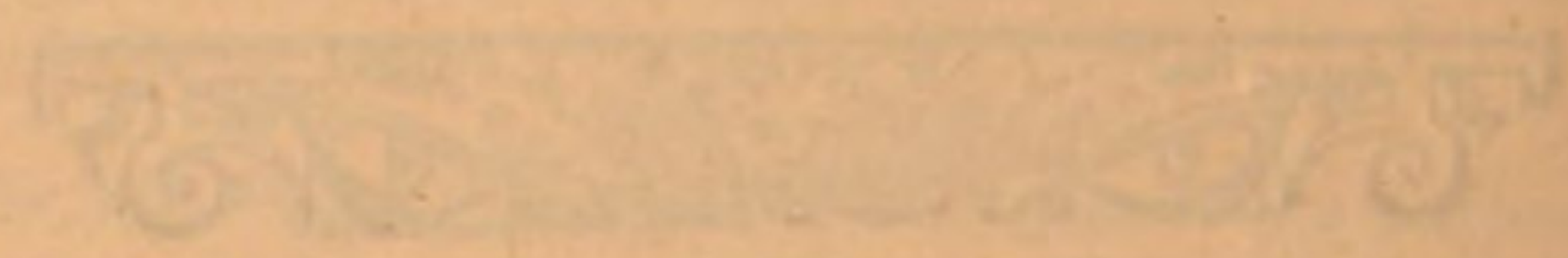
joyes, Natural History

And Dedicated for the present to the most Excellent

and Mighty Person, ST. THOMAS COME

Great Brittaines Father, and the whole Manner

By John Taylor



LONDON

Printed by Thomas Curteys and are to be sold

by George Gyles at the sign of the

Flower-de-luce in Pauls Church-yard

1617





To the Cosmographical, Geographical describer,  
Geometrical measurer; Historiographical Caligra-  
phical Relater and Writer; Enigmatical, Prag-  
matical, Dogmatical Observer, Engrosser, Sur-  
veyor and Eloquent British Grecian Latinist,  
or Latin Grecian Orator, the Odcombian  
Deambulator, Perambulator, Ambler,  
Trotter, or untired Traveller,  
Sir THO. CORYAT, Knight of Troy, and one of the  
dearest darlings to the blind Goddess Fortune.

**M**OST worthy Sir, as *Quintilian* in his  
Apothegms to the naked, learned,  
Gimnosophists of *Æthiopia*, very wittily  
says, *Potanto Machayo corbatio monomosco kayturemon*  
*Lescus, Ollipufftingere whingo*: which is, knowledge  
is a main Antithesis to ignorance, and pains and  
travel is the high-way to experience. I being  
therefore well acquainted with the generous ur-  
banity innated or rooted in your humanity, (in these  
days of vanity,) I dedicate out (of my affability,  
debility, ability, imbecility, facility, or agility,) this  
poor pamphlet to your nobility, in all servility and  
humility: not doubting but the fluent secundity of  
your wisdoms profundity, in your heads rotundity,  
will conserve, reserve, preserve, and observe, what I  
and my industrious labours deserve. I do (out of  
mine own cognition) aver and abet, that he is sense-  
less that will assent, that the Fates did assign, with  
their whole assistance, that any should aspire to be  
an associate in any assembly, boldly to assimilate,  
assay, assault, or ascribe to any mortal but yourself,  
superlative majority or transcendancy for travels,  
observations, and oratory. These things being



revolved and ruminated, in the sagacity or acuteness of my Pericranium, I imagined that no man under the Cope was more worthy than yourself to be a Patronizing Poplar to shelter my poor reed-like endeavours. Howsoever in the preterlapsed occurrences there hath been an Antagonistical repugnancy betwixt us, yet I hope time and travel hath worn it thread-bare, or brought it to an irrecoverable consumption; withal I know you are incapable of inexpungable malice, inveterate malignancy or emulation. I protest tongue-tied taciturnity should have imprisoned this work in the Lethargical Dungeon, or bottomless Abyss of ever-sleeping oblivion, but that I am confident of your Patronage and acceptance, which if it fall out (not according to any Promerits of mine) but out of mine own expectation of your matchless and unparalleled disposition, I shall hereafter sacrifice whole Hecatombs of invention both in Prose and Verse, at the shrine of your unfellowed and unfollowed virtues. So wishing more to see you than to hear from you, because Writers want work, and the Press is turned voluntary through the scarcity of employments, which I hope your presence will supply, I pray that *Neptune, Æolus, Tellus, Bacchus*, and all the watery, windy, earthly, and drinking Deities may be officious, auspicious, and delicious unto you, humbly imploring you to take in good part this my sophistical, paradoxical, submission, with a mental reservation of my love and service, to sympathize or be equivalent to your kind liking and corroborated affecting.

He that hath a poor muse to trot in your service  
with all obsequious observance.

JOHN TAYLOR.





Three Weeks, three Days, and three Hours Observations, from LONDON to HAMBURGH in *Germany*.

Amongst *Jews* and *Gentiles*, with Descriptions of Towns and Towers, Castles and Citadels, artificial Gallowses, Natural Hangmen:

*And Dedicated for the present, to the absent Odcombian Knight Errant,  
SIR THOMAS CORYAT.*

*Great Britains Error, and the worlds Mirror.*

**U**PON *Saturday* the 17 of August, 1616 (after I had taken leave of some friends that would hardly give me leave to leave them) I was associated with five or six courteous comrades to the haven of *Billingsgate*, where I was no sooner come, but I was shipped in the wherry for the port of *Gravesend*, and having two women and three men in my company thither, we past the way away by telling tales by turns. Where one of the women took upon her very logically to defend the honesty of brokers, and she maintained her paradoxical arguments so pithily, as if herself like a desperate pawn had lain seven years in lavender on sweeting in Long Lane, or amongst the dogged inhabitants of Houndsditch. And one of the men replied that he thanked God he never had any need of them, whereupon I began to suspect him to be a crafty knave, because the proverb says, *A crafty knave needs no broker* and indeed after I had inquired what countryman he



was, he told me he was a Welsh man, and a Justices clerk. I left him as I found him, hoping never to be troubled with his binding over, and withdrawing: and so landing at Gravesend, we all went to the *Christopher* where we took a Bacchanalian farewell one of another, where I remained till the Monday following, awaiting the coming down of the ship that I was to be transported in. About the hour of three in the afternoon, with good hope we weighed anchor, and with a courteous tide and gentle wind we sailed down the river of Thames, as far as the grand oyster haven of *Queenborough*, where though our ship was not sea-sick, yet she cast, (anchor I mean).

On the morrow, being Tuesday, we weighed, and with the friendly breath of *Zephyrus*, aliâs a western wind, our sails being swollen, our ship called the *Judith*, who with her stern cut the liquid mounting mountains of *Neptunes* wavering territories, as nimbly as Hebrew *Judith* beheaded *Holofernes*, so that by the bountiful favour of Him that rules both winds and seas, the Thursday following we espied the coast of Friesland, and the next day we sailed by an island called the Holy Land, which may be called the Land of Lobsters, or the country of crabs, for the plenty of those kind of crawling creatures that are taken there. But we, taking time by the fore-top, let no advantage slip, but with a



merry gale, and a friendly flood, on the Friday we sailed up the river of Elve, as far as Stoad, where we anchored till the morrow, being Saturday, and the feast of *St. Bartholomew* the Apostle, we arrived at a bleak, aliâs a town an English mile from *Hamburgh*, called *Altonagh*, which is so called by the *Hamburghers* because it stands all-too-nigh them for their profit, being inhabited with divers tradesmen which do hinder their freedom. I was no sooner landed there, but my company and myself went to a Dutch drinking-school, and having upse-freez'd four pots of boon beer as yellow as gold, our host said we had four shilling to betail, or to pay, which made me suspect it to be a bawdy house by his large reckoning, till at last I understood that the shillings he meant were but stivers, or three-halfpence a piece. So this terrible shot being discharged (which in the total amounted to the sum of sixpence English) we departed towards *Hamburgh*, where by the way I noted some 20 men, women, and children in divers places of *Altonagh*, all deformed, some with one eye, some with hare-lips, crooked-backed, splay-footed, half-nosed, or one blemish or other. I admiring at them, was told they were *Jews*, wherein I perceived the Judgment of the High Judge of all, that had permitted Nature to deform their forms, whose Graceless minds were so much misshapen through want of Grace.



But I being entered the city of *Hamburgh* on the Saturday, I was presently conducted to the English house, where I found a kind host, an honest hostess, good company, store of meat, more of drinks, a true tapster, and sweet lodging. And being at dinner, because I was a stranger, I was promoted to the chiefest place at the table, where to observe an old custom, every man did his best endeavour to hance me for my welcome, which by interpretation is, to give a man a loaf too much out of the brewers basket, in which kind of potshot, our English are grown such stout proficients, that some of them dares bandy and contend with the Dutch their first teachers. But after they had hanced me as well as they could, and I pleased, they administered an oath to me, in manner and form as followeth ;

*Laying my hand on a full pot,*

I swear by these contents and all that is herein contained, that by the courteous favour of these gentlemen, I do find myself sufficiently hanced, and that henceforth I shall acknowledge it ; and that whensoever I shall offer to be hanced again, I shall arm my self with the craft of a fox, the manners of a hog, the wisdom of an ass, mixed with the civility of a bear. This was the form of the oath, which as near as I can shall be performed on my part ; and here is to be noted that the first word a nurse or a mother doth teach her children if they be



males, is drink, or beer : So that most of them are transformed to barrels, firkins, and kilderkins, always freight with *Hamburgh* beer.

And though the city is not much more than half the bigness as London is within the walls, yet are there in it almost 800 brewhouses, and in one day there hath been shipped away from thence, 337. brewings of beer, besides 13. or 14. brewings have been racked or stayed in the town, as not sufficient to be bezzled in the country.

The Saturday being thus past, and Sunday come, I went toward the English Church, where I observed many shops open, buying and selling, chopping and changing of all manner of wares, with the streets furnished with apples, pears, plums, nuts, grapes, or any thing else that an ordinary market can afford, as commonly as if the Sabbath were but a bare Ceremony without a Commandment. In which I note the Jews in their execrable superstition, to be more devout and observant, than these pedlars in their profession ; for on the Saturday (being the Jews Sabbath) they neglect all human affairs, and betake themselves irreligiously to their misbelieving faithless religion.

The sermon being ended at the English Church, I walked in the afternoon with a friend of mine, (an inhabitant of the town) to see and to be seen, where at one of the gates was placed a strong guard of



soldiers with muskets, pikes, halberts, and other warlike accoutrements, I asked the cause, and I was informed it was because of the building of new mounts and bulwarks which were partly erected without the old wall : And when I perceived these fortifications, I was amazed, for it is almost incredible for the number of men and horses that are daily set on work about it, besides the work itself is so great that it is past the credit of report, and as I suppose will prove most inexpugnable and invincible rampiers to strengthen the town on that side against the invasive attempts of the greatest Monarch that should assail them.

But after much musing, walking further towards the fields, I espied four or five pretty parcels of modesty go very friendly up into a Council-house by the ways side, as we and thousands of people used to pass ; they were handsome young girls of the age of 18 or 20 years apiece, and although they had a door to shut, yet they knowing their business to be necessary and natural, sat still in loving and neighbourly manner, so having traced a turn or two we returned into the town again, and entering a long garden within the walls, some of the townsmen were shooting for wagers at a mark with their muskets, some bowling : some at slide-thrift, or shovel-board : some dancing before a blind fiddler, and his cow bellied, dropsy, dirty drab : some at one game, some at



another, most of them drinking, and all of them drunk, that though it was a Sabbath, which should wholly be dedicated to God, yet by the abuse of these bursten-gutted bibbers, they made it an afternoon consecrated, or more truly execrated to the service of Hell, and to the great amplification of the Devils kingdom.

*When Christians dare Gods Sabbath to abuse,  
They make themselves a scorn to Turks and Jews:  
You stealing Barabasses beastly race,  
Rob God of Glory, and yourselves of Grace.  
Think on the supreme Judge who all things tries,  
When Jews against you shall in Judgment rise.  
Their feigned truth, with fervent Zeal they show,  
The truth unfeigned you know, yet will not know.  
Then at the Bar in New Jerusalem,  
It shall be harder much for you than them.*

But leaving to their drunken designs, I returned toward my lodging, where by the way I saw at the common jail of the town, a great number of people were clustered together, I asked the cause of their concourse, and I was certified that there was a prisoner to be broken upon the wheel the next day, and that these idle gazers did press to gape upon him for want of better employments, I being as inquisitive after novelties, as a traveller of my small



experience might be, enquired earnestly the true cause of the next days execution : my friend told me that the prisoner was a poor carpenter dwelling in the town, who lately having stolen a goose, and plucking it within his doors, a little girl (his daughter in law) went out of his house, and left the door open, by which means, the owner of the goose passing by, espied the wretched thief very diligently picking what he before had been stealing, to whom the owner said : Neighbour, I now perceive which way my geese use to go, but I will have you in question for them, and so away he went : the caitiff being thus reproved grew desperate, and his child coming into his house ; ye young whore, quoth he, must ye leave my door open for folks to look in upon me ? and with that word, he took a hatchet and with a cursed stroke, he clove the child's head : for the which murder he was condemned and judged to be broken alive upon the wheel. Close by the jail I espied a house of free stone, round and flat roofed, and leaded, upon the which was erected the true picture of a most unmatched Hangman : and now I am entered into a discourse of this brave abject, or subject, you must understand that this fellow, is a merry, a mad, and a subsidy Hangman, to whom our Tyburn tatterdemalion, or our Wapping wind-pipe stretcher, is but a raggamuffin, not worth the hanging : for this tear-throat termagant is a fellow



in folio, a commander of such great command, and of such greatness to command, that I never saw any that in that respect could countermand him : for his making is almost past description, no Saracen's head seems greater, and sure I think his brainpan if it were emptied, (as I think he hath not much brain in it,) would well contain half a bushel of malt, his shaggy hair and beard would stuff a cushion for *Charons* boat, his embossed nose and embroidered face, would furnish a Jeweller ; his eyes well dried, would make good tennis-balls, or shot for a small piece of ordnance, his yawning mouth would serve for a cony-burrow, and his two ragged rows of teeth, for a stone wall, or a pale ; then hath he a neck like one of *Hercules* his pillars, with a wind-pipe, (or rather a beer pipe) as big as the boar of a demiculvering, or a wooden pump ; through which conduit half a brewing of *Hamburgh* beer doth run down into his unmeasurable paunch, wherein is more midriff, guts and garbage than three tripe-wives could be able to utter before it stunk. His post-like legs were answerable to the rest of the great frame which they supported, and to conclude, Sir *Bevis*, *Ascapart*, *Gogmagog*, or our English Sir *John Falstaff*, were but shrimps to this bezzling bombard's longitude, latitude, altitude, and crassitude, for he passes, and surpasses the whole German multitude.



And as he is great in corpulency, so is he powerful in potency, for figuratively he hath spiritual resemblance of Romish authority, and in some sort he is a kind of demi-Pope, for once a year in the dog-days he sends out his men with baits instead of Bulls, with full power from his greatness, to knock down all the curs without contradiction, whose masters or owners will not be at the charge to buy a pardon for them of his mightiness, which pardon is more durable than the Popes of wax or parchment, for his is made of a piece of the hide of an ox, a horse, or such lasting stuff, which with his stigmatical stamp or seal is hanged about every dog's neck who is freed from his fury by the purchase of his pardon. And sure I am persuaded that these dogs are more sure of their lives with the hangman's pardon, than the poor besotted blinded Papists are of their seduced souls from any pardon of the Popes.

The privileges of this grand halter-master are many, as he hath the emptying of all the vaults or draughts in the city, which no doubt he gains some favour by. Besides all oxen, kine, horses, hogs, dogs, or any such beasts, if they die themselves, or if they be not like to live, the hangman must knock them on the heads, and have their skins : and whatsoever inhabitant in his jurisdiction doth any of these things aforesaid himself, is abhorred and ac-



counted as a villain without redemption. So that with hangings, headings, breakings, pardoning and killing of dogs, flaying of beasts, emptying of vaults, and such privy commodities, his whole revenue sometimes amounts to 4. or 5. hundred pounds a year. And he is held in that regard and estimation, that any man will converse and drink with him, nay sometimes the Lords of the town will feast with him, and it is accounted no impeachment to their honours; for he is held in the rank of a gentleman, (or a rank gentleman) and he scorns to be called in the cast weeds of executed offenders: No, he goes to the mercers, and hath his satin, his velvet, or what stuff he pleases, measured out by the yard or the ell, with his gold and silver lace, his silk stockings, laced spangled garters and roses, hat and feather, with four or five brave villains attending him in livery cloaks, who have stipendiary means from his ignominious bounty.

Monday the 19. of August, about the hour of 12. at noon, the people of the town in great multitudes flocked to the place of execution; which is half a mile English without the gates built more like a sconce than a gallows, for it is walled and ditched about with a drawbridge and the prisoner came on foot with a Divine with him, all the way exhorting him to repentance, and because death should not



terrify him, they had given him many rouses\* and carouses of wine and beer : for it is the custom there to make such poor wretches drunk, whereby they may be senseless either of God's mercy or their own misery ; but being prayed for by others, they themselves may die resolutely, or (to be feared) desperately.

But the prisoner being come to the place of death, he was by the officers delivered to the hangman, who entering his strangling fortification with two grand hangmen more and their men, which were come from the city of *Lubeck*, and another town (which I cannot name) to assist their *Hamburghian* brother in this great and weighty work : the drawbridge was drawn up, and the prisoner mounted on a mount of earth, built high on purpose that the people without may see the execution a quarter of a mile round about : four of the hangman's men takes each of them a small halter, and by the hands and the feet they hold the prisoners extended all abroad lying on his back : then the Arch-hangman, or the great Master of this mighty business took up a wheel, much about the bigness of one of the fore wheels of a coach : and first, having put off his doublet, his hat, and being in his shirt,

\*ROUSE.—A full glass, a bumper.



as if he meant to play at tennis, he took the wheel, and set it on the edge, and turned it with one hand like a top or a whirligig, then he took it by the spokes, and lifting it up with a mighty stroke he beat one of the poor wretch's legs in pieces, (the bones I mean) at which he roared grievously ; then after a little pause he breaks the other leg in the same manner, and consequently breaks his arms, and then he stroke four or five main blows on his breast, and burst all his bulk and chest in shivers, lastly he smote his neck, and missing, burst his chin and jaws to mammocks ; then he took the broken mangled corpse, and spread it on the wheel, and thrust a great post or pile into the nave or hole of the wheel, and then fixed the post into the earth some six foot deep, being in height above the ground, some ten or twelve foot, and there the carcass must lie till it be consumed by all-consuming time, or ravening fowls.

This was the terrible manner of this horrid execution, and at this place are twenty posts with those wheels or pieces of wheels, with heads of men nailed on the top of the posts, with a great spike driven through the skull. The several kinds of torments which they inflict upon offenders in those parts makes me to imagine our English hanging to be but a flea-biting.



Moreover, if any man in those parts are to be beheaded, the fashion is, that the prisoner kneels down, and being blinded with a napkin, one takes hold of the hair of the crown of the head, holding the party upright, whilst the hangman with a backward blow with a sword will take the head from a mans shoulders so nimbly, and with such dexterity, that the owner of the head shall never want the miss of it. And if it be any mans fortune to be hanged for never so small a crime, though he be mounted whole, yet he shall come down in pieces, for he shall hang till every joint and limb drop one from another.

They have strange torments and varieties of deaths, according to the various nature of offences that are committed: as for example, he that counterfeits any Princes coin, and is proved a coiner, his judgment is to be boiled to death in oil, not thrown into the vessel all at once, but with a pulley or a rope to be hanged under the arm pits, and let down into the oil by degrees: first the feet, and next the legs, and so to boil his flesh from his bones alive. For those that set houses on fire wilfully, they are smoked to death, as first there is a pile or post fixed in the ground, and within an English ell of it is a piece of wood nailed cross whereupon the offender is made fast fitting, then over the top of



the post is whelmed a great tub of dry fat, which doth cover or overwhelm the prisoner as low as the middle. Then underneath the executioner hath wet straw, hay, stubble, or such kind of stuff, which is fired, but by reason it is wet and dank, it doth not but smoulder and smoke, which smoke ascends up into the tub where the prisoners head is, and not being able to speak, he will heave up and down with his belly; and people may perceive him in these torments to live three or four hours.

Adultery there, if it be proved, is punished with death, as the loss of both the parties heads, if they be both married, or if not both yet the married party must die for it, and the other must endure some easier punishment, either by the purse or carcass; which in the end proves little better than half a hanging.

But as after a tempest a calm is best welcome; so I imagine it not amiss after all this tragical harsh discourse, to sweeten the readers palate with a few comical reports which were related unto me wherein I seem fabulous, it must be remembered that I claim the privilege of a traveller, who hath authority to report all that he hears and sees, and more too. I was informed of a fellow that was hanged somewhat near the highway, within a mile or two of *Collein*, and the fashion being to hang with a halter and a chain, that when the halter is



rotten with the weather, the carcass drops a button hole lower into the chain. Now it fortuned that this fellow was executed on a winter's afternoon towards night, and being hanged, the chain was shorter than the halter, by reasons whereof he was not strangled, but by the jamming of the chain which could not slip close to his neck, he hanged in great torments under the jaws, it happened that as soon as he was trust up, there fell a great storm of rain and wind, whereupon all the people ran away from the gallows to shelter themselves. But night being come, and the moon shining bright, it chanced that a country boor, or a waggoner and his son with him were driving their empty waggon by the place where the fellow was hanged, who being not choked, in the extremity of his pains did stir his legs and writhe and crumple his body, which the waggoners son perceived, and said ; Father look, the man upon the gallows doth move : quoth the old man he moves indeed, I pray thee let us make haste, and put the waggon under the gibbet, to see if we can unhang and save him. This being said was quickly done, and the wretch half dead was laid in straw in the boors waggon, and carried home, where with good attendance he was in four or five days recovered to his health, but that he had a crick in his neck, and the cramp in his jaws. The old man was glad that he had done so good a deed, (as



he thought) began to give the thief Fatherly counsel, and told him that it was Gods great mercy towards him to make me (quoth he) the instrument of thy deliverance, and therefore look that thou make good use of this his gracious favour towards thee, and labour to redeem the time thou hast misspent, get thee into some other Princes country, where thy former crimes may not bring thee into the danger of the law again, and there with honest industrious endeavours get thy living.

The thief seemed willing to entertain these good admonitions, and thanked the boor and his son, telling them that the next morning he would be gone : and if ever his fortunes made him able, he promised to be so grateful unto them that they should have cause to say their great courtesies were well bestowed upon him ; but all his sugared sweet promises, were in the proof but gall and wormwood in the performance : or this graceless caitiff arose betimes in the morning, and drew on a pair of boots and spurs which were the mans sons of the house, and slipping out of the doors, went to the stable and stole one of his kind hosts best horses, and away rode he. The man and his son, when they were up and missed the thief and the horse, were amazed at the ingratitude of the wretch, and with all speed his son and he rode several ways in pursuit of him, and in brief one of them took him, and brought him back



to their house again, and when it was night they bound him, and laid him in their waggon (having deaf ears, and hardened hearts to all his entreaties) and away to the gallows where they found him hanging, there they, with the halter being a little shortened, they left him. The next day the country people wondered to see him hanging there again, for they had seen him hanged, and missed him gone, and now to be thus strangely and privately come again in boots and spurs, whereas they remembered at his first hanging he had shoes and stockings, it made them muse what journey he had been riding, and what a mad ghost he was to take the gallows for his inn, or (as I suppose) for his end.

The rumour of this accident being bruited abroad, the people came far and near to see him, all in general wondering how these things should come to pass. At last, to clear all doubts proclamations were published with pardon, and a reward to any that could discover the truth, whereupon the old Boor and Son came in and related the whole circumstance of the matter.

At another place (the hangmans place being void) there were two of the blood, (for it is to be noted that the succession of that office doth lineally descend from the Father to the Son, or to the next of the blood) which were at strife for the possession of this high indignity. Now it happened that two men



were to be beheaded at the same town, and at the same time, and (and to avoid suit in law for this great prerogative) it was concluded by the arbitrators, that each of these new hangmen should execute one of the prisoners, and he that with greatest cunning and sleight could take the head from the body, should have the place, to this they all agreed and the prisoners were brought forth, where one of the executioners did bind a red silk thread double about his prisoners neck the threads being distant one from another only the breadth of one thread, and he promised to cut off the head with a backward blow with his sword, between the threads. The other called his prisoner aside, and told him if he would be ruled by him, he should have his life saved, and besides (quoth he) I shall be sure to have the office. The prisoner was glad of the motion, and said he would do anything upon these conditions, then said the hangman, when thou art upon thy knees, and hast said thy prayers, and that I do lift up my axe, (for I will use an axe) to strike thee, I will cry Hem, at which word do thou rise and run away, (thou knowest none will slay thee if thou canst once escape after thou art delivered into my custody, it is the fashion of our country) and let me alone to shift to answer the matter. This being said or whispered, the headsman with the sword did cut off the prisoners head just between the threads as he had



said, which made all the people wonder at the steadiness of his hand, and most of them judged that he was the man that was and would be most fittest to make a mad hangman of.

But as one tale is good till another be told, and as there be three degrees of good, better, and best; so this last hangman did much exceed and eclipse the others cunning: For his prisoner being on his knees, and he lifting up his axe to give the fatal blow, *Hem*, (said he according to promise) whereupon the fellow arose and ran away, but when he had run some seven or eight paces, the hangman threw the axe after him, and struck his head smoothly from his shoulders, now for all this, who shall have the place is unknown, for they are yet in law for it; and I doubt not but before the matter be ended, that the lawyers will make them exercise their own trades upon themselves to end the controversy. This tale doth savour somewhat Hyperbolical but I wish the reader to believe no more of the matter than I saw, and there is an end.

At another town there stood an old over-worn despised pair of gallows, but yet not so old but they will last many a fair year with good usage, but the townsmen a little distance from them built another pair, in a more stately geometrical port and fashion, whereupon they were demanded why they would be at the charge to erect a new gallows, having so



sufficient an old one : they answered, that those old gallows should serve to hang fugitives and strangers; but those new ones were built for them and their heirs for ever. Thus much for hangmen, thieves, and gallowses.

Yet one thing more for thieves: In *Hamburgh* those that are not hanged for theft, are chained 2. or 3. together, and they must in that sort six or seven years draw a dung-cart, and cleanse the streets of the town, and every one of those thieves for as many years as he is condemned to that slavery, so many bells he hath hanged at an iron above one of his shoulders, and every year a bell is taken off, till all are gone, and then he is a free man again, and I did see ten or twelve of these carts, and some of the thieves had 7. bells, some 5. some 6. some one, but such a noise they make, as if all the Devils in Hell were dancing the morrice.

*Hamburgh* is a free city, not being subject to the Emperor, or any other Prince, but only governed by twenty-four Burgomasters, whereof two are the chief, who are called Lords, and do hold that dignity from their first election during their lives. The buildings are all of one uniform fashion, very lofty and stately, it is wonderful populous, and the water with boats comes through most of the streets of the town.



Their churches are most gorgeously set forth, as the most of them covered with copper, with very lofty spires, and within sides they are adorned with crucifixes, images, and pictures, which they do charily keep for ornaments, but not for idle or idol adoration. In *St. Jacobs* and in *Saint Katherines* Churches there is in one of them a pupil of alabaster, and in the other a pair of such organs, which for worth and workmanship are unparalleled in Christendom, as most travellers do relate.

The women are no fashion mongers, but they keep in their degrees one continual habit, as the richer sort do wear a huke, which is a robe of cloth or stuff plaited, and the upper part of it is gathered and sewed together in the form of an English potlid, with a tassel on the top, and so put upon the head, and the garment goes over her ruff and face if she please, and so down to the ground, so that a man may meet his own wife, and perhaps not know her from another woman.

They have no porters to bear burdens, but they have big burly-boned knaves with their wives that do daily draw carts any whither up and down the town, with merchants goods or any other employments: and it is reported that these cart-drawers are to see the rich men of the town provided of milch-nurses for their children which nurses they call by the name of *Ams*, so that if they do want a



nurse at any time, these fellows are cursed, because they have not gotten wenches enough with child to supply their wants.

But if a man of any fashion do chance to go astray to a house of iniquity, the whilst he is in the house at his drudgery, another of the whores will go to the sheriff, (which they call the Right-heir) and inform that such a man is in such a suspected house, then is his coming forth narrowly watched, and he is taken and brought before the Right-heir, and examined, where if he be a man of credit, he must, and will pay forty, fifty, or sixty Rex Dollers before he will have his reputation called in question. Of which money the quean that did inform shall have her reward.

A lawyer hath but a bad trade there, for any cause or controversy is tried and determined in three days, quirks, quiddits, demurs, habeas, corpuses, sursararaes, procedendoes, or any such dilatory Law-tricks and abolished, and not worth a button.

But above all, I must not forget the rare actions and humours of a quacksalver or mountebank, or to speak more familiarly, a shadow a skilful chirurgeon. This fellow being clad in an ancient doublet of decayed satin, with a spruce leather jerkin with glass buttons, the rest of his attire being correspondent, was mounted upon the scaffold, having



shelves set with viols, gallipots, glasses, boxes, and such like stuff, wherein as he said, were waters, oils, unguents, emplasters, electuaries, vomits, purges, and a world of never heard of drugs; and being mounted (as I said) he and his man began to proclaim all their skill and more, having a great number of idle and ignorant gazers on, he began as followeth (as I was informed by my interpreter, for I understood not one word he spake.)

I *Jacomo Compostella*, practitioner in physic, chirurgery, and the mathematics, being a man famous through Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, from the oriental exaltation of *Titan*, to his occidental declination, who for the testimony of my skill, and the rare cures that I have done, have these princes hands and seals; at first the great *Cham* of *Tartaria*, in whose court, only with this water which is the Elixir of Henbane, diafracted in a diurnal of ingredients Hippocratontic, Avicenian, and Cataract, with this did I cure the great Duchess of *Promulpho* of the cramp in her tongue: and with this oil did I restore the Emperor *Gregory Evanowich*, of a convulsion in his pericranion. From thence I travelled to *Slavonia*, where I met with *Mustapha Despot* of *Servia*, who at that time was intolerably vexed with a *Spasmus*, so that it often drove him into a syncope with the violent obstructions of the conflagrating of his veins.



Only with this precious unguent being the quintessence of *Mugwort*, with *Auripigmenty*, terrographicated in a limbeck of crystalline translucency, I recovered him to his former health, and for my reward I had a Barbary horse with rich caparisons, a Turkish scimitar, a Persian robe, and 2000. Hungarian ducats.

Besides, here are the hands and seals of *Potohamock*, *Adelantado* of *Prozewgma*, and of *Gulch Flownderscurfe* chief burgomaster of *Belgrade*, and of divers princes and estates, which to avoid tedious prolixity I omit. But good people if you or any other be troubled with apoplexies, palsies, cramps, lethargies, cataracks, quinsies, tisicks pleurisies, coughs, headaches, tertian, quartan, and quotidian agues, burning fevers, jaundices, dropsies, colics, illiaca passio's, the stone, the strangury, the pox, plague, botches, biles, blains, scabs, scurfs, mange, leprosie, cankers, megrims, mumps, fluxes, measles, murrains, gouts, consumptions, toothache, ruptures, hernia aquosa, hernia ventosa, hernia carnososa, or any other malady that dares afflict the body of man or woman, come and buy while you may have it for money, for I am sent for speedily to the Emperor of *Trapezond*, about affairs of great importance that highly concerns his royal person.

Thus almost two hours did this fellow with embost words, and most laborious action, talk and



swear to the people, that understood no more what he said, than he himself understood himself. And I think his whole takings for simple compounds did amount in the total to 9.pence sterling.

But leaving *Hamburgh*, (having gathered these few observations aforesaid) out of it I went *August* 28. and my first jaunt of my travels was by water, to a town called *Buckstahoo*, it is a little walled town, and stands on the other side of the river, 3.miles as they call it from *Hamburgh*. The boat we passed in is called an *Iuar*, not so good as a Gravesend barge, yet I think it may be as great, and the three miles longer than from London, to Gravesend, for I am sure that we were going 9. hours before we could be landed. Our passage cost us 3.pence a piece, and one thing I remember well, that the lazy watermen will sit still all (or the most part of the way) whilst their passengers, (be they never so rich or poor, all is one to them, be they men or women) they must row by turns an hour or such a matter : and we landed in the night at a place called *Crants*, where all the passengers were to go to supper, but such diet we had, that the proverb was truly verified *God sent meat, and the Devil sent Cooks* : for as there was no respect of persons in the boat, so all fellows at the table, and all one price, the palatine and the plebeian : our first mess was great platters of black broth, in shape like new tar, and in taste Cousin



German to slut pottage ; our second were dishes of eels, chopped as small as herbs, and the broth they were in as salt as brine ; then had we a boiled goose, with choak pears and carrots buried in a deep dish ; and when we demanded what was to pay, it was but three pence a man, I mused at the cheapness of it, but afterwards they came upon us with a fresh reckoning of fivepence a man for beer, for they never count their meat and drink together, but bring in several reckonings for them : but the morning being come, we hired a boors waggon, to carry us to a place called *Citezen*, three miles there, or 12 English miles from *Buckstahoo* : a little bald dorp it is where we came about noon, and found such slender entertainment, that we had no cause to boast of our good cheer or our hostess cookery. We having refreshed ourselves, and hired a fresh waggon, away we went two miles further to a dorp called *Rodonburgh*, this village belongeth to the Bishop of *Rodonburgh*, who hath a fair house there, strongly walled and deeply ditched and moated about very defensible, with draw bridges, and good ordinance. This Bishop is a temporal Lord, notwithstanding his spiritual title ; and no doubt but the flesh prevails above the spirit with him ; so the Bishops of *Breame*, *Lunninburgh*, and divers other places in Germany, do very charitably take the fleece, (for they themselves never look to the flock) by



reason they use no ecclesiastic function, but only in name.

Being lodged at *Rodonburgh*, in a stately inn, where the host, hostess, guests, cows, horses, swine lay all in one room; yet I must confess their beds to be very good, and their linen sweet, but in those parts they use no coverlet, rug, or blanket, but a good featherbed undermost, with clean sheets, pillows, and pillowbears, and another featherbed uppermost, with a fair sheet above all, so that a mans lodging is like a womans lying-in, all white.

*August* the 30. we went from *Rodenburgh*, and about noon we came to an old walled town, called *Feirden*, it hath two churches in it, and the hangmans statue very artificially carved in stone, and set on a high pillar with a rod rampart in his hand, at this town I met with six strangers, all travellers, where we went to dinner together, all at one table, and every man opened his knapsack or budget with victuals; (for he that carries no meat with him, may fast by authority in most places of that country) but to note the kindness of these people one to another, some had bread and a box of salt butter, some had raw bacon, some had cheese, some had pickled herring, some dried beef, and amongst the rest I had brought three ribs of roast beef, and other provision from *Hamburgh*: to conclude, we drew all like fiddlers, and fed (for the most part) like swine, for



every man eat what was his own, and no man did proffer one bit of what he had to his neighbour, so he that had cheese must dine with cheese, for he that had meat would offer him none; I did cut every one a part of my roast beef; which my guide told me they would not take well, because it is not the fashion of the country: I tried, and found them very tractable to take anything that was good, so that I perceived their modesty to take one from another, proceeds from their want of manners to offer. But dinner being done, away we went over a bridge, in the midst whereof is a cage,\* made in the likeness of a great lanthorn, it is hanged on a turning gibbet like a crane: so that it may be turned on the bridge and over the river, as they shall please that have occasion to use it. It is big enough to hold two men, and it is for this purpose if any one or more do rob gardens or orchards, or cornfields, (if they be taken) he or they are put into this same whirligig, or kickambob, and the gibbet being turned, the offender hangs in this cage from the river some 12. or 14. foot from the water, and then there is a small line made fast to the party some 5. or 6. fathom, and with a trick which they have, the bottom of the cage drops out, and the thief falls suddenly into the water. I had not gone far, but at the end of the bridge I saw an old chapel, which in old time they say was dedicated to St. *Frodswick*, which hath the day after Saint *Luke*

\*A LYNN in the original. [?]



the Evangelist : I entering in, perceived it was a charitable chapel, for the doors and windows were always open, by reason there were none to shut, and it was a common receptacle for beggars and rogues. There was the Image of our Lady with a veil over her, made as I think of a bakers bolter,\* and Saint *Peter* holding a candle to her. I cut a piece of her veil, and taking *Peter* by the hand at my departure, the kind Image (I know not upon what acquaintance) being loose handed, let me have his hand with me, which being made of wood, by reason of ruinous antiquity, burst off in the handling : which two precious relics I brought home with me to defend me and all my friends from sparrow-blasting.[?]

From this place we were glad to travel on foot 1. Dutch mile to a dorp called *Dufurn*, where we hired a boors waggon to a town *Neinburgh*, but we could not reach thither by 2. English miles, so that we were glad to lodge in a barn that night : on the morrow early we arose and came to *Neinburgh*, which is a little walled town, belonging to that Bishopric from whence it is so named. There we staid 3. hours before we could get a waggon, at last we were mounted to a dorp called *Leiz*, 2. Dutch miles ; I would have bargained with the boor to have carried us to *Dorn*, which I bade my guide tell him it was but a mile further, a mile quoth the boor,

\*BOLTER—A machine for separating bran from flour ; a sieve ; a net.



indeed we call it no more, but it was measured with a dog, and they threw in the tail and all to the bargain; so to *Leiz* he carried us, and there we found a waggon of *Dorn* homeward bound, which made us ride the cheaper; but it was the longest mile that ever I rode or went, for surely it is as much as some ten of our miles in England. But having overcome it at last, from thence I took a fresh waggon to carry me two miles to a town called *Buckaburgh*, where I had and have I hope a brother residing, to whom my journey was intended, and with whom my perambulation was at a period. This town of *Buckaburgh* is wholly and solely belonging to the Graff or *Grave* of *Shomburgh*, a Prince of great command and eminence, absolute in his authority and power, not countermanded by the Emperor, or any other further than courtesy requires; and in a word, he is one of the best accomplished gentlemen in *Europe* for his person, port, and princely magnificence. He hath there to his inestimable charge, built the town, with many goodly houses, streets, lanes, a strong wall, and a deep ditch, all well furnished with munition and artillery, with a band of Soldiers which he keepeth in continual pay, allowing every man a doller a week, and double apparel every year. Besides, he hath built a stately church, being above 120. steps to the roof, with a fair pair of organs, a curious carved pulpit, and all other ornaments



belonging to the same. His own palace may well be called an earthly paradise, which if I should run into the praise of the description of, I should bring my wits into an intricate labyrinth, that I should hardly find the way out, yet according to the imbecility of my memory I will only touch a little at the shadow of it, and let the substance stand where it doth.

At the front or outward gate is a most stately arch, upon the top whereof is erected the image of Envy, (as great as a demi Colossus) between two dragons, all gilt with gold, before the gate is an iron grate to open and shut as it were of flowers or work of embroidery, at which gate stands always a Court of guard, and a sentinal, and at the lower part of the arch is the Princes title or in capital letters as followeth ;

*ERNESTUS DEI GRATIA*

*COMES HOLST, Scomburgh,*

*Sternburgh, &c.*

After I was entered within the outward gate, I was shewed his stables, where I saw very fair and goodly horses, both for war and other uses, amongst the rest there was one naturally spotted like a leopard or panther, and is called by the name of leopard, a stately courageous beast and so formed as



if nature had laid all her cunning aside, only to compose that horse, and indeed I must acknowledge he was made for the service of some great Prince, and not for any inferior person.

Passing further, I came to another Court of guard, and over a draw-bridge, into the inner court, where on the right hand, I was conducted into the chapel, in which chapel, if it were possible that the hand of mortal men (with artificial workmanship) could visibly set forth the magnificent glory of the immortal Creator, then absolutely there it is, but being impossible so to do, (as near as I can) I will describe it; the pavement is all of black and grey marble, curiously wrought with chequer-work, the seats and pews are carved wainscoat of wonderful cunning and workmanship; the roof is adorned with the statues of Angels and Cherubims, many in number, all so richly gilded, as if gold were as plentiful as pewter, there could not be more liberality bestowed: besides there are a fair set of organs, with a brave sweet choir of choristers: so that when they sing, the lutes, viols, bandoraes, organs, recorders, sacbuts, and other musical instruments, all strike up together, with such a glorious delicious harmony, as if the angelical music of the spheres were descended into that earthly tabernacle. The Prince himself is a Protestant, very zealous in his prayer, and diligent in his attention to the preacher,



who although I understood not, yet I perceived he was a good Divine, who gravely and sincerely with reverence and eloquent elocution, delivered the Bread of Life to the understanding auditors.

In this town I staid with my brother from Saturday the last of *August*, till the Thursday following which was the fifth of *September*. When I was conducted an English mile on my way by certain of my Country men my Lords musicians, where we drank and parted, only my brother and my guide brought me that night to a strong walled town called *Minden*, which standeth on the river of *Weazar*, and belongeth to the Bishop of that See. On the morrow I walked to see the town, where I bought thirty-six cheeses for eightpence, and a yard and a half of pudding for fivepence, which I brought into *England* for rarities. So about noon we took a boat to pass down the river, which boat is much longer than any Western barge, but nothing near so broad, it was half laden with lime and chalk, and by reason the wind blew hard, we were almost choked with the flying and scattering of that dusty commodity. Besides the water was so shallow, that we ran a-ground three or four times, and sometimes an hour, sometimes less before we could get afloat again : which made me and my guide go a-shore at a village called *Peterhaghen*, where we hired a waggon to *Leize*, where we stayed all night, (being



come into our old way again) where were a crew of strolling rogues and whores that took upon them the name of Egyptians, jugglers, and fortune-tellers, and indeed one of them held the good wife with a tale, the whilst another was picking her chest, and stole out ten dollers which is forty shillings, and she that talked with her, looked in her hand, and told her that if she did not take great heed she knew by her Art that some mischance was near her: which proved true, for her money was gone, the whilst her fortune was telling.

But I appointed a waggon over night to be ready by three of the clock in the morning, when I arose and applied my travel so hard by changing fresh waggons, so that that day I came as far as *Rodenburgh*, which was nine Dutch miles, where I stayed that night: The next day being Sunday the eight of *September*, we took waggon towards *Buckstahoo*, we had a merry boor, with an hundred tatters about him; and now I think it fit a little to describe these boors, their natures, habits, and unmannerly manners. In our English tongue the name boar or boor do truly explain their swinish condition, for most of them are as full of humanity as a bacon-hog, or a boar, and their wives as cleanly and courteous as sows. For the most part of the men they are clad in thin buckrum, unlined, bare legged and



footed, neither band nor scarce shirt, no woollen in the world about them, and thus will they run through all weathers for money by the waggons side, and though no better apparelled, yet all of them have houses, land, or manual means to live by. The substantial boors I did meet above 120. of them that Sunday, with every one a hatchet in his hand, I mused at it, and thought they had been going to fell wood that day, but my guide told me they were going to church, and that instead of cloaks they carried hatchets, and that it was the fashion of the country : whereupon it came into my mind, cloak, *quasi* cleave-oak, *ergo* the boors wear hatchets instead of cloaks.

There are other fashion boors, who wear white linen breeches as close as Irish trousers, but so long that they are turned up at the shoe in a roll like a maids sleeves at the hand, but what these fellows want in the bigness of their hose, they have in doublets, for their sleeves are as big as breeches, and the bodies great enough to hold a kilderkin of beer, and a barrel of butter.

The country is very full of woods, and especially oaks, which they very seldom cut down, because of the mast for their swine, which live there in great abundance. If any man be slain or murdered in the way, they use to set up a wooden cross in the



place, for a memorial of the bloody fact committed there, and there were many of those wooden crosses in the way as I travelled.

They seldom have any robbery committed amongst them, but there is a murder with it, for their unmannerly manner is to knock out a mans brains first, or else to lurk behind a tree, and shoot a man with a piece or a pistol, and so make sure work with the passenger, and then search his pockets.

It is as dangerous to steal or kill a hare in some places there, as it is to rob a church or kill a man in *England*, and yet a two-penny matter will discharge the offender, for the best and the worst is but an halter ; and I was informed that an English merchant (not knowing the danger) as he was riding on the way, having a piece charged in his hand (as it is an ordinary weapon to travel with there) by chance he espied a hare, and shot at her and killed her ; but he was apprehended for it, and it was like to have cost him his life ; but before he got out of the trouble, he was fain to use his best friends and means, (and pleading ignorance for his innocency, at last with the loss of a great deal of liberty, and five hundred pound in money, he was discharged : The reason of this strict course is, because all the hares in the country do belong to one Lord or other, and being in abundance, they are killed by the owners



appointment, and carried to the markets by cart-loads, and sold for the use of the honourable owners: And no boor or tenant that dwells in those part, where those hares are plenty must keep a dog except he pay five shillings a year to the Lord, or else one of his fore-feet must be cut off, that he may not hunt hares.

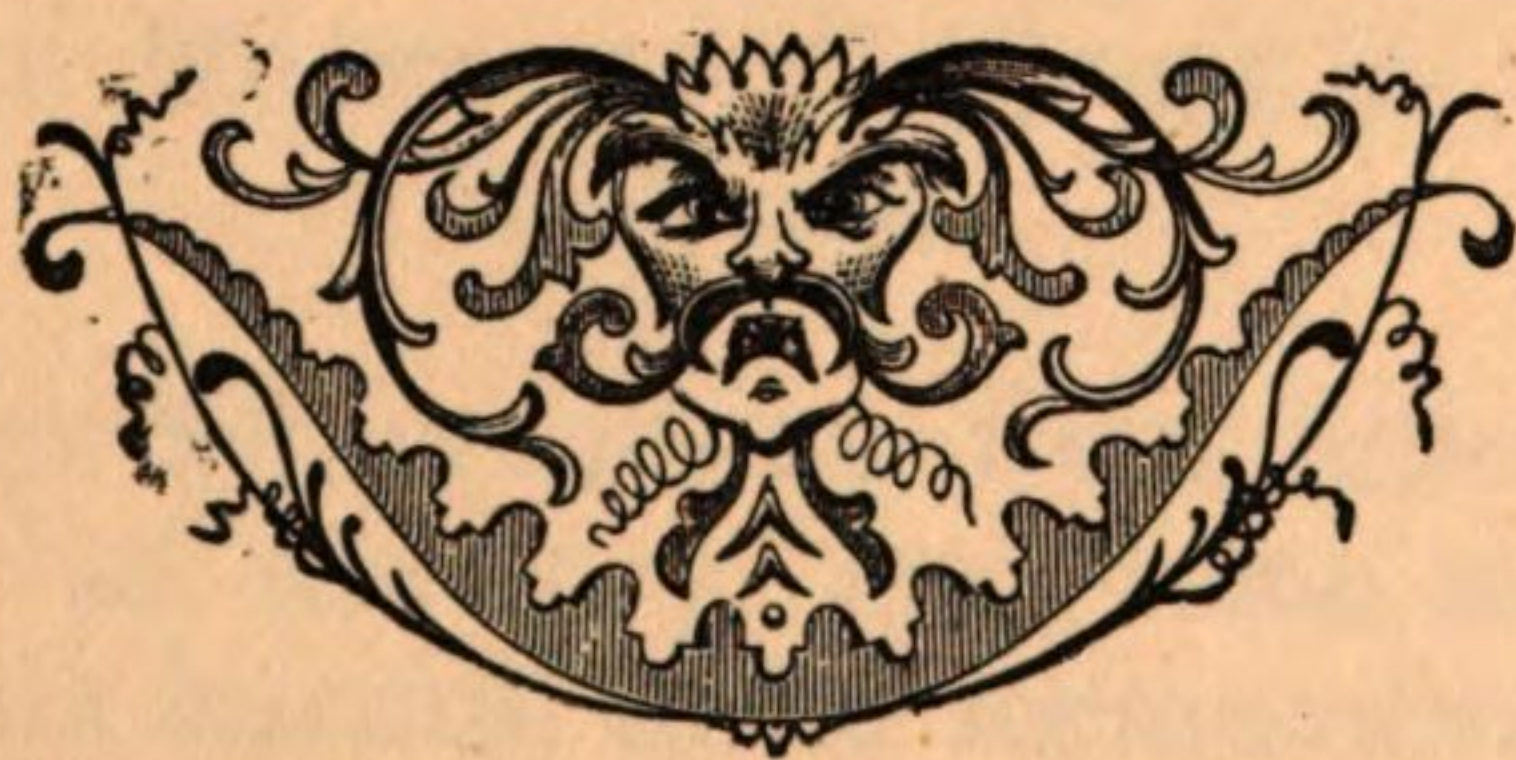
A man is in almost as high proportion to be a knave in England, as a Knight in Germany, for there a gentleman is called a youngcur, and a Knight is but a youngcurs man, so that you shall have a scurvy Squire command a Knight to hold his stirrup, pluck off his boots, or any other unknightly piece of service: and verily I think there are an 100 several Princes, Earls, Bishops, and other estates, that do every one keep a Mint, and in their own names stamp money, gold, silver and brass, and amongst 23. twopences which I had of their brass money, (which they call grushes) I had 13 several coins.

Many more such worthy injunctions and honourable ordinances I observed, which are hardly worth pen and ink the describing, and therefore I omit them, and draw towards an end, for on the Wednesday morning I was at an anchor at *Stoad*, and on the Friday night following I was (by Gods gracious assistance) landed at London. So that in three weeks and three days I sailed from *England*



to *Hamburgh* and back again, staying in the country  
17. days, and travelled 200 miles by land there :  
gathering like a busy bee all these honeyed  
observations, some by sight, some by  
hearing, some by both, some by  
neither, and some by bare  
supposition.

FINIS.





to Washington and took up his abode in the country  
 the day, and on the 1st and 2nd of July, he  
 gathered like a busy bee all the honeyed  
 observations, some by sight, some by  
 hearing, some by smell, some by  
 touch, some by taste, and some by  
 supposition.

He was not only a keen observer, but a  
 keen thinker, and he was not only a  
 keen thinker, but a keen doer. He was  
 not only a keen doer, but a keen  
 FINIS.

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 keen thinker, and he was not only a  
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 FINIS.



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 keen thinker, but a keen doer. He was  
 not only a keen doer, but a keen  
 FINIS.



THE  
PENNYLES  
PILGRIMAGE,

OR  
The Money-lesse perambulation,  
of IOHN TAYLOR, *Alias*  
the Kings Majesties  
*Water-Poet.*

HOW HE TRAVAILED ON FOOT  
from *London* to *Edenborough* in *Scotland*, not carrying  
any Money to or fro, neither Begging, Borrow-  
ing, or Asking Meate, drinke or  
Lodging.

*With his Description of his Entertainment*  
in all places of his Iourney, and a true Report  
of the vnmatchable Hunting in the *Brea*  
of *Marre* and *Badenoch* in  
*Scotland.*

With other Obseruations, some serious and  
worthy of Memory, and some merry  
and not hurtfull to be Remembred.

*Lastly that (which is Rare in a Trauailer)*  
*all is true.*

LONDON

Printed by *Edw: Allde*, at the charges of the  
Author. 1618



TO THE TRULY  
NOBLE AND RIGHT  
HONORABLE LORD GEORGE MAR-  
quis of Buckingham, Viscount Villiers, Baron of  
Whaddon, Justice in Eyre of all his Majesty's  
Forests, Parks, and Chases beyond Trent, Master  
of the Horse to his Majesty, and one of the Gentle-  
men of his Highness Royal Bed-Chamber, Knight  
of the most Noble Order of the Garter, and  
one of his Majesty's most Honorable  
Privy Council of both the  
Kingdoms of England  
and Scotland.

**R**IGHT Honorable, and worthy honoured  
Lord, as in my Travels, I was enter-  
tained, welcomed, and relieved by many  
Honourable Lords, Worshipful Knights, Esquires,  
Gentlemen, and others both in England and Scot-  
land. So now your Lordship's inclination hath  
incited, or invited my poor muse to shelter her-  
self under the shadow of your honorable  
patronage, not that there is any worth at all in my  
sterile invention, but in all humility I acknowledge  
that it is only your Lordship's acceptance, that  
is able to make this nothing, something, and withal  
engage me ever.

Your Honors,

In all observance,

JOHN TAYLOR,





TO ALL MY LOVING ADVENTURERS,  
BY WHAT NAME OR TITLE SOEVER,  
MY GENERAL SALUTATION.

**R**EADER, these Travels of mine into Scotland, were not undertaken, neither in imitation, or emulation of any man, but only devised by myself, on purpose to make trial of my friends both in this Kingdom of England, and that of Scotland, and because I would be an eye-witness of divers things which I had heard of that Country; and whereas many shallow-brained Critics, do lay an aspersion on me, that I was set on by others, or that I did undergo this project, either in malice, or mockage of Master Benjamin Jonson, I vow by the faith of a Christian, that their imaginations are all wide, for he is a gentleman, to whom I am so much obliged for many undeserved courtesies that I have received from him, and from others by his favour, that I durst never to be so impudent or ungrateful, as either to suffer any man's persuasions, or mine own instigation, to incite me, to make so bad a requital, for so



*much goodness formerly received; so much for that,  
and now Reader, if you expect*

That I should write of cities' situations,  
Or that of countries I should make relations :  
Of brooks, crooks, nooks; of rivers, bournes and  
rills,  
Of mountains, fountains, castles, towers and hills,  
Of shires, and piers, and memorable things,  
Of lives and deaths of great commanding kings,  
I touch not those, they not belong to me ;  
But if such things as these you long to see,  
Lay down my book, and but vouchsafe to read  
The learned *Camden*, or laborious *Speed*.

*And so God speed you and me, whilst I rest*

*Yours in all thankfulness :*

JOHN TAYLOR.







TAYLOR'S  
PENNILESS PILGRIMAGE.

**L**IST Lordlings, list (if you have lust to list)  
I write not here a tale of had I wist :  
But you shall hear of travels, and relations,  
Descriptions of strange (yet English) fashions.

And he that not believes what here is writ,  
Let him (as I have done) make proof of it.  
The year of grace, accounted (as I ween)  
One thousand twice three hundred and eighteen,  
And to relate all things in order duly,  
'Twas Tuesday last, the fourteenth day of July,  
Saint *Revels* day, the almanack will tell ye  
The sign in *Virgo* was, or near the belly :  
The moon full three days old, the wind full south ;  
At these times I began this trick of youth.  
I speak not of the tide, for understand,  
My legs I made my oars, and rowed by land,



Though in the morning I began to go  
 Good fellows trooping, flocked me so,  
 That make what haste I could, the sun was set,  
 E're from the gates of *London* I could get.  
 At last I took my latest leave thus late,  
 At the Bell Inn, that's *extra Aldersgate*.  
 There stood a horse that my provant<sup>1</sup> should carry,  
 From that place to the end of my fegary,<sup>2</sup>  
 My horse no horse, or mare, but gelded nag,  
 That with good understanding bore my bag :  
 And of good carriage he himself did show,  
 These things are excellent in a beast you know.  
 There in my knapsack, (to pay hunger's fees)  
 I had good bacon, biscuit, neat's-tongue, cheese  
 With roses, barberries, of each conserves,  
 And mithridate, that vigorous health perserves :  
 And I entreat you take these words for no-lies,  
 I had good *Aqua vitæ*, *Rosa* so-lies :  
 With sweet *Ambrosia*, (the gods' own drink)  
 Most excellent gear for mortals, as I think,  
 Besides, I had both vinegar and oil,  
 That could a daring saucy stomach foil.  
 This foresaid Tuesday night 'twixt eight and nine,  
 Well rigged and ballasted, both with beer and wine,  
 I stumbling forward, thus my jaunt begun,  
 And went that night as far as *Islington*.  
 There did I find (I dare affirm it bold)

<sup>1</sup>PROVANT.—Provender ; provision.

<sup>2</sup>FEGARY.—A vagary.



A Maidenhead of twenty-five years old,  
But surely it was painted, like a whore,  
And for a sign, or wonder, hanged at door,  
Which shows a Maidenhead, that's kept so long,  
May he hanged up, and yet sustain no wrong.  
There did my loving friendly host begin  
To entertain me freely to his inn :  
And there my friends, and good associates,  
Each one to mirth himself accommodates.  
*At Well-head* both for welcome, and for cheer,  
Having a good *New ton*, of good stale beer :  
There did we *Trundle*\* down health, after health,  
(Which oftentimes impairs both health and wealth.)  
Till everyone had filled his mortal trunk,  
And only *No-body*\* was three parts drunk.  
The morrow next, Wednesday Saint *Swithin's* day,  
From ancient *Islington* I took my way.  
At *Holywell* I was enforced carouse,  
Ale high, and mighty, at the Blindman's House.  
But there's a help to make amends for all,  
That though the ale be great, the pots be small.  
At *Highgate* Hill to a strange house I went,  
And saw the people were to eating bent,  
In either borrowed, craved, asked, begged, or bought,  
But most laborious with my teeth I wrought.  
I did not this, 'cause meat or drink was scant,  
But I did practise thus before my want ;  
Like to a Tilter that would win the prize,

\*TRUNDLE.—i.e., John Trundle of the sign of *No-body* (see note page 6).



Before the day he'll often exercise.  
 So I began to put in use, at first  
 These principles 'gainst hunger, 'gainst thirst.  
 Close to the Gate,<sup>1</sup> there dwelt a worthy man,  
 That well could take his whiff, and quaff his can,  
 Right Robin Good-fellow, but humours evil,  
 Do call him *Robin Pluto*, or the devil.  
 But finding him a devil, freely hearted,  
 With friendly farewells I took leave and parted,  
 And as alongst I did my journey take,  
 I drank at *Broom's well*, for pure fashion's sake,  
 Two miles I travelled then without a bait,  
 The Saracen's Head at *Whetstone* entering straight,  
 I found an host, that might lead an host of men,  
 Exceeding fat, yet named *Lean*, and *Fen*.<sup>2</sup>  
 And though we make small reckoning of him here,  
 He's known to be a very great man there.  
 There I took leave of all my company,  
 Bade all farewell, yet spake to *No-body*.  
 Good reader think not strange, what I compile,  
 For *No-body* was with me all this while.  
 And *No-body* did drink, and, wink, and scink,  
 And on occasion freely spent his chink.  
 If anyone desire to know the man,  
 Walk, stumble, *Trundle*, but in *Barbican*.

It is reasonable to conjecture that at this date the custom of "Swearing-in at Highgate was not in vogue—or, *No-body* would have taken the oath.

<sup>2</sup>NAMED LEAN AND FEN.—Some jest is intended here on the Host's name.—Qy., Leanfen, or, the anagram of A. FENNEL.



There's as good beer and ale as ever twang'd,  
 And in that street kind *No-body*<sup>1</sup> is hanged.  
 But leaving him unto his matchless fame,  
 I to St. *Albans* in the evening came,  
 Where Master *Taylor*, at the Saracen's Head,  
 Unasked (unpaid for) me both lodged and fed.

<sup>1</sup>NO-BODY was the singular sign of John Trundle, a ballad-printer in Barbican in the seventeenth century [and who seems to have accompanied our author as far as *Whetstone* on his "Penniless Pilgrimage"—and, certainly up to this point a very "wet" one!] In one of Ben Jonson's plays Nobody is introduced, "attyred in a payre of Breeches, which were made to come up to his neck, with his armes out at his pockets and cap drowning his face." This comedy was "printed for John Trundle and are to be sold at his shop in Barbican at the sygne of No-Body." A unique ballad, preserved in the Miller Collection at Britwell House, entitled "The Well-spoken No-body," is accompanied by a woodcut representing a ragged barefooted fool on pattens, with a torn money-bag under his arm, walking through a chaos of broken pots, pans, bellows, candlesticks, tongs, tools, windows, &c. Above him is a scroll in black-letter:—

**"Nobody . is . my . Name . that . Bepreth . Every . Bodys .  
 Blame."**

The ballad commences as follows:—

"Many speke of Robin Hoode that never shott in his bowe,  
 So many have layed faultes to me, which I did never knowe;  
 But nowe, beholde, here I am,  
 Whom all the worlde doeth diffame;  
 Long have they also scorned me,  
 And locked my mouthe for speking free.  
 As many a Godly man they have so served  
 Which unto them God's truth hath shewed;  
 Of such they have burned and hanged some.  
 That uuto their ydolatrie wold not come:  
 The Ladye Truthe they have locked in cage,  
 Saying of her Nobodye had knowledge.  
 For as much nowe as they name Nobodye  
 I thinke verilye they speke of me:  
 Whereffore to answeare I nowe beginne—  
 The locke of my mouthe is opened with ginne,  
 Wrought by no man, but by God's grace,  
 Unto whom he prayse in every place," &c.

Larwood and Hotten's *History of Signboards*.



The tapsters, hostlers, chamberlains, and all,  
Saved me a labour, that I need not call,  
The jugs were filled and filled, the cups went round,  
And in a word great kindness there I found,  
For which both to my cousin, and his men,  
I'll still be thankful in word, deed, and pen.  
Till Thursday morning there I made my stay,  
And then I went plain *Dunstable* highway.  
My very heart with drought methought did shrink,  
I went twelve miles, and no one bade me drink.  
Which made me call to mind, that instant time,  
That drunkenness was a most sinful crime.  
When *Puddle-hill* I footed down, and past  
A mile from thence, I found a hedge at last.  
There stroke we sail, our bacon, cheese, and bread,  
We drew like fiddlers, and like farmers fed.  
And whilst two hours we there did take our ease,  
My nag made shift to mump green pulse<sup>1</sup> and peas.  
Thus we our hungry stomachs did supply,  
And drank the water of a brook hard by.  
Away toward *Hockley* in the Hole, we make,  
When straight a horseman did me overtake,  
Who knew me, and would fain have given me coin,  
I said, my bonds did me from coin enjoin,  
I thanked and prayed him to put up his chink,  
And willingly I wished it drowned in drink.  
Away rode he, but like an honest man,  
I found at *Hockley* standing at the Swan,

<sup>1</sup>PULSE. — All sorts of leguminous seeds.



A formal tapster, with a jug and glass,  
Who did arrest me : I most willing was  
To try the action, and straight put in bail,  
My fees were paid before, with sixpence ale,  
To quit this kindness, I most willing am,  
The man that paid for all, his name is *Dam*,  
At the Green Dragon, against *Grays-Inn* gate,  
He lives in good repute, and honest state.  
I forward went in this my roving race,  
To *Stony Stratford* I toward night did pace,  
My mind was fixed through the town to pass,  
To find some lodging in the hay or grass,  
But at the *Queen's Arms*, from the window there,  
A comfortable voice I chanced to hear,  
Call *Taylor, Taylor*, and be hanged come hither,  
I looked for small entreaty and went thither,  
There were some friends, which I was glad to see,  
Who knew my journey ; lodged, and boarded me.  
On Friday morn, as I would take my way,  
My friendly host entreated me to stay,  
Because it rained, he told me I should have  
Meat, drink, and horse-meat and not pay or crave.  
I thanked him, and for his love remain his debtor,  
But if I live, I will requite him better.  
(From *Stony Stratford*) the way hard with stones,  
Did founder me, and vex me to the bones.  
In blustering weather, both for wind and rain,  
Through *Towcester* I trotted with much pain,



Two miles from thence, we sat us down and dined,  
Well bulwarked by a hedge, from rain and wind.  
We having fed, away incontinent,  
With weary pace toward *Daventry* we went.  
Four miles short of it, one o'ertook me there,  
And told me he would leave a jug of beer,  
At *Daventry* at the Horse-shoe for my use.  
I thought it no good manners to refuse,  
But thanked him, for his kind unasked gift,  
Whilst I was lame as scarce a leg could lift,  
Came limping after to that stony town,  
Whose hard streets made me almost halt right  
down.

There had my friend performed the words he said,  
And at the door a jug of liquor staid,  
The folks were all informed, before I came,  
How, and wherefore my journey I did frame,  
Which caused mine hostess from her door come  
out,

(Having a great wart rampant on her snout.)  
The tapsters, hostlers, one another call,  
The chamberlains with admiration all,  
Were filled with wonder, more than wonderful,  
As if some monster sent from the *Mogul*,  
Some elephant from *Africa*, I had been,  
Or some strange beast from the *Amazonian* Queen.  
As buzzards, widgeons, woodcocks, and such fowl,  
Do gaze and wonder at the broad-faced owl,



So did these brainless asses, all amazed,  
With admirable *Nonsense* talked and gazed,  
They knew my state (although not told by me)  
That I could scarcely go, they all could see,  
They drank of my beer, that to me was given,  
But gave me not a drop to make all even,  
And that which in my mind was most amiss,  
My hostess she stood by and saw all this,  
Had she but said, come near the house my friend,  
For this day here shall be your journey's end.  
Then had she done the thing which [she] did not,  
And I in kinder words had paid the shot.  
I do entreat my friends, (as I have some)  
If they to *Daventry* do chance to come,  
That they will baulk that inn ; or if by chance,  
Or accident into that house they glance,  
Kind gentlemen, as they by you reap profit,  
My hostess care of me, pray tell her of it,\*  
Yet do not neither ; lodge there when you will,  
You for your money shall be welcome still.  
From thence that night, although my bones were  
sore,  
I made a shift to hobble seven miles more :  
The way to *Dunchurch*, foul with dirt and mire,  
Able, I think, both man and horse to tire.  
On *Dunsmoor* Heath, a hedge doth there enclose  
Grounds, on the right hand, there I did repose.

\*See Dedication to *The Scourge of Baseness*,



Wit's whetstone, Want, there made us quickly learn,  
With knives to cut down rushes, and green fern,  
Of which we made a field-bed in the field,  
Which sleep, and rest, and much content did yield.  
There with my mother earth, I thought it fit  
To lodge, and yet no incest did commit :  
My bed was curtained with good wholesome airs,  
And being weary, I went up no stairs :  
The sky my canopy, bright *Phæbe* shined  
Sweet bawling *Zephyrus* breathed gentle wind,  
In heaven's star-chamber I did lodge that night,  
Ten thousand stars, me to my bed did light ;  
There barricadoed with a bank lay we  
Below the lofty branches of a tree,  
There my bed-fellows and companions were,  
My man, my horse, a bull, four cows, two steer :  
But yet for all this most confused rout,  
We had no bed-staves, yet we fell not out.  
Thus nature, like an ancient free upholster,  
Did furnish us with bedstead, bed, and bolster ;  
And the kind skies, (for which high heaven be  
thanked,)  
Allowed us a large covering and a blanket ;  
*Auroras* face 'gan light our lodging dark,  
We arose and mounted, with the mounting lark,  
Through plashes, puddles, thick, thin, wet and dry,  
I travelled to the city *Coventry*.



There Master Doctor *Holland*<sup>1</sup> caused me stay  
The day of *Saturn* and the Sabbath day.  
Most friendly welcome, he me did afford,  
I was so entertained at bed and board,  
Which as I dare not brag how much it was,  
I dare not be ingrate and let it pass,  
But with thanks many I remember it,  
(Instead of his good deeds) in words and writ,  
He used me like his son, more than a friend,  
And he on Monday his commends did send  
To *Newhall*, where a gentleman did dwell,  
Who by his name is hight *Sacheverell*.  
The Tuesday *July*'s one and twentieth day,  
I to the city *Lichfield* took my way,  
At *Sutton Coldfield* with some friends I met,  
And much ado I had from thence to get,  
There I was almost put unto my trumps,  
My horse's shoes were worn as thin as pumps ;  
But noble *Vulcan*, a mad smuggy smith,  
All reparations me did furnish with.  
The shoes were well removed, my palfrey shod,  
And he referred the payment unto God.

<sup>1</sup>MASTER DOCTOR HOLLAND.—The once well-known Philemon Holland, Physician, and "Translator-General of his Age," published translations of Livy, 1600 ; Pliny's "Natural History," 1601 ; Camden's "Britannica," &c. He is said to have used in translation more paper and fewer pens than any other writer before or since, and who "would not let Suetonius be Tranquillus." Born at Chelmsford, 1551 ; died 1636.



I found a friend, when I to *Lichfield* came,  
A joiner, and *John Piddock* is his name.  
He made me welcome, for he knew my jaunt,  
And he did furnish me with good provant :  
He offered me some money, I refused it,  
And so I took my leave, with thanks excused it,  
That Wednesday, I a weary way did pass,  
Rain, wind, stones, dirt, and dabbling dewy grass,  
With here and there a pelting scattered village,  
Which yielded me no charity, or pillage :  
For all the day, nor yet the night that followed.  
One drop of drink I'm sure my gullet swallowed.  
At night I came to a stony town called *Stone*.  
Where I knew none, nor was I known of none :  
I therefore through the streets held on my pace,  
Some two miles farther to some resting place :  
At last I spied a meadow newly mowed,  
The hay was rotten, the ground half o'erflowed :  
We made a breach, and entered horse and man,  
There our pavilion, we to pitch began,  
Which we erected with green broom and hay,  
To expel the cold, and keep the rain away ;  
The sky all muffled in a cloud 'gan lower,  
And presently there fell a mighty shower,  
Which without intermission down did pour,  
From ten a night, until the morning's four.  
We all that time close in our couch did lie,  
Which being well compacted kept us dry.



The worst was, we did neither sup nor sleep,  
And so a temperate diet we did keep.  
The morning all enrobed in drifting fogs,  
We being as ready as we had been dogs :  
We need not stand upon long ready making,  
But gaping, stretching, and our ears well shaking :  
And for I found my host and hostess kind,  
I like a true man left my sheets behind.  
That Thursday morn, my weary course I framed,  
Unto a town that is *Newcastle* named.  
(Not that *Newcastle* standing upon *Tyne*)  
But this town situation doth confine  
Near *Cheshire*, in the famous county *Stafford*,  
And for their love, I owe them not a straw for't ;  
But now my versing muse craves some repose,  
And whilst she sleeps I'll spout a little prose.

In this town of *Newcastle*, I overtook an  
hostler, and I asked him what the next town was  
called, that was in my way toward *Lancaster*, he  
holding the end of a riding rod in his mouth, as if  
it had been a flute, piped me this answer, and said,  
*Talk-on-the-Hill* ; I asked him again what he said  
*Talk-on-the-Hill* : I demanded the third time, and the  
third time he answered me as he did before, *Talk-on-*  
*the-Hill*. I began to grow cholerick, and asked him  
why he could not talk, or tell me my way as well  
there as on the hill ; at last I was resolved, that the  
next town was four miles off me, and that the



name of it was, *Talk-on-the-Hill* : I had not travelled above two miles farther : but my last night's supper (which was as much as nothing) my mind being informed of it by my stomach. I made a virtue of necessity, and went to breakfast in the Sun : I have fared better at three Suns many times before now, in *Aldersgate Street*, *Cripplegate*, and new *Fish Street* ; but here is the odds, at those Suns they will come upon a man with a tavern bill as sharp cutting as a tailor's bill of items : a watchman's-bill, or a welsh-hook falls not half so heavy upon a man ; besides, most of the vintners have the law in their own hands, and have all their actions, cases, bills of debt, and such reckonings tried at their own bars ; from whence there is no appeal. But leaving these impertinences, in the material Sunshine, we eat a substantial dinner, and like miserable guests we did budget up the reversions.

And now with sleep my muse hath eased her brain  
I'll turn my style from prose, to verse again.

That which we could not have, we freely spared,  
And wanting drink, most soberly we fared.

We had great store of fowl (but 'twas foul way)

And kindly every step entreats me stay,

The clammy clay sometimes my heels would trip,

One foot went forward, the other back would slip,

This weary day, when I had almost past,

I came unto Sir *Urian Leigh's* at last,



At *Adlington*, near *Macclesfield* he doth dwell,  
Beloved, respected, and reputed well.  
Through his great love, my stay with him was fixed,  
From Thursday night, till noon on Monday next,  
At his own table I did daily eat,  
Whereat may be supposed, did want no meat,  
He would have given me gold or silver either,  
But I, with many thanks, received neither.  
And thus much without flattery I dare swear,  
He is a knight beloved far and near,  
First he's beloved of his God above,  
(Which love he loves to keep, beyond all love)  
Next with a wife and children he is blest,  
Each having God's fear planted in their breast.  
With fair demaines, revenue of good lands,  
He's fairly blessed by the Almighty's hands.  
And as he's happy in these outward things,  
So from his inward mind continual springs  
Fruits of devotion, deeds of piety,  
Good hospitable works of charity,  
Just in his actions, constant in his word,  
And one that won his honour with the sword,  
He's no carranto, cap'ring, carpet knight,  
But he knows when, and how to speak or fight,  
I cannot flatter him, say what I can,  
He's every way a complete gentleman.  
I write not this, for what he did to me,  
But what mine ears, and eyes did hear and see,



Nor do I pen this to enlarge his fame.  
But to make others imitate the same,  
For like a trumpet were I pleased to blow,  
I would his worthy worth more amply show,  
But I already fear have been too bold,  
And crave his pardon, me excused to hold.  
Thanks to his sons and servants every one,  
Both males and females all, excepting none.  
To bear a letter he did me require,  
Near *Manchester*, unto a good Esquire :  
His kinsman *Edmund Prestwitch*, he ordained,  
That I was at *Manchester* entertained  
Two nights, and one day, ere we thence could pass,  
For men and horse, roast, boiled, and oats, and  
grass ;  
This gentleman not only gave harbour,  
But in the morning sent me to his barber,  
Who laved, and shaved me, still I spared my purse,  
Yet sure he left me many a hair the worse.  
But in conclusion, when his work was ended,  
His glass informed, my face was much amended.  
And for the kindness he to me did show,  
God grant his customers beards faster grow,  
That though the time of year be dear or cheap,  
From fruitful faces he may mow and reap.  
Then came a smith, with shoes, and tooth and nail,  
He searched my horse's hoofs, mending what did  
fail,



Yet this I note, my nag, through stones and dirt,  
Did shift shoes twice, ere I did shift one shirt :  
Can these kind things be in oblivion hid ?  
No, Master *Prestwitch*, this and much more did,  
His friendship did command and freely gave  
All before writ, and more than I durst crave.  
But leaving him a little, I must tell,  
How men of *Manchester* did use me well,  
Their loves they on the tenter-hooks did rack,  
Roast, boiled, baked, too—too—much, white, claret,  
sack,  
Nothing they thought too heavy or too hot,  
Can followed can, and pot succeeded pot,  
That what they could do, all they thought too little,  
Striving in love the traveller to whittle.  
We went into the house of one *John Pinner*,  
A man that lives amongst a crew of sinners)  
And there eight several sorts of ale we had,  
All able to make one stark drunk or mad.  
But I with courage bravely flinched not,  
And gave the town leave to discharge the shot.  
We had at one time set upon the table,  
Good ale of hyssop, 'twas no *Æsop*-fable :  
Then had we ale of sage, and ale of malt,  
And ale of wormwood, that could make one halt,  
With ale of rosemary, and betony,  
And two ales more, or else I needs must lie.  
But to conclude this drinking aley-tale,



We had a sort of ale, called scurvy ale.  
Thus all these men, at their own charge and cost,  
Did strive whose love should be expressed most,  
And farther to declare their boundless loves,  
They saw I wanted, and they gave me gloves,  
In deed, and very deed, their loves were such,  
That in their praise I cannot write too much ;  
They merit more than I have here compiled,  
I lodged at the Eagle and the Child,  
Whereas my hostess, (a good ancient woman)  
Did entertain me with respect, not common.  
She caused my linen, shirts, and bands be washed,  
And on my way she caused me be refreshed,  
She gave me twelve silk points, she gave me bacon,  
Which by me much refused, at last was taken,  
In troth she proved a mother unto me,  
For which, I evermore will thankful be.  
But when to mind these kindnesses I call,  
Kind Master *Prestwitch* author is of all,  
And yet Sir *Urian Leigh's* good commendation,  
Was the main ground of this my recreation.  
From both of them, there what I had, I had,  
Or else my entertainment had been bad.  
O all you worthy men of *Manchester*,  
(True bred bloods of the County *Lancaster*)  
When I forget what you to me have done,  
Then let me headlong to confusion run.  
To noble Master *Prestwitch* I must give



Thanks, upon thanks, as long as I do live,  
His love was such, I ne'er can pay the score,  
He far surpassed all that went before,  
A horse and man he sent, with boundless bounty,  
To bring me quite through *Lancaster's* large county,  
Which I well know is fifty miles at large,  
And he defrayed all the cost and charge.  
This unlooked pleasure, was to me such pleasure,  
That I can ne'er express my thanks with measure.  
So Mistress *Saracoal*, hostess kind,  
And *Manchester* with thanks I left behind.  
The Wednesday being *July's* twenty nine,  
My journey I to *Preston* did confine,  
All the day long it rained but one shower,  
Which from the morning to the evening did pour,  
And I, before to *Preston* I could get,  
Was soused, and pickled both with rain and sweat,  
But there I was supplied with fire and food,  
And anything I wanted sweet and good.  
There, at the Hind, kind Master *Hind* mine host,  
Kept a good table, baked and boiled, and roast,  
There Wednesday, Thursday, Friday I did stay,  
And hardly got from thence on Saturday.  
Unto my lodging often did repair,  
Kind Master *Thomas Banister*, the Mayor,  
Who is of worship, and of good respect,  
And in his charge discreet and circumspect.



For I protest to God I never saw,  
A town more wisely governed by the law.  
They told me when my Sovereign there was last,  
That one man's rashness seemed to give distaste.  
It grieved them all, but when at last they found,  
His Majesty was pleased, their joys were crowned.  
He knew, the fairest garden hath some weeds,  
He did accept their kind intents, for deeds :  
One man there was, that with his zeal too hot,  
And furious haste, himself much overshot.  
But what man is so foolish, that desires  
To get good fruit from thistles, thorns and briars ?  
Thus much I thought good to demonstrate here,  
Because I saw how much they grieved were ;  
That any way, the least part of offence,  
Should make them seem offensive to their Prince.  
Thus three nights was I staid and lodged in *Preston*,  
And saw nothing ridiculous to jest on,  
Much cost and charge the Mayor upon me spent,  
And on my way two miles, with me he went,  
There (by good chance) I did more friendship get,  
The under Sheriff of *Lancashire* we met,  
A gentleman that loved, and knew me well,  
And one whose bounteous mind doth bear the bell.  
There, as if I had been a noted thief,  
The Mayor delivered me unto the Sheriff.  
The Sheriff's authority did much prevail,  
He sent me unto one that kept the jail.



Thus I perambuling, poor *John Taylor*,  
Was given from Mayor to Sheriff, from Sheriff to Jailor.  
The Jailor kept an inn, good beds, good cheer,  
Where paying nothing, I found nothing dear,  
For the under-Sheriff kind Master *Covill* named,  
(A man for house-keeping renowned and famed)  
Did cause the town of *Lancashire* afford  
Me welcome, as if I had been a lord.  
And 'tis reported, that for daily bounty,  
His mate can scarce be found in all that county.  
The extremes of miser, or of prodigal,  
He shuns, and lives discreet and liberal,  
His wife's mind, and his own are one, so fixed,  
That *Argus* eyes could see no odds betwixt,  
And sure the difference, (if there difference be)  
Is who shall do most good, or he, or she.  
Poor folks report, that for relieving them,  
He and his wife, are each of them a gem ;  
At the inn, and at his house two nights I staid,  
And what was to be paid, I know he paid :  
If nothing of their kindness I had wrote,  
Ungrateful me the world might justly note :  
Had I declared all I did hear, and see,  
For a great flatterer then I deemed should be,  
Him and his wife, and modest daughter *Bess*,  
With earth, and heaven's felicity, God bless.  
Two days a man of his, at his command,  
Did guide me to the midst of *Westmoreland*,



And my conductor with a liberal fist,  
 To keep me moist, scarce any alehouse missed.  
 The fourth of August (weary, halt, and lame)  
 We in the dark, to a town called *Sedbergh* came,  
 There Master *Borrowed*, my kind honest host,  
 Upon me did bestowed unasked cost.  
 The next day I held on my journey still,  
 Six miles unto a place called *Carling* hill,  
 Where Master *Edmund Branthwaite*\* doth reside,  
 Who made me welcome, with my man and guide.  
 Our entertainment, and our fare were such,  
 It might have satisfied our betters much ;  
 Yet all too little was, his kind heart thought,  
 And five miles on my way himself me brought,  
 At *Orton* he, I, and my man did dine,  
 With Master *Corney* a good true Divine,  
 And surely Master *Branthwaite*'s well beloved,  
 His firm integrity is much approved :  
 His good effects, do make him still affected  
 Of God and good men, (with regard) respected.  
 He sent his man with me, o'er dale and down,

\*EDMUND BRANTHWAITE.—Robert Branthwaite, William Branthwaite *Cant.*, and “Thy assured friend” R. B., have each written Commendatory Verses to ALL THE WORKS OF JOHN TAYLOR. London 1630. And Southey in his “Lives and Works of Uneducated Poets,” has the following :—  
 “One might have hoped in these parts for a happy meeting between John Taylor and Barnabee, of immortal memory ; indeed it is likely that the Water-Poet and the Anti-Water-Poet were acquainted, and that the latter may have introduced him to his connections hereabout, Branthwaite being the same name as Brathwait, and Barnabee's brother having married a daughter of this Sir John Dalston.”



Who lodged, and boarded me at *Penrith* town,  
 And such good cheer, and bedding there I had,  
 That nothing, (but my weary self) was bad;  
 There a fresh man, (I know not for whose sake)  
 With me a journey would to *Carlisle* make :  
 But from that city, about two miles wide,  
 Good Sir *John Dalston* lodged me and my guide.  
 Of all the gentlemen in *England's* bounds  
 His house is nearest to the Scottish grounds,  
 And fame proclaims him, far and near, aloud,  
 He's free from being covetous, or proud ;  
 His son, Sir *George*, most affable, and kind,  
 His father's image, both in form and mind,  
 On Saturday to *Carlisle* both did ride,  
 Where (by their loves and leaves) I did abide,  
 Where of good entertainment I found store,  
 From one that was the mayor the year before,  
 His name is Master *Adam Robinson*,  
 I the last English friendship with him won.  
 He (*gratis*) found a guide to bring me through,  
 From *Carlisle* to the city *Edinburgh* :  
 This was a help, that was a help alone,  
 Of all my helps inferior unto none.  
 Eight miles from *Carlisle* runs a little river,  
 Which *England's* bounds, from *Scotland's* grounds  
     doth sever.  
 Without horse, bridge, or boat, I o'er did get  
 On foot, I went, yet scarce my shoes did wet.

My thanks  
 to Sir John  
 and Sir Geo.  
 Dalston, with  
 Sir Henry  
 Curwin.

Over *Esk* I  
 waded.



I being come to this long-looked-for land,  
 Did mark, remark, note, remote, viewed, and scanned;  
 And I saw nothing that could change my will,  
 But that I thought myself in *England* still.  
 The kingdoms are so nearly joined and fixed,  
 There scarcely went a pair of shears betwixt;  
 There I saw sky above, and earth below,  
 And as in *England*, there the sun did show;  
 The hills with sheep replete, with corn the dale,  
 And many a cottage yielded good Scottish ale;  
 This county (*Avondale*) in former times,  
 Was the cursed climate of rebellious crimes:  
 For *Cumberland* and it, both kingdoms borders,  
 Were ever ordered, by their own disorders,  
 Some sharking, shifting, cutting throats, and thieving,  
 Each taking pleasure in the other's grieving;  
 And many times he that had wealth to-night,  
 Was by the morrow morning beggared quite:  
 Too many years this pell-mell fury lasted,  
 That all these borders were quite spoiled and wasted,  
 Confusion, hurly-burly reigned and revelled,  
 The churches with the lowly ground were levelled;  
 All memorable monuments defaced,  
 All places of defence o'erthrown and razed.  
 That whoso then did in the borders dwell,  
 Lived little happier than those in hell.  
 But since the all-disposing God of heaven,  
 Hath these two kingdoms to one monarch given,

The afore-  
 named knights  
 had given mo-  
 ney to my  
 guide, of which  
 he left some  
 part at every  
 ale-house.



Blest peace, and plenty on them both have showered,  
Exile, and hanging hath the thieves devoured,  
That now each subject may securely sleep,  
His sheep and neat, the black the white doth keep,  
For now those crowns are both in one combined,  
Those former borders, that each one confine,  
Appears to me (as I do understand)  
To be almost the centre of the land,  
This was a blessed heaven expounded riddle,  
To thrust great kingdoms skirts into the middle.  
Long may the instrumental cause survive.  
From him and his, succession still derive  
True heirs unto his virtues, and his throne,  
That these two kingdoms ever may be one ;  
This county of all *Scotland* is most poor,  
By reason of the outrages before,  
Yet mighty store of corn I saw there grow,  
And as good grass as ever man did mow :  
And as that day I twenty miles did pass,  
I saw eleven hundred neat at grass,  
By which may be conjectured at the least,  
That there was sustenance for man and beast.  
And in the kingdom I have truly scanned,  
There's many worser parts, are better manned,  
For in the time that thieving was in ure,  
The gentles fled to places more secure.  
And left the poorer sort, to abide the pain,  
Whilst they could ne'er find time to turn again.



The shire of gentlemen is scarce and dainty,  
Yet there's relief in great abundance plenty,  
Twixt it and England, little odds I see,  
They eat, and live, and strong and able be,  
So much in verse, and now I'll change my style,  
And seriously I'll write in prose awhile.

To the purpose then: my first night's lodging in *Scotland* was at a place called *Moffat*, which they say, is thirty miles from *Carlisle*, but I suppose them to be longer than forty of such miles as are betwixt *London* and Saint *Albans*, (but indeed the Scots do allow almost as large measure of their miles, as they do of their drink, for an English gallon either of ale or wine, is but their quart, and one Scottish mile (now and then, may well stand for a mile and a half or two English) but howsoever short or long, I found that day's journey the weariest that ever I footed; and at night, being come to the town, I found good ordinary country entertainment: my fare and my lodging was sweet and good, and might have served a far better man than myself, although myself have had many times better: but this is to be noted, that though it rained not all the day, yet it was my fortune to be well wet twice, for I waded over a great river called *Esk* in the morning, somewhat more than four miles distance from *Carlisle* in *England*, and at night within two miles of my



lodging, I was fain to wade over the river of *Annan* in *Scotland*, from which river the county of *Annan-dale*, hath its name. And whilst I waded on foot, my man was mounted on horseback, like the *George* without the Dragon. But the next morning, I arose and left *Moffat* behind me, and that day I travelled twenty-one miles to a sorry village called *Blythe*, but I was blithe myself to come to any place of harbour or succour, for since I was born, I never was so weary, or so near being dead with extreme travel: I was foundered and refoundered of all four, and for my better comfort, I came so late, that I must lodge without doors all night, or else in a poor house where the good wife lay in child-bed, her husband being from home, her own servant maid being her nurse. A creature naturally compacted, and artificially adorned with an incomparable homeliness: but as things were I must either take or leave, and necessity made me enter, where we got eggs and ale by measure and by tail. At last to bed I went, my man lying on the floor by me, where in the night there were pigeons did very bountifully mute in his face: the day being no sooner come, and having but fifteen miles to *Edinburgh*, mounted upon my ten toes, and began first to hobble, and after to amble, and so being warm, I fell to pace by degrees; all the way passing through a fertile country for corn and cattle: and about two of the clock in the



afternoon that Wednesday, being the thirteenth of August, and the day of *Clare* the Virgin (the sign being in *Virgo*) the moon four days old, the wind at west, I came to take rest, at the wished, long expected, ancient famous city of *Edinburgh*, which I entered like Pierce Penniless,<sup>1</sup> altogether moneyless, but I thank God, not friendless ; for being there, for the time of my stay, I might borrow, (if any man would lend) spend if I could get, beg if I had the impudence, and steal, if I durst adventure the price of a hanging, but my purpose was to house my horse, and to suffer him and my apparel to lie in durance, or lavender instead of litter, till such time as I could meet with some valiant friend, that would desperately disburse.

Walking thus down the street, (my body being tired with travel, and my mind attired with moody, muddy, Moor-ditch melancholy) my contemplation did devoutly pray, that I might meet one or other to prey upon, being willing to take any slender acquaintance of any map whatsoever, viewing, and circumviewing every man's face I met, as if I meant to draw his picture, but all my acquaintance was *Non est inventus*, (pardon me, reader, that Latin is none of my own, I swear by *Priscian's Pericranium*, an oath which I have ignorantly broken many times.)

<sup>1</sup>PIERCE PENNILESS, by Thomas Nash. London, 1592.



At last I resolved, that the next gentleman that I meet withal, should be acquaintance whether he would or no : and presently fixing mine eyes upon a gentleman-like object, I looked on him, as if I would survey something through him, and make him my perspective : and he much musing at my gazing, and I much gazing at his musing, at last he crossed the way and made toward me, and then I made down the street from him, leaving to encounter with any man, who came after me leading my horse, whom he thus accosted. My friend (quoth he) doth yonder gentleman, (meaning me) know me, that he looks so wistly on me ? Truly sir, said my man, I think not, but my master is a stranger come from *London*, and would gladly meet some acquaintance to direct him where he may have lodging and horsemeat. Presently the gentleman, (being of a generous disposition) overtook me with unexpected and undeserved courtesy, brought me to a lodging, and caused my horse to be put into his own stable, whilst we discoursing over a pint of Spanish, I relate as much English to him, as made him lend me ten shillings, (his name was Master *John Maxwell*) which money I am sure was the first that I handled after I came from out the walls of *London* : but having rested two hours and refreshed myself, the gentleman and I walked to see the City and



the Castle, which as my poor unable and unworthy pen can, I will truly describe.

The Castle on a lofty rock is so strongly grounded, bounded, and founded, that by force of man it can never be confounded; the foundation and walls are unpenetrable, the rampiers impregnable, the bulwarks invincible, no way but one it is or can be possible to be made passable. In a word, I have seen many straits and fortresses, in *Germany*, the *Netherlands*, *Spain* and *England*, but they must all give place to this unconquered Castle, both for strength and situation.

Amongst the many memorable things which I was shewed there, I noted especially a great piece of ordnance of iron, it is not for battery, but it will serve to defend a breach, or to toss balls of wild-fire against any that should assail or assault the Castle; it lies now dismounted.<sup>1</sup> And it is so great within, that it was told me that a child was once gotten there: but I, to make trial crept into it, lying on my back, and I am sure there was room enough and spare for a greater than myself.

So leaving the Castle, as it is both defensive against my opposition, and magnific for lodging and receite,<sup>2</sup> I descended lower to the City, wherein I observed the fairest and goodliest street that ever

<sup>1</sup>This "ordnance of iron" still exists there, and is historically known as "Mons Meg" and popularly as "Long Meg."

<sup>2</sup>RECEITE.—A receptacle.



mine eyes beheld, for I did never see or hear of a street of that length, (which is half an English mile from the Castle to a fair port which they call the *Nether-Bow*) and from that port, the street which they call the *Kenny-gate* is one quarter of a mile more, down to the King's Palace, called *Holy-rood-House*, the buildings on each side of the way being all of squared stone, five, six, and seven stories high, and many bye-lanes and closes on each side of the way, wherein are gentlemen's houses, much fairer than the buildings in the High Street, for in the High Street the merchants and tradesmen do dwell, but the gentlemen's mansions and goodliest houses are obscurely founded in the aforesaid lanes: the walls are eight or ten foot thick, exceeding strong, not built for a day, a week, or a month, or a year; but from antiquity to posterity, for many ages; there I found entertainment beyond my expectation or merit, and there is fish, flesh, bread and fruit, in such variety, that I think I may offenceless call it superfluity, or satiety. The worst was, that wine and ale was so scarce, and the people there such misers of it, that every night before I went to bed, if any man had asked me a civil question, all the wit in my head could not have made him a sober answer.

I was at his Majesty's Palace, a stately and princely seat, wherein I saw a sumptuous chapel, most richly adorned with all appurtenances belong-



ing to so sacred a place, or so royal an owner. In the inner court I saw the King's arms cunningly carved in stone, and fixed over a door aloft on the wall, the red lion being in the crest, over which was written this inscription in Latin,

*Nobis hæc invicta miserunt, 106 proavi.*

I enquired what the English of it was? it was told me as followeth, which I thought worthy to be recorded.

*106, forefathers have left this to us unconquered.*

This is a worthy and memorable motto, and I think few kingdoms or none in the world can truly write the like, that notwithstanding so many inroads, incursions, attempts, assaults, civil wars, and foreign hostilities, bloody battles, and mighty foughten fields, that maugre the strength and policy of enemies, that royal crown and sceptre hath from one hundred and seven descents, kept still unconquered, and by the power of the King of Kings (through the grace of the Prince of Peace) is now left peacefully to our peaceful king, whom long in blessed peace, the God of peace defend and govern.

But once more, a word or two of *Edinburgh*, although I have scarcely given it that due which belongs unto it, for their lofty and stately buildings, and for their fair and spacious street, yet my mind persuades me that they in former ages that first founded that city did not so well in that they built it



in so discommodious a place ; for the sea, and all navigable rivers being the chief means for the enriching of towns and cities, by the reason of traffic with foreign nations, with exportation, transportation, and receite of variety of merchandizing ; so this city had it been built but one mile lower on the seaside, I doubt not but it had long before this been comparable to many a one of our greatest towns and cities in *Europe*, both for spaciousness of bounds, port, state, and riches. It is said, that King *James* the fifth (of famous memory) did graciously offer to purchase for them, and to bestow upon them freely, certain low and pleasant grounds a mile from them on the seashore, with these conditions, that they should pull down their city, and build it in that more commodious place, but the citizens refused it ; and so now it is like (for me), to stand where it doth, for I doubt such another proffer of removal will not be presented to them, till two days after the fair.

Now have with you for *Leith*, whereto I no sooner came, but I was well entertained by Master *Barnard Lindsay*, one of the grooms of his Majesties bed-chamber, he knew my estate was not guilty, because I brought guilt with me (more than my sins, and they would not pass for current there) he therefore did replenish the vaustity \* of my empty

\* VAUSTITY.—Emptiness.



purse, and discharged a piece at me with two bullets of gold, each being in value worth eleven shillings white money; and I was creditably informed, that within the compass of one year, there was shipped away from that only port of *Leith*, fourscore thousand boles of wheat, oats, and barley into *Spain*, *France*, and other foreign parts, and every bole contains the measure of four English bushels, so that from *Leith* only hath been transported three hundred and twenty thousand bushels of corn; besides some hath been shipped away from Saint *Andrews*, from *Dundee*, *Aberdeen*, *Dysart*, *Kirkaldy*, *Kinghorn*, *Burntisland*, *Dunbar*, and other portable towns, which makes me to wonder that a kingdom so populous as it is, should nevertheless sell so much bread-corn beyond the seas, and yet to have more than sufficient for themselves.

So I having viewed the haven and town of *Leith*, took a passage boat to see the new wondrous Well,\* to which many a one that is not well, comes far and near in hope to be made well: indeed I did hear that it had done much good, and that it hath a rare operation to expel or kill divers maladies; as to provoke appetite, to help much for the avoiding of the gravel in the bladder, to cure sore eyes, and old ulcers, with many other virtues which it hath, but I (through the mercy of God, having no

\*See Anderson's *The Cold Spring of Kinghorn Craig*, Edinb. 1618.



need of it, did make no great inquisition what it had done, but for novelty I drank of it, and I found the taste to be more pleasant than any other water, sweet almost as milk, yet as clear as crystal, and I did observe that though a man did drink a quart, a pottle, or as much as his belly could contain, yet it never offended or lay heavy upon the stomach, no more than if one had drank but a pint or a small quantity.

I went two miles from it to a town called *Burntisland*, where I found many of my especial good friends, as Master *Robert Hay*, one of the Grooms of his Majesty's Bed-chamber, Master *David Drummond*, one of his Gentlemens-Pensioners, Master *James Acmootye*, one of the Grooms of the Privy Chamber, Captain *Murray*, Sir *Henry Witherington* Knight, Captain *Tyrie*, and divers others : and there Master *Hay*, Master *Drummond*, and the good old Captain *Murray* did very bountifully furnish me with gold for my expenses, but I being at dinner with those aforesaid gentlemen, as we were discoursing, there befel a strange accident, which I think worth the relating.

I know not upon what occasion they began to talk of being at sea in former times, and I (amongst the rest) said, I was at the taking of *Cadiz* ; whereto an English gentleman replied, that he was the next good voyage after at the Islands : I answered him



that I was there also. He demanded in what ship I was? I told him in the Rainbow of the Queens: why (quoth he) do you not know me? I was in the same ship, and my name is *Witherington*.

Sir, said I, I do remember the name well, but by reason that it is near two and twenty years since I saw you, I may well forget the knowledge of you. Well said he, if you were in that ship, I pray you tell me some remarkable token that happened in the voyage, whereupon I told him two or three tokens; which he did know to be true. Nay then, said I, I will tell you another which (perhaps) you have not forgotton; as our ship and the rest of the fleet did ride at anchor at the Isle of *Flores* (one of the Isles of the *Azores*) there were some fourteen men and boys of our ship, that for novelty would go ashore, and see what fruit the island did bear, and what entertainment it would yield us; so being landed, we went up and down and could find nothing but stones, heath and moss, and we expected oranges, lemons, figs, muskmellions, and potatoes; in the mean space the wind did blow so stiff, and the sea was so extreme rough, that our ship-boat could not come to the land to fetch us, for fear she should be beaten in pieces against the rocks; this continued five days, so that we were almost famished for want of food: but at last (I squandering up and down) by the providence



of God I happened into a cave or poor habitation, where I found fifteen loaves of bread, each of the quantity of a penny loaf in *England*, I having a valiant stomach of the age of almost of a hundred and twenty hours breeding, fell to, and ate two loaves and never said grace : and as I was about to make a horse-loaf of the third loaf, I did put twelve of them into my breeches, and my sleeves, and so went mumbling out of the cave, leaning my back against a tree, when upon the sudden a gentleman came to me, and said, " Friend, what are you eating ? Bread, (quoth I,) For God's sake, said he, give me some. With that, I put my hand into my breech, (being my best pantry) and I gave him a loaf, which he received with many thanks, and said, that if ever he could requit it, he would.

I had no sooner told this tale, but Sir *Henry Witherington* did acknowledge himself to be the man that I had given the loaf unto two and twenty years before, where I found the proverb true, that men have more privilege than mountains in meeting.

In what great measure he did requite so small a courtesy, I will relate in this following discourse in my return through *Northumberland* : so leaving my man at the town of *Burntisland*, I told him, I would but go to *Stirling*, and see the Castle there, and withal to see my honourable friends the Earl of



*Mar*, and Sir *William Murray* Knight, Lord of *Abercairney*, and that I would return within two days at the most : but it fell out quite contrary ; for it was and five and thirty days before I could get back again out of these noble men's company. The whole progress of my travel with them, and the cause of my stay I cannot with gratefulness omit ; and thus it was.

A worthy gentleman named Master *John Fenton*, did bring me on my way six miles to *Dunfermline*, where I was well entertained, and lodged at Master *John Gibb* his house, one of the Grooms of his Majesty's Bed-chamber, and I think the oldest servant the King hath : withal, I was well entertained there by Master *Crighton* at his own house, who went with me, and shewed me the Queens Palace ; (a delicate and Princely Mansion) withal I saw the ruins of an ancient and stately built Abbey, with fair gardens, orchards, meadows belonging to the Palace : all which with fair and goodly revenues by the suppression of the Abbey, were annexed to the crown. There also I saw a very fair church, which though it be now very large and spacious, yet it hath in former times been much larger. But I taking my leave of *Dunfermline*, would needs go and see the truly noble Knight Sir *George Bruce*, at a town called the *Culross* : there he made me right welcome, both with variety of fare, and after



all, he commanded three of his men to direct me to see his most admirable coal mines ; which (if man can or could work wonders) is a wonder ; for myself neither in any travels that I have been in, nor any history that I have read, or any discourse that I have heard, did never see, read, or hear of any work of man that might parallel or be equivalent with this unfellowed and unmatchable work : and though all I can say of it, cannot describe it according to the worthiness of his vigilant industry, that was both the occasion, inventor, and maintainer of it : yet rather than the memory of so rare an enterprise, and so accomplished a profit to the commonwealth shall be raked and smothered in the dust of oblivion, I will give a little touch at the description of it, although I amongst writers, am like he that worse may hold the candle.

The mine hath two ways into it, the one by sea and the other by land ; but a man may go into it by land, and return the same way if he please, and so he may enter into it by sea, and by sea he may come forth of it : but I for variety's sake went in by sea, and out by land. Now men may object, how can a man go into a mine, the entrance of it being into the sea, but that the sea will follow him, and so drown the mine ? To which objection thus I answer, that at low water mark, the sea being ebbed away, and a great part of the sand bare ; upon this



same sand (being mixed with rocks and crags) did the master of this great work build a round circular frame of stone, very thick, strong, and joined together with glutinous or bituminous matter, so high withal that the sea at the highest flood, or the greatest rage of storm or tempest, can neither dissolve the stones so well compacted in the building or yet overflow the height of it. Within this round frame, (at all adventures) he did set workmen to dig with mattocks, pickaxes, and other instruments fit for such purposes. They did dig forty feet down right into and through a rock. At last they found that which they expected, which was sea coal, they following the vein of the mine, did dig forward still : so that in the space of eight and twenty, or nine and twenty years, they have digged more than an English mile under the sea, so that when men are at work below, an hundred of the greatest ships in *Britain* may sail over their heads. Besides, the mine is most artificially cut like an arch or a vault, all that great length, with many nooks and byeways : and it is so made, that a man may walk upright in the most places, both in and out. Many poor people are there set on work, which otherwise through the want of employment would perish. But when I had seen the mine, and was come forth of it again ; after my thanks given to Sir *George Bruce*, I told him, that if the plotters of the



Powder Treason in England had seen this mine,  
that they (perhaps) would have attempted to have left  
the Parliament House, and have undermined the  
Thames, and so to have blown up the barges and  
wherries, wherein the King, and all the estates of  
our kingdom were. Moreover, I said, that I could  
afford to turn tapster at *London*, so that I had but  
one quarter of a mile of his mine to make me  
a cellar, to keep beer and bottled ale  
in. But leaving these jests in  
prose, I will relate a few  
verses that I made  
merrily of this  
mine.



THAT have wasted, months, weeks, days,  
and hours  
In viewing kingdoms, countries, towns,  
and towers,  
Without all measure, measuring many paces,  
And with my pen describing many places,  
With few additions of mine own devising,  
(Because I have a smack of *Coryatizing*<sup>1</sup>)

<sup>1</sup>CORYATIZING.—Thomas Coryate, an English traveller, who called himself the "Odcombian leg-stretcher." He was the son of the rector of Odcombe, and in 1611 published an account of his travels on the Continent with the singular title of "Coryates Crudities. Hastily gobled up in five Moneths travells in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, commonly called the Grisons country, Helvetia, alias Switzerland, some parts of high Germany, and the



Our *Mandeville*, *Primaleon*, *Don Quixote*,  
 Great *Amadis*, or *Huon*, travelled not  
 As I have done, or been where I have been,  
 Or heard and seen, what I have heard and seen ;  
 Nor Britain's *Odcombe* (*Zany* brave *Ulysses*)  
 In all his ambling, saw the like as this is.  
 I was in (would I could describe it well)  
 A dark, light, pleasant, profitable hell,  
 And as by water I was wafted in,  
 I thought that I in *Charon's* boat had been,  
 But being at the entrance landed thus,  
 Three men there (instead of *Cerberus*)  
 Convey'd me in, in each one hand a light  
 To guide us in that vault of endless night,  
 There young and old with glim'ring candles burning  
 Dig, delve, and labour, turning and returning,  
 Some in a hole with baskets and with bags,  
 Resembling furies, or infernal hags :  
 There one like *Tantalus* feeding, and there one,  
 Like *Sisyphus* he rolls the restless stone.  
 Yet all I saw was pleasure mixed with profit,  
 Which proved it to be no tormenting Tophet<sup>2</sup> :\*

Netherlands ; Newly digested in the hungary aire of *Odcombe* in the county  
 of Somerset, and now dispersed to the nourishment of the travelling members  
 of this Kingdome, &c. London, printed by W. S., Anno Domini 1611." Taylor  
 had an especial grudge against Coryat, for having had influence enough  
 to procure his "Laugh and be Fat"—directed against the traveller—to be  
 burned ; and that he never failed to "feed fat the ancient grudge," may be  
 seen in the many pieces of ridicule levelled at the author of the "Crudities,"  
 even after his death.

\*TOPHET.—The Hebrew name for *Hell*,



For in this honest, worthy, harmless hell,  
There ne'er did any damned Devil dwell ;  
And th' owner of it gains by 't more true glory,  
Than *Rome* doth by fantastic Purgatory.  
A long mile thus I passed, down, down, steep, steep,  
In deepness far more deep, than *Neptunes* deep,  
Whilst o'er my head (in fourfold stories high)  
Was earth, and sea, and air, and sun, and sky :  
That had I died in that *Cimmerian*<sup>1</sup> room,  
Four elements had covered o'er my tomb :  
Thus farther than the bottom did I go,  
(And many Englishmen have not done so ;)  
Where mounting porpoises, and mountain whales,  
And regiments of fish with fins and scales,  
'Twixt me and heaven did freely glide and slide,  
And where great ships may at an anchor ride :  
Thus in by sea, and out by land I past,  
And took my leave of good Sir *George* at last.

The sea at certain places doth leak, or soak  
into the mine, which by the industry of Sir *George*  
*Bruce*, is all conveyed to one well near the land ;  
where he hath a device like a horse-mill, that with  
three horses and a great chain of iron, going down-  
ward many fathoms, with thirty-six buckets fastened

<sup>1</sup>CIMMERIAN.—Pertaining to the Cimmerii, or their country ; extremely and perpetually dark. The Cimmerii were an ancient people of the land now called the Crimea, and their country being subject to heavy fogs, was fabled to be involved in deep and continual obscurity. Ancient poets also mention a people of this name who dwelt in a valley near Lake Avernus, in Italy, which the sun was said never to visit.



to the chain, of the which eighteen go down still to be filled, and eighteen ascend up to be emptied, which do empty themselves (without any man's labour) into a trough that conveys the water into the sea again; by which means he saves his mine, which otherwise would be destroyed with the sea, besides he doth make every week ninety or a hundred tons of salt, which doth serve most part of *Scotland*, some he sends into *England*, and very much into *Germany*: all which shows the painful industry with God's blessings to such worthy endeavours: I must with many thanks remember his courtesy to me, and lastly how he sent his man to guide me ten miles on the way to *Stirling*, where by the way I saw the outside of a fair and stately house called *Allaway*, belonging to the Earl of *Mar* which by reason that his honour was not there, I past by and went to *Stirling*, where I was entertained and lodged at one Master *John Archibalds*, where all my want was that I wanted room to contain half the good cheer that I might have had there! he had me into the castle, which in few words I do compare to *Windsor* for situation, much more than *Windsor* in strength, and somewhat less in greatness: yet I dare affirm that his Majesty hath not such another hall to any house that he hath neither in *England* or *Scotland*, except *Westminster Hall* which is now no dwelling hall



for a prince, being long since metamorphosed into a house for the law and the profits.

This goodly hall was built by King *James* the fourth, that married King *Henry* the Eighth's sister, and after was slain at *Flodden field*; but it surpasses all the halls for dwelling houses that ever I saw, for length, breadth, height and strength of building, the castle is built upon a rock very lofty, and much beyond *Edinburgh* Castle in state and magnificence, and not much inferior to it in strength, the rooms of it are lofty, with carved works on the ceilings, the doors of each room being so high, that a man may ride upright on horseback into any chamber or lodging. There is also a goodly fair chapel, with cellars, stables, and all other necessary offices, all very stately and befitting the majesty of a king.

From *Stirling* I rode to Saint *Johnstone*,<sup>1</sup> a fine town it is, but it is much decayed, by reason of the want of his Majesty's yearly coming to lodge there. There I lodged one night at an inn, the goodman of the house his name being *Patrick Pitcairne*, where my entertainment was with good cheer, good lodging, all too good to a bad weary guest. Mine host told me that the Earl of *Mar*, and Sir *William Murray* of *Abercairney* were gone to the great hunting to the *Brae* of *Mar*<sup>2</sup>; but if

<sup>1</sup>PERTH.<sup>2</sup>BRAEMAR.



I made haste I might perhaps find them at a town called *Brekin*, or *Brechin*, two and thirty miles from Saint *Johnstone* whereupon I took a guide to *Brechin* the next day, but before I came, my lord was gone from thence four days.

Then I took another guide, which brought me such strange ways over mountains and rocks, that I think my horse never went the like ; and I am sure I never saw any ways that might fellow them I did go through a country called *Glen Esk*, where passing by the side of a hill, so steep as the ridge of a house, where the way was rocky, and not above a yard broad in some places, so fearful and horrid it was to look down into the bottom, for if either horse or man had slipped, he had fallen without recovery) a good mile downright ; but I thank God, at night I came to a lodging in the Laird of *Edzell's* land, where I lay at an Irish house, the folks not being able to speak scarce any English, but I supped and went to bed, where I had not laid long, but I was enforced to rise, I was so stung with Irish musquitoes, a creature that hath six legs, and lives like a monster altogether upon man's flesh, they do inhabit and breed most in sluttish houses, and this house was none of the cleanest, the beast is much like a louse in *England*, both in shape and nature ; in a word, they were to me the *A.* and the *Z.* the prologue and the epilogue, the



first and the last that I had in all my travels from *Edinburgh*; and had not this Highland Irish house helped me at a pinch, I should have sworn that all *Scotland* had not been so kind as to have bestowed a louse upon me: but with a shift that I had, I shifted off my cannibals, and was never more troubled with them.

The next day I travelled over an exceeding high mountain, called mount *Skene*, where I found the valley very warm before I went up it; but when I came to the top of it, my teeth began to dance in my head with cold, like Virginal's jacks;\* and withal, a most familiar mist embraced me round, that I could not see thrice my length any way: withal, it yielded so friendly a dew, that did moisten through all my clothes: where the old Proverb of a Scottish mist was verified, in wetting me to the skin. Up and down, I think this hill is six miles, the way so uneven, stony, and full of bogs, quagmires, and long heath, that a dog with three legs will out-run a horse with four; for do what we could, we were four hours before we could pass it.

Thus with extreme travel, ascending and descending, mounting and alighting, I came at night to the place where I would be, in the Brae of *Mar*, which is a large county, all composed of such mountains, that Shooter's Hill, Gad's Hill, Highgate

\*VIRGINAL JACK.—A keyed instrument resembling a spinet.



Hill, Hampstead Hill, Birdlip Hill, or Malvern's Hills, are but mole-hills in comparison, or like a liver, or a gizzard under a capon's wing, in respect of the altitude of their tops, or perpendicularity of their bottoms. There I saw Mount *Ben Aven*, with a furred mist upon his snowy head instead of a night-cap : (for you must understand, that the oldest man alive never saw but the snow was on the top of divers of those hills, both in summer, as well as in winter.) There did I find the truly Noble and Right Honourable Lords *John Erskine* Earl of Mar, *James Stuart* Earl of Murray, *George Gordon* Earl of Enzie, son and heir to the Marquess of Huntly, *James Erskine* Earl of Buchan, and *John* Lord *Erskine*, son and heir to the Earl of Mar, and their Countesses, with my much honoured, and my best assured and approved friend, Sir *William Murray* Knight, of *Abercairney*, and hundred of others Knights, Esquires, and their followers ; all and every man in general in one habit, as if *Lycurgus* had been there, and made laws of equality : for once in the year, which is the whole month of August, and sometimes part of September, many of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom (for their pleasure) do come into these Highland Countries to hunt, where they do conform themselves to the habit of the Highland men, who for the most part speak nothing but Irish ;



and in former time were those people which were called the *Red-shanks*.<sup>1</sup> Their habit is shoes with but one sole apiece ; stockings (which they call short hose) made of a warm stuff of divers colours, which they call tartan : as for breeches, many of them, nor their forefathers never wore any, but a jerkin of the same stuff that their hose is of, their garters being bands or wreaths of hay or straw, with a plaid about their shoulders, which is a mantle of divers colours, of much finer and lighter stuff than their hose, with blue flat caps on their heads, a handkerchief knit with two knots about their neck ; and thus are they attired. Now their weapons are long bows and forked arrows, swords and targets, harquebusses, muskets, dirks, and Lochaber axes. With these arms I found many of them armed for the hunting. As for their attire, any man of what degree soever that comes amongst them, must not disdain to wear it ; for if they do, then they will disdain to hunt, or willingly to bring in their dogs : but if men be kind unto them, and be in their habit ; then are they conquered with kindness, and the sport will be plentiful. This was the reason that I found so

<sup>1</sup>RED-SHANKS.—A contemptuous appellation for Scottish Highland clansmen and native Irish, with reference to their naked hirsute limbs, and “As lively as a *Red-Shank*” is still a proverbial saying :—“And we came into Ireland, where they would have landed in the north parts. But I would not, because there the inhabitants were all *Red-shanks*.”—*Sir Walter Raleigh's Speech on the Scaffold*.



many noblemen and gentlemen in those shapes. But to proceed to the hunting.

My good Lord of *Mar* having put me into that shape,<sup>1</sup> I rode with him from his house, where I saw the ruins of an old castle, called the castle of *Kindroghit* [Castletown]. It was built by King *Malcolm Canmore* (for a hunting house) who reigned in *Scotland* when *Edward* the Confessor, *Harold*, and Norman *William* reigned in *England*: I speak of it, because it was the last house that I saw in those parts; for I was the space of twelve days after, before I saw either house, corn field, or habitation for any creature, but deer, wild horses, wolves, and such like creatures, which made me doubt that I should never have seen a house again.<sup>2</sup>

Thus the first day we travelled eight miles, where there small cottages built on purpose to lodge in, which they call *Lonchards*, I thank my good Lord *Erskine*, he commanded that I should always be lodged in his lodging, the kitchen being always on the side of a bank, many kettles and pots boiling, and many spits turning and winding, with great variety of cheer: as venison baked, sodden, roast, and stewed beef, mutton, goats, kid, hares, fresh salmon, pigeons, hens, capons, chickens, partridge, moor-coots, heath-cocks, capercailzies, and

<sup>1</sup>PUT ME INTO THAT SHAPE.—That is, invested him in Highland attire.

<sup>2</sup>“ Probably the district around the skirts of Ben Muicdui.”—*Chambers’ Domestic Annals of Scotland*.



termagants [ptarmigans]; good ale, sack, white, and claret, tent, (or Alicante) with most potent *Aquavitæ*.

All these, and more than these we had continually, in superfluous abundance, caught by Falconers, Fowlers, Fishers, and brought by my Lord's tenants and purveyors to victual our camp, which consisted of fourteen or fifteen hundred men and horses; the manner of the hunting is this: five or six hundred men do rise early in the morning, and they do disperse themselves divers ways, and seven, eight, or ten miles compass, they do bring or chase in the deer in many herds, (two, three, or four hundred in a herd) to such or such a place, as the Nobleman shall appoint them; then when day is come, the Lords and gentlemen of their companies, do ride or go to the said places, sometimes wading up to their middles through bournes and rivers: and then: they being come to the place, do lie down on the ground, till those foresaid scouts which are called the Tinchel, do bring down the deer: but as the proverb says of a bad cook, so these Tinchel-men do lick their own fingers; for besides their bows and arrows, which they carry with them, we can hear now and then a harquebuss or a musket go off, which they do seldom discharge in vain: Then after we had stayed there three hours or thereabouts, we might perceive the deer appear on the hills round about us, (their heads making a show like



a wood) which being followed close by the Tinchel, are chased down into the valley where we lay ; then all the valley on each side being waylaid with a hundred couple of strong Irish greyhounds, they are let loose as the occasion serves upon the herd of deer, so that with dogs, guns, arrows, dirks, and daggers, in the space of two hours, fourscore fat deer were slain, which after are disposed of some one way, and some another, twenty and thirty miles, and more than enough left for us to make merry withal at our rendezvous. I liked the sport so well, that I made these two sonnets following.



WHY should I waste invention to indite,  
*Ovidian* fictions, or *Olympian* games ?  
 My misty Muse enlightened with more  
 light,

To a more noble pitch her aim she frames.  
 I must relate to my great Master JAMES,  
 The Caledonian annual peaceful war ;  
 How noble minds do eternize their fames,  
 By martial meeting in the Brae of *Mar* :  
 How thousand gallant spirits came near and far,  
 With swords and targets, arrows, bows, and guns,  
 That all the troop to men of judgment, are  
 The God of Wars great never conquered sons,  
 The sport is manly, yet none bleed but beasts,  
 And last the victor on the vanquished feasts.





If sport like this can on the mountains be,  
Where *Phæbus* flames can never melt the  
snow ;

Then let who list delight in vales below,  
Sky-kissing mountains pleasure are for me :  
What braver object can man's eyesight see,  
Than noble, worshipful, and worthy wights,  
As if they were prepared for sundry fights,  
Yet all in sweet society agree ?  
Through heather, moss, 'mongst frogs, and bogs,  
and fogs,  
'Mongst craggy cliffs, and thunder-battered hills,  
Hares, hinds, bucks, roes, are chased by men and  
dogs,  
Where two hours hunting fourscore fat deer kills.  
Lowland, your sports are low as is your seat,  
The Highland games and minds, are high and great.

Being come to our lodgings, there was such  
baking, boiling, roasting, and stewing, as if Cook  
Ruffian had been there to have scalded the devil in  
his feathers : and after supper a fire of fir-wood  
as high as an indifferent May-pole : for I assure you,  
that the Earl of *Mar* will give any man that is his  
friend, for thanks, as many fir trees (that are as  
good as any ship's masts in England) as are worth  
if they were in any place near the Thames, or



any other portable river) the best earldom in England or Scotland either : For I dare affirm, he hath as many growing there, as would serve for masts (from this time to the end of the world) for all the ships, caracks, hoys, galleys, boats, drumlers, barks, and water-crafts, that are now, or can be in the world these forty years.

This sounds like a lie to an unbeliever ; but I and many thousands do know that I speak within the compass of truth : for indeed (the more is the pity) they do grow so far from any passage of water, and withal in such rocky mountains, that no way to convey them is possible to be passable, either with boat, horse, or cart.

Thus having spent certain days in hunting in the Brae of *Mar*, we went to the next county called *Badenoch*, belonging to the Earl of *Enzie*, where having such sport and entertainment as we formerly had ; after four or five days pastime, we took leave of hunting for that year ; and took our journey toward a strong house of the Earl's, called *Ruthven* in *Badenoch*, where my Lord of *Enzie* and his noble Countess (being daughter to the Earl of *Argyle*) did give us most noble welcome three days.

From thence we went to a place called *Balloch Castle*,\* a fair and stately house, a worthy gentleman being the owner of it, called the Laird of *Grant* ;

\*BALLOCH CASTLE.—Now called Castle-Grant.



his wife being a gentlewoman honourably descended being sister to the right Honourable Earl of *Athol*, and to Sir *Patrick Murray* Knight; she being both inwardly and outwardly plentifully adorned with the gifts of grace and nature : so that our cheer was more than sufficient; and yet much less than they could afford us. There stayed there four days, four Earls, one Lord, divers Knights and Gentlemen, and their servants, footmen and horses; and every meal four long tables furnished with all varieties: our first and second course being three score dishes at one board; and after that always a banquet: and there if I had not forsworn wine till I came to *Edinburgh* I think I had there drunk my last.

The fifth day with much ado we gate from thence to *Tarnaway*, a goodly house of the Earl of *Murrays*,<sup>1</sup> where that Right Honourable Lord and his Lady did welcome us four days more. There was good cheer in all variety, with somewhat more than plenty for advantage: for indeed the County of *Murray* is the most pleasantest and plentiful country in all *Scotland*; being plain land, that a coach may be driven more than four and thirty miles one way in it, alongst by the sea-coast.

From thence I went to *Elgin* in *Murray*,<sup>2</sup> an ancient City, where there stood a fair and beautiful church with three steeples, the walls of it and the

<sup>1</sup>MORAY.<sup>2</sup>MORAYLAND.



steeple all yet standing; but the roofs, windows, and many marble monuments and tombs of honourable and worthy personages all broken and defaced: this was done in the time when ruin bore rule, and Knox knocked down churches.

From *Elgin* we went to the Bishop of *Murray* his house which is called *Spiny*, or *Spinay*: a Reverend Gentleman he is, of the noble name of *Douglas*, where we were very well welcomed, as befitted the honour of himself and his guests.

From thence we departed to the Lord Marquess of *Huntlys* to a sumptuous house of his, named the *Bog of Geethe*, where our entertainment was like himself, free, bountiful and honourable. There (after two days stay) with much entreaty and earnest suit, I gat leave of the Lords to depart towards *Edinburgh*: the Noble Marquess, the Earl of *Mar*, *Murray*, *Enzie*, *Buchan*, and the Lord *Erskine*; all these, I thank them, gave me gold to defray my charges in my journey.

So after five and thirty days hunting and travel I returning, past by another stately mansion of the Lord Marquesses, called *Stroboggy*, and so over *Carny* mount to *Brechin*, where a wench that was born deaf and dumb came into my chamber at midnight (I being asleep) and she opening the bed, would feign have lodged with me: but had I been a *Sardanapalus*, or a *Heliogabulus*, I think that



either the great travel over the mountains had tamed me ; or if not, her beauty could never have moved me. The best parts of her were, that her breath was as sweet as sugar-candian,\* being very well shouldered beneath the waste ; and as my hostess told me the next morning, that she had changed her maiden-head for the price of a bastard not long before. But howsoever, she made such a hideous noise, that I started out of my sleep, and thought that the Devil had been there : but I no sooner knew who it was, but I arose, and thrust my dumb beast out of my chamber ; and for want of a lock or a latch, I staked up my door with a great chair.

Thus having escaped one of the seven deadly sins as at *Brechin*, I departed from thence to a town called *Forfor* ; and from thence to *Dundee*, and so to *Kinghorn*, *Burntisland*, and so to *Edinburgh*, where I stayed eight days, to recover myself of falls and bruises, which I received in my travel in the Highland mountainous hunting. Great welcome I had showed me all my stay at *Edinburgh*, by many worthy gentlemen, namely, old Master *George Todrigg*, Master *Henry Livingston*, Master *James Henderson*, Master *John Maxwell*, and a number of others, who suffered me to want no wine or good cheer, as may be imagined.

\*SUGAR-CANDIAN.—i.e., Sugar-candy.



Now the day before I came from *Edinburgh*, I went to *Leith*, where I found my long approved and assured good friend Master *Benjamin Jonson*, at one Master *John Stuarts* house; I thank him for his great kindness towards me: for at my taking leave of him, he gave me a piece of gold of two and twenty shillings<sup>1</sup> to drink his health in *England*.

<sup>1</sup>A PIECE OF GOLD OF TWO-AND-TWENTY SHILLINGS.—“This was a considerable present; but Jonson’s hand and heart were ever open to his acquaintance. All his pleasures were social; and while health and fortune smiled upon him, he was no niggard either of his time or talents to those who needed them. There is something striking in Taylor’s concluding sentence, when the result of his (Jonson’s) visit to Drummond is considered:—but there is one *evil that walks*, which keener eyes than John’s have often failed to discover.—I have only to add, in justice to this honest man (Taylor) that his gratitude outlived the subject of it. He paid the tribute of a verse to his benefactor’s memory:—the verse indeed, was mean: but poor Taylor had nothing better to give.”—Lt. Col. Francis Cunningham’s edition of Gifford’s Ben Jonson’s Works, p. xli.

“In the summer of 1618 Scotland received a visit from the famous Ben Jonson. The burly Laureate walked all the way, among the motives for a journey then undertaken by few Englishmen, might be curiosity regarding a country from which he knew that his family was derived, his grandfather having been one of the Johnsons of Annandale. He had many friends too, particularly among the connections of the Lennox family, whom he might be glad to see at their own houses. Among those with whom he had amicable intercourse, was William Drummond, the poet, then in the prime of life, and living as a bachelor in his romantic mansion of Hawthornden, on the Esk, seven miles from Edinburgh. It is probable that Drummond and Jonson had met before in London, and indulged together in the “wit-combats” at the Mermaid and similar scenes. Indeed, there is a prevalent belief in Scotland that it was mainly to see Drummond at Hawthornden that Jonson came so far from home, and certain it is, from Drummond’s report of his ‘*Conversations*,’ that he designed ‘to write a Fisher or Pastoral (Piscatory?) Play—and make the stage of it on the Lomond Lake—he also contemplated writing in prose his ‘Foot Pilgrimage to Scotland,’ which, with a feeling very natural in one who found so much to admire where so little had been known, he spoke



And withal, willed me to remember his kind commendations to all his friends: So with a friendly farewell, I left him as well, as I hope never to see him in a worse estate: for he is amongst noblemen and gentlemen that know his true worth, and their own honours, where, with much respective love he is worthily entertained.

So leaving *Leith* I returned to *Edinburgh*, and within the port or gate, called the *Nether-Bow*, I discharged my pockets of all the money I had: and as I came pennyless within the walls of that city at my first coming thither; so now at my departing from thence, I came moneyless out of it again; having in company to convey me out, certain gentlemen, amongst the which Master *James Acherson*, Laird of *Gasford*, a gentleman that brought me to his

of entitling 'A DISCOVERY.' Unfortunately, this work, as well as a poem in which he called *Edinburgh*—

'The Heart of Scotland, Britain's other eye,' has not been preserved to us. We can readily see that the work contemplated must have been of a general character, from Jonson's letters to Drummond on the subject of it. How much to be regretted that we have not the Scotland of that day delineated by so vigorous a pen as that of the author of *Sejanus*!"—*Chambers' Domestic Annals of Scotland*, vol. I.

Whether Taylor's "Penniless Pilgrimage" really did interfere with, and prevent the publication of Ben Jonson's 'Foot Pilgrimage' would now be difficult to say. It is very evident from Taylor's remarks in his Dedication "To all my loving adventurers, &c.," he had been accused by the critics that he "*did undergo this project, either in malice, or mockage of Master Benjamin Jonson.*" It is quite certain that Taylor lost no time in getting his "Pilgrimage" printed "at the charges of the author" immediately on his return to London on the fifteenth of October 1618.



house, where with great entertainment he and his good wife did welcome me.

On the morrow he sent one of his men to bring me to a place called *Adam*, to Master *John Acmootye* his house, one of the Grooms of his Majesty's Bed-chamber; where with him and his two brethren, Master *Alexander*, and Master *James Acmootye*, I found both cheer and welcome, not inferior to any that I had had in any former place.

Amongst our viands that we had there, I must not forget the Sole and Goose (*sic*), a most delicate fowl, which breeds in great abundance in a little rock called the *Bass*; which stands two miles into the sea. It is very good flesh, but it is eaten in the form as we eat oysters, standing at a side-board, a little before dinner, unsanctified without grace; and after it is eaten, it must be well liquored with two or three good rouses\* of sherry or canary sack. The Lord or owner of the *Bass* doth profit at the least two hundred pound yearly by those geese; the *Bass* itself being of a great height, and near three quarters of a mile in compass, all fully replenished with wild fowl, having but one small entrance into it, with a house, a garden, and a chapel in it; and on the top of it a well of pure fresh water.

From *Adam*, Master *John* and Master *James Acmootye* went to the town of *Dunbar* with me,

\*ROUSE.—A full glass, a bumper.



where ten Scottish pints of wine were consumed, and brought to nothing for a farewell: there at Master *James Baylies* house I took leave, and Master *James Acmoote* coming for *England*, said, that if I would ride with, that neither I nor my horse should want betwixt that place and *London*. Now I having no money nor means for travel, began at once to examine my manners and my want: at last my want persuaded my manners to accept of this worthy gentleman's undeserved courtesy. So that night he brought me to a place called *Cockburnspath*, where we lodged at an inn, the like of which I dare say, is not in any of his Majesty's Dominions. And for to show my thankfulness to Master *William Arnot* and his wife, the owners thereof, I must explain their bountiful entertainment of guests, which is this:

Suppose ten, fifteen, or twenty men and horses come to lodge at their house, the men shall have flesh, tame and wild fowl, fish with all variety of good cheer, good lodging, and welcome; and the horses shall want neither hay or provender: and at the morning at their departure the reckoning is just nothing. This is this worthy gentlemen's use, his chief delight being only to give strangers entertainment *gratis*: and I am sure, that in *Scotland* beyond *Edinburgh*, I have been at houses like



castles for building ; the master of the house his beaver being his blue bonnet, one that will wear no other shirts, but of the flax that grows on his own ground, and of his wife's, daughters', or servants' spinning ; that hath his stockings, hose, and jerkin of the wool of his own sheep's backs ; that never (by his pride of apparel) caused mercer, draper, silk-man, embroiderer, or haberdasher to break and turn bankrupt : and yet this plain home-spun fellow keeps and maintains thirty, forty, fifty servants, or perhaps, more, every day relieving three or fourscore poor people at his gate ; and besides all this, can give noble entertainment for four or five days together to five or six earls and lords, besides knights, gentlemen and their followers, if they be three or four hundred men, and horse of them, where they shall not only feed but feast, and not feast but banquet, this is a man that desires to know nothing so much, as his duty to God and his King, whose greatest cares are to practise the works of piety, charity, and hospitality : he never studies the consuming art of fashionless fashions, he never tries his strength to bear four or five hundred acres on his back at once, his legs are always at liberty, not being fettered with golden garters, and manacled with artificial roses, whose weight (sometime) is the last reliques of some decayed Lordship : Many of these



worthy housekeepers there are in *Scotland*, amongst some of them I was entertained; from whence I did truly gather these aforesaid observations.

So leaving *Cockburnspath*, we rode to *Berwick*, where the worthy old Soldier and ancient Knight, Sir *William Bowyer*, made me welcome, but contrary to his will, we lodged at an Inn, where Master *James Acmootype* paid all charges: but at *Berwick* there was a grievous chance happened, which I think not fit the relation to be omitted.

In the river of *Tweed*, which runs by *Berwick*, are taken by fishermen that dwell there, infinite numbers of fresh salmons, so that many households and families are relieved by the profit of that fishing; but (how long since I know not) there was an order that no man or boy whatsoever should fish upon a Sunday: this order continued long amongst them, till some eight or nine weeks before Michaelmas last, on a Sunday, the salmons played in such great abundance in the river, that some of the fishermen (contrary to God's law and their own order) took boats and nets and fished, and caught near three hundred salmons; but from that time until Michaelmas day that I was there, which was nine weeks, and heard the report of it, and saw the poor people's miserable lamentations, they had not seen one salmon in the river; and some of them were in despair that they should never see any more there; affirming it



to be God's judgment upon them for the profanation of the Sabbath.

The thirtieth of September we rode from *Berwick* to *Belford* from *Belford* to *Alnwick*, the next day from *Alnwick* to *Newcastle*, where I found the noble Knight, Sir *Henry Witherington*; who, because I would have no gold nor silver, gave me a bay mare, in requital of a loaf of bread that I had given him two and twenty years before, at the Island of *Flores*, of the which I have spoken before. I overtook at *Newcastle* a great many of my worthy friends, which were all coming for *London*, namely, Master *Robert Hay*, and Master *David Drummond*, where I was welcomed at Master *Nicholas Tempests* house. From *Newcastle* I rode with those gentlemen to *Durham*, to *Darlington*, to *Northallerton*, and to *Topcliffe* in *Yorkshire*, where I took my leave of them, and would needs try my pennyless fortunes by myself, and see the city of *York*, where I was lodged at my right worshipful good friend, Master Doctor *Hudson* one of his Majesty's chaplains, who went with me, and shewed me the goodly Minster Church there, and the most admirable, rare-wrought, unfellowed<sup>1</sup> chapter house.

From *York* I rode to *Doncaster*, where my horses were well fed at the Bear, but myself found out the honorable Knight, Sir *Robert Anstruther* at his

<sup>1</sup>UNFELLOWED,—i.e., not matched.



father-in-law's, the truly noble Sir *Robert Swifts* house, he being then High Sheriff of *Yorkshire*, where with their good Ladies, and the right Honourable the Lord *Sanquhar*, I was stayed two nights and one day, Sir *Robert Anstruther* (I thank him) not only paying for my two horses' meat, but at my departure, he gave me a letter to *Newark* upon *Trent*, twenty eight miles in my way, where Master *George Atkinson* mine host made me as welcome, as if I had been a French Lord, and what was to be paid, as I called for nothing, I paid as much; and left the reckoning with many thanks to Sir *Robert Anstruther*.

So leaving *Newark*, with another gentleman that overtook me, we came at night to *Stamford*, to the sign of the Virginity (or the Maidenhead) where I delivered a letter from the Lord *Sanquhar*; which caused Master *Bates* and his wife, being the master and mistress of the house, to make me and the gentleman that was with me great cheer for nothing.

From *Stamford* the next day we rode to *Huntington*, where we lodged at the Postmaster's house, at the sign of the Crown; his name is *Riggs*. He was informed who I was, and wherefore I undertook this my pennyless progress: wherefore he came up to our chamber, and supped with us, and very bountifully called for three quarts of wine and sugar, and four jugs of beer. He did drink and



begin healths like a horse-leech and swallowed down his cups without feeling, as if he had had the dropsy, or nine pound of sponge in his maw. In a word, as he is a post, he drank post, striving and calling by all means to make the reckoning great, or to make us men of great reckoning. But in his payment he was tired like a jade, leaving the gentleman that was with me to discharge the terrible shot, or else one of my horses must have lain in pawn for his superfluous calling, and unmannerly intrusion.

But leaving him, I left *Huntington*, and rode on the Sunday to *Puckeridge*, where Master *Holland* at the Falcon, (mine old acquaintance) and my loving and ancient host gave me, my friend, my man, and our horses excellent cheer, and welcome, and I paid him with, not a penny of money.

The next day I came to *London*, and obscurely coming within Moorgate, I went to a house and borrowed money : and so I stole back again to *Islington*, to the sign of the Maidenhead,<sup>1</sup> staying till Wednesday, that my friends came to meet me, who knew no other, but that Wednesday was my

<sup>1</sup>TO ISLINGTON TO THE SIGN OF THE MAIDENHEAD.—This then roadside Public-house, we are informed from recent enquiries, was situate at the corner of Maiden Lane, Battle Bridge, now known as King's Cross, from a statue of George IV.—a most execrable performance—taken down 1842. The "Old Pub" is turned into a gin palace, and named the Victoria, while Maiden Lane—an ancient way leading from Battle Bridge to Highgate Hill—is known now as York Road.



first coming ; where with all love I was entertained with much good cheer : and after supper we had a play of the Life and Death of *Guy of Warwick*,<sup>1</sup> played by the Right Honourable the Earl of *Derby* his men. And so on the Thursday morning being the fifteenth of October, I came home to my house in *London*.



### THE EPILOGUE TO ALL MY ADVENTURERS AND OTHERS.

**T**HUS did I neither spend, or beg, or ask,  
 By any course, direct or indirectly :  
 But in each tittle I performed my task,  
 According to my bill most circumspectly.  
 I vow to God, I have done SCOTLAND wrong,  
 (And (justly) against me it may bring an action)  
 I have not given it that right which doth belong,  
 For which I am half guilty of detraction :

<sup>1</sup>GUY OF WARWICK.—There are several versions and editions of this work. In the book of the Stationers' Company, John Trundle—he at the sign of NO-BODY—on the 15th of January, 1619, entered “a play, called the Life and Death of Guy Earl of Warwick, written by John Day and Thomas Dekker.” See Baker's Biog. Dram., page 274, vol. 2.—“Well, if he read this with patience I'll be gelt, and troll ballads for Master Trundle yonder, the rest of my mortality.”—*Ben Jonson's* Every Man in his Humour, act i. sc. 2.



Yet had I wrote all things that there I saw,  
Misjudging censures would suppose I flatter,  
And so my name I should in question draw,  
Where asses bray, and prattling pies do chatter :  
Yet (armed with truth) I publish with my pen,  
That there the Almighty doth his blessings heap,  
In such abundant food for beasts and men ;  
That I ne'er saw more plenty or more cheap.  
Thus what mine eyes did see, I do believe ;  
And what I do believe, I know is true :  
And what is true unto your hands I give,  
That what I give, may be believed of you.  
But as for him that says I lie or dote,  
I do return, and turn the lie in's throat.

Thus gentlemen, amongst you take my ware,  
You share my thanks, and I your moneys share.

*Yours in all observance and gratefulness,  
ever to be commanded,*

JOHN TAYLOR.

FINIS.





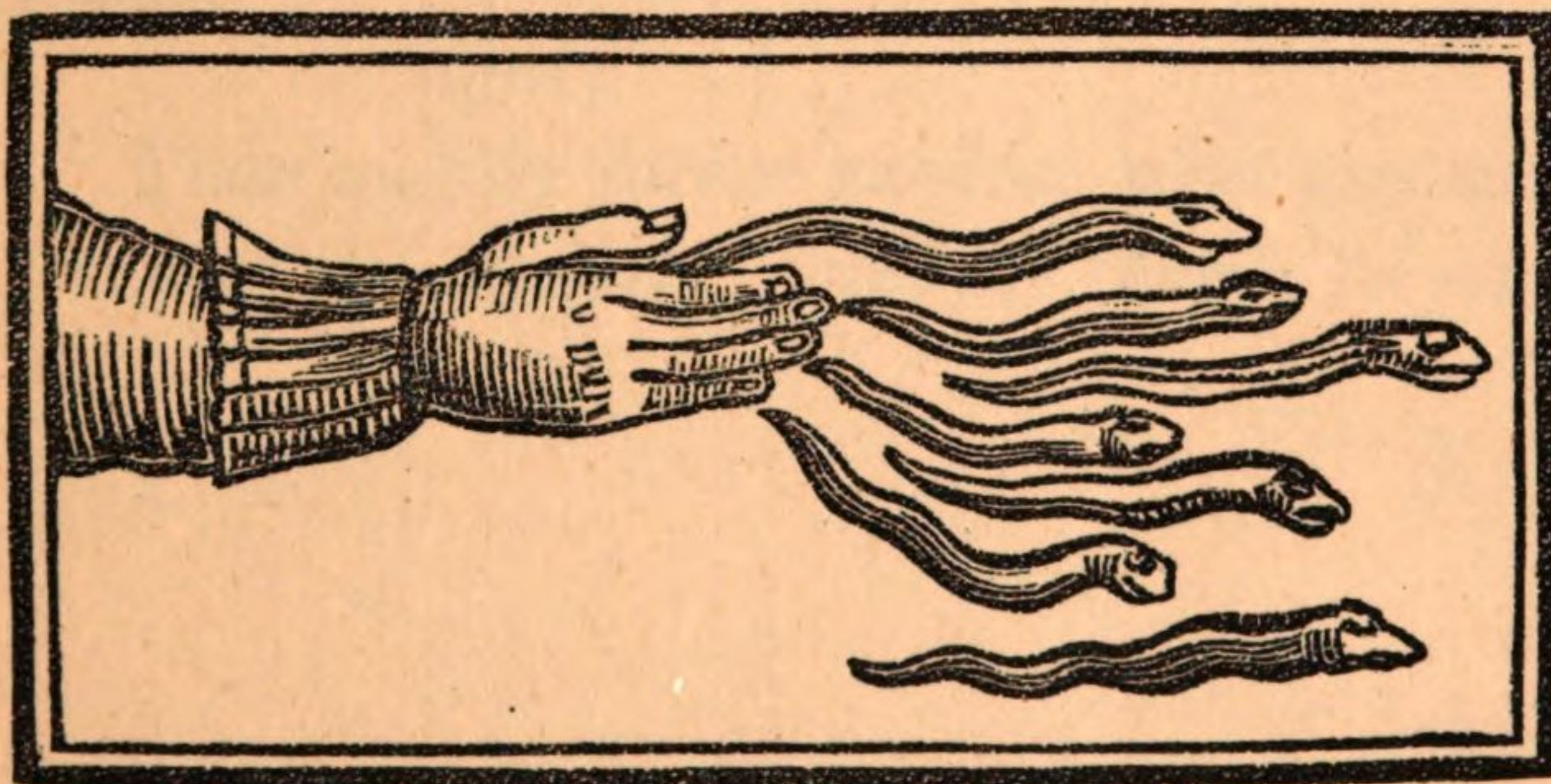
# A Kickfey Winfey:

O R

## *A Lerry Come-Twang:*

Wherein *Iohn Taylor* hath Satyrically  
*fuited* 800. of his bad debtors that  
will not pay him for his returne  
of his I ourney from Scotland.

*My debtors like 7 eeles with slip'rie tailes  
One sort I cach, 6 slips away and failes.*



*London*

Printed by *Nicholas Okes*, for *Mathew  
Walbanck*, dwelling at *Grayes Inne Gate*,  
1619.



1. 1814

2. 1815

3. 1816

4. 1817



5. 1818





TO  
THE WORTHY GENTLEMAN,  
Master *Raphe* Wormlaughton; the  
*hopeful son of his Noble Father,*  
Raphe Wormlaughton Esquire.



*RAY'S* Inn Wormlaughton, a true Scholar,  
*right*  
*With love and thanks, you paid me at first*  
*sight;*  
*Your worthy father gave me what was due,*  
*And for his love, I give my thanks to you.*

J. T.







TO THE MIRROR OF GOOD FEL-  
LOWSHIP, THE PAT-

tern of true Friendship,

*and the only nonparallel of jovial En-  
tertainment; Master George Hilton,*

at the sign of the Horse-shoe, at *Daventry*\*; *J. Taylor*  
wisheth daily increase of good guests, true pay-  
ment, hearts content in this life, and after-  
ward as much happiness as his  
soul can desire.

**K**IND Sir, I have seen oftentimes men  
offering to snuff a candle, have against  
their wills put it clean out; and an un-  
skilful Chirurgeon taking a small green  
wound in hand, hath brought it to an old  
ulcer. I would be loth, for my part, to  
imitate either of these examples; for my intent is,  
confession of the wrong I did you, and an endeavour  
to make amends. I do confess that I did you wrong  
in print, in my book of my Travels [to Scotland], and

\*See page 9 of Taylor's *Penniless Pilgrimage*.



now in print, I do make you a public satisfaction ; for, I protest to God, that I have heard so much good report of you, that I am double sorry that I was so mistaken, and that I have been so long time before I have printed my recantation. It was your tapster's want of wit, and my want of discretion, that was the grounds of my too much credulity and temerity. For his part I wish him no more harm, but that chalk may be his best payments, thunder may sour his hogsheads, rats may gnaw out his spigots at midnight, and himself to commit his wit to the keeping of a fool while he lives ; and your ostlers, for gaping so greedily like gudgeons upon me, I pray that they may every day mourn in litter and horse dung. But these are but jests by the way : for as many as know you, have told me, that if you had been at home, my entertainment had been better. If it had been so, it had been more than you owed me, and more than I at that time could have requited : but I would have stretched my wit upon the tenters of invention, in the praise of inns and inn-keepers, I would have put the forgetful world in mind of the good service that *Rahab* the innkeeper did at *Jericho*, in hiding and preserving the spies that were sent by *Caleb* and *Joshua* ; I would have made the oblivious loggerheaded Age remember, that the Redeemer of the world did grace an inn with his blessed birth ; what place then



but an inn was the High Court of Heaven and earth, the residence and lodging of the immortal King, of never-ending eternity? This and more I would have done, but what is passed cannot be recalled, and it is too late to put old omissions to new commitments. And so, my noble and thrice worthy host of hosts, I omit not to commit you and yours to the protection of the Lord of Hosts, desiring you to take this merry Pamphlet in good part, or in earnest of my better amends, and as a qualifier of your just anger.

*Yours in the best of his  
endeavours to be commanded,*

JOHN TAYLOR.







## THE WHY AND THE WHEREFORE.

**I** *HAVE* published this Pamphlet, to let my rich debtors understand, that as often as I meet them, I do look that they should pay me: and although I am shamefaced in not asking my due, yet I would not have them shameless in detaining it from me, because the sums are but small, and very easy for them (in general) to pay, and would do me a particular good to receive.

Secondly, I have sent this into the world, to inform some, that through their want do shun and avoid my sight and company, that they are much deceived in my disposition; for I ever did esteem an honest heart and a willing mind, as well as their performances.

Thirdly, there are some great men, who by reason of their extraordinary employments, my small acquaintance, and less means of access unto them, with my want of impudency, and their men's want of courtesy to inform them; all these are lets and demurs, against my satisfaction.



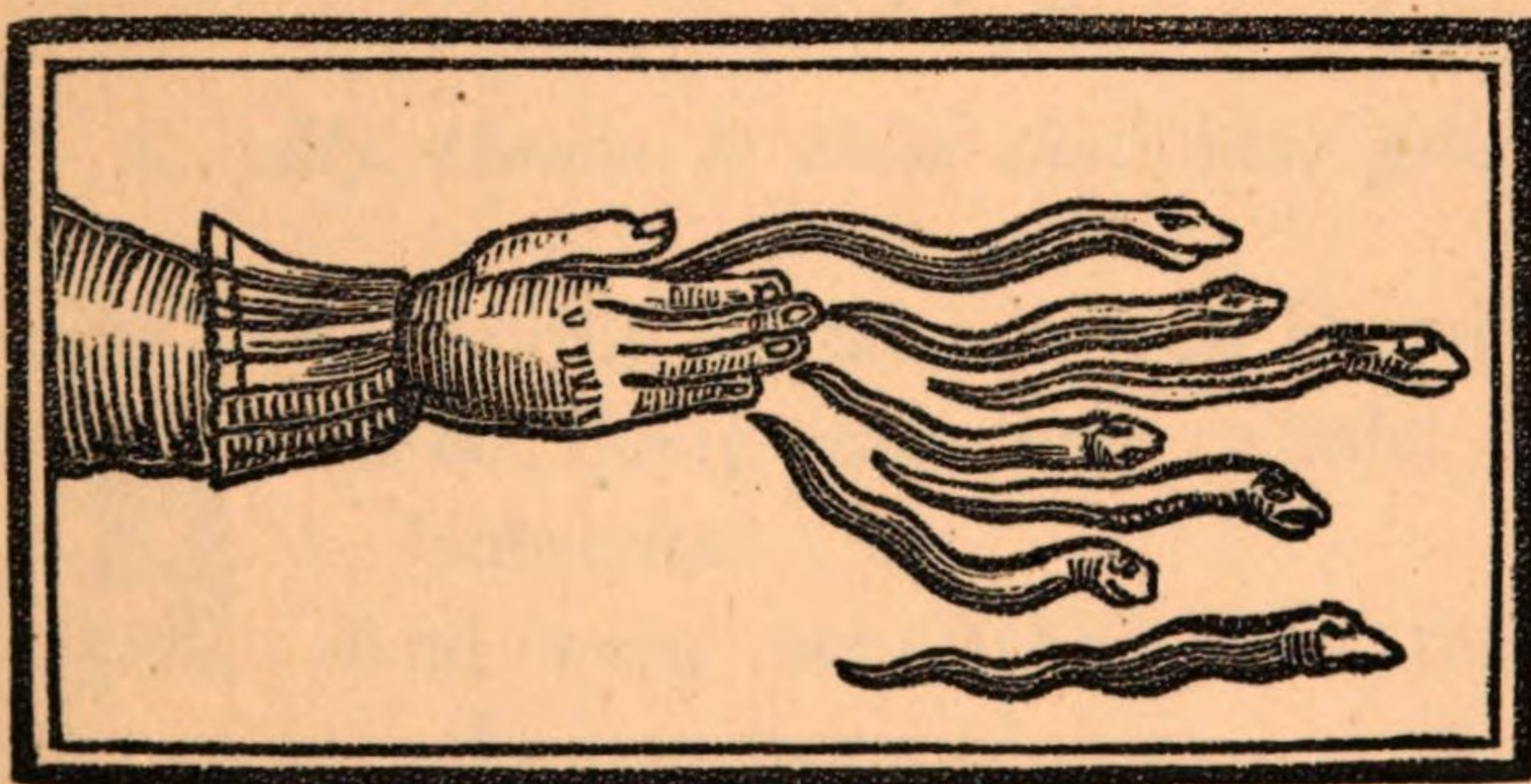
*Lastly, the daily abuses that I have concerning the book of my Travels, wherein I am accused for lies, and falsifications; but I do and ever will steadfastly stand to the truth of every tittle of it, except the abuse that I did to Master Hilton at Daventry, and that was not done on known malice neither, but on blind ignorant information: and there is a second edition of my books of travels coming forth, wherein I will satirize, cauterize, and stigmatize all the whole kennel of curs that dare maliciously snarl against manifest, apparent, and well known truths. In the mean space, you that are my debtors, if you please to pay me, you shall therein put yourselves out of a bad number amongst which you yet are placed: if you will not pay me, take this bone to gnaw upon, that I do hope to be ever better furnished with money, than you shall be with honesty.*





A TABLE OF THE GENERAL HEADS,  
*containing seven parts.*

- 1 **T**HOSE that have paid.
- 2 Those that would pay if they could.
- 3 Those that walk invisible, and are not to  
 be found.
- 4 Those that say they will pay, who knows when?
- 5 Those that are dead.
- 6 Those that are fled.
- 7 Those roarers that can pay, and will not.



*Those that do ever mean to pay,  
 Nothing at all this book doth say;  
 To such my satire talketh still  
 As have not paid, nor ever will.*









## A KICKSEY WINSEY:

OR,

## A LERRY COME-TWANG;

Wherein *John Taylor* hath satirically *suit*ed 800 of  
*his bad debtors*, that will not pay him for his  
return of *his Journey from Scotland*.

I. *My thanks to those that have paid.*

**Y**OU worthy worthies, of that liberal tribe,  
Who freely gave your words, or did  
subscribe:  
And were not itched with the vain-  
glorious worm,  
To write and lie, but promise and perform,  
Black swans of *Britain*, I protest you are,  
And seem (to me) each one a blazing star;  
For this inconstant age so few affords  
Of men, whose deeds do counterpoise their words,  
That finding one, methinks I see a wonder,  
More than December's fruit, or winter's thunder;



Ingratitude, I hold a vice so vile,  
 That I could ne'er endure it a breathing while :  
 And therefore ere I'll prove a thankless jade,  
 Time in his course shall run quite retrograde ;  
 Yea, everything shall hate his proper kind,  
 Before I'll harbour an ungrateful mind :  
 And still I vow to quit you in some part,  
 With my best wishes, and a thankful heart :  
 So much to you, my *Muse* hath sung or said,  
 Whose loving bounties hath the sculler paid.

2. *Those that would pay if they could.*



AND as for you that would pay if you could,  
 I thank you, though you do not as you  
 should,

You promised fair, and wrote as free as any,  
 But time hath altered since, the case with many ;  
 Your monies, like low tides, are ebb'd too low,  
 And when, 'tis lowest, 'twill begin to flow.  
 To seek a breech from breechless men, 'twere vain,  
 And fruitless labour would requit my pain :  
 It were no charity (as I suppose)  
 To bid one wipe his nose, that wants a nose ;  
 And sure my conscience would be less than little,  
 To enrich myself, by robbing of the spittle :  
 No, honest friends (to end this vain dispute)  
 Your barren states may spring, and bring forth fruit ;



Your wills are good, and whilst I keep your bills,  
 Instead of payment I accept good wills ;  
 On hope and expectation I will feed,  
 And take your good endeavours for the deed ;  
 Praying that crosses in your minds may cease,  
 And crosses in your purses may increase.

3. *Those that are hard for me to find, and being  
 found, were better lost.*

**A**NOTHER sort of debtors are behind,  
 Some I know not, and some I cannot  
 find :

And some of them lie here and there, by spirts,  
 Shifting their lodgings oftener than their shirts.  
 Perchance I hear where one of these men lies,  
 And in the morning up betimes I rise,  
 And find in Shoreditch where he lodged a night ;  
 But he to *Westminster* hath ta'en his flight.  
 Some two days after thither do I trot,  
 And find his lodging, but yet find him not,  
 For he the night before (as people tell)  
 Hath ta'en a chamber about *Clerkenwell*.  
 Thither go I, and make a privy search,  
 Whilst he's in *Southwark*, near *St. George's Church*.  
 A pox upon him, all this while think I,  
 Shall I ne'er find out where my youth doth lie ?



And having sought him many a weary bout,  
At last, perhaps I find his chamber out :  
But then the gentleman is fast in bed,  
And rest hath seized upon his running head :  
He hath took cold with going late by water,  
Or sat up late at ace, deuse, tray, and cater [quatre]  
That with a sink [cinq] of fifty pieces price,  
He sleeps till noon before his worship rise ;  
At last he wakes ; his man informs him straight,  
That I at door do on his pleasure wait ;  
Perhaps I am requested to come near,  
And drink a cup of either ale or beer,  
Whilst sucking English fire, and Indian vapour,  
At last I greet him with my bill of paper :  
Well *John* (quoth he) this hand I know is mine,  
But I this day do purpose to go dine  
At the Half Moon<sup>1</sup> in *Milk-street*, prithee come,  
And there we'll drink, and pay this petty sum.  
Thus many a street by me recrossed and crossed,  
I in and out, and too and fro, am tossed,  
And spend my time and coin to find one out,  
Which having found, rewards me with a flout.  
In this base fashion, or such like as this,  
To me their scurvey daily dealing is ;

<sup>1</sup>THE HALF-MOON.—During a long series of years the Half-Moon Tavern maintained a distinguished notoriety, and is historically recorded as the scene of many public city events. Half-Moon passage, leading from Cheapside to the Tavern, is now named Cooper's-alley.



As one's in study, the other's deep in talk,  
Another's in his garden gone to walk:  
One's in the barber's suds, and cannot see,  
Till chin and chaps are made a Roman T :  
And for his making thus a gull of me,  
I wish his cut may be the Grecian P. 171\*  
These men can kiss their claws, with *Jack*, how is't ?  
And take and shake me kindly by the fist,  
And put me off with dilatory cogs,  
And swear and lie, worse than so many dogs,  
Protesting they are glad I am returned,  
When they'd be gladder I were hanged or burned.  
Some of their pockets are oft stored with chink,  
Which they had rather waste on drabs, dice, drink,  
Than a small petty sum to me to pay,  
Although I meet them every other day ;  
For which to ease my mind to their disgrace,  
I must (perforce) in print proclaim them base ;  
And if they pay me not (unto their shames)  
I'll print their trades, their dwellings, and their  
names,  
That boys shall hiss them as they walk along,  
Whilst they shall stink, and do their breeches  
wrong :  
Pay then, delay not, but with speed disburse,  
Or if you will, try but who'll have the worse.

\*This *cut* (the Greek P) probably symbolical of a gallows.



4. *Those that will and do daily pay me in drink  
and smoke.*



FOURTH crew I must drop from out  
my quill,  
Are some that have not paid, yet say  
they will :

And their remembrance gives my muddy mood,  
More joy than of those that will ne'er be good.  
These fellows my sharp *Muse* shall lash but soft,  
Because I meet them to their charges oft,  
Where at the tavern (with free frolic hearts)  
They welcome me with pottles, pints, and quarts ;  
And they (at times) will spend like honest men,  
Twelve shillings, rather than pay five or ten.  
These I do never seek from place to place,  
These make me not to run the wild goose chase ;  
These do from day to day not put me off,  
And in the end reward me with a scoff.  
And for their kindness, let them take their leisure,  
To pay or not pay, let them take their pleasure.  
Let them no worser than they are, still prove :  
Their powers may chance outdo me, not their love ;  
I meet them to my peril, and their cost,  
And so in time there's little will be lost,



Yet the old proverb I would have them know,  
The horse may starve the whilst the grass doth  
grow.

5. *Those that are dead.*



FIFTH sort (God be with them) they are  
dead,

And everyone my quittance under's head :  
To ask them coin, I know they have it not,  
And where nought is, there's nothing to be got,  
I'll never wrong them with invective lines,  
Nor trouble their good heirs, or their assigns.  
And some of them, their lives lost to me were,  
In a large measure of true sorrow dear ;  
As one brave lawyer, whose true honest spirit  
Doth with the blest celestial souls inherit,  
He whose grave wisdom gained pre-eminence,  
To grace and favour with his gracious prince :  
Adorned with learning, loved, approved, admired,  
He, my true friend, too soon to dust retired.  
Besides, a number of my worthy friends  
(To my great loss) death brought unto their ends.  
Rest, gentle spirits, rest, with eternizing,  
And may your corpse have all a joyful rising :  
There's many living, every day I see,  
Who are more dead than you in pay to me.



6. *Those that are fled.*

SIXTH, with tongues glib, like the tails  
of eels,

Hath shewed this land and me foul pairs  
of heels.

To *Ireland, Belgia, Germany, and France*,  
They are retired to seek some better chance.  
'Twas their unhappy inauspicious fate,  
The Counters, or King *Luds* unlucky gate;<sup>1</sup>  
Bonds being broke, the stones in every street,  
They durst not tread on, lest they burnt their feet;  
Smoke by the pipe, and ginger by the race,  
They loved with ale, but never loved the mace.  
And these men's honesties are like their states,  
At piteous, woeful, and at low prized rates;  
For partly they did know when they did take  
My books, they could no satisfaction make,  
And honesty this document doth teach,  
That man shall never strive above his reach,  
Yet have they reached, and over-reached me still,  
To do themselves no good, and me much ill.  
But, farewell, friends, if you again do come.  
And pay me either all, or none, or some:

<sup>1</sup>THE COUNTERS, OR KING LUD'S UNLUCKY GATE.—City prisons. There were two Counters, or Compters; one in Wood-street, under the control of one of the Sheriffs; the other in the Poultry, under the superintendence of the other. Ludgate was also a prison for debtors.



I look for none, and therefore still delay me,  
 You only do deceive me, if you pay me.  
 Yet that deceit from you were but my due,  
 But I look ne'er to be deceived by you.  
 Your stocks are poor, your creditors are store,  
 Which God increase, and decrease, I implore.

7. *Those that are as far from honesty, as a  
 Turk is from true Religion.*



SEVENTHLY, and last's a worthy worthless  
 crew,  
 Such as heaven hates, and hell on earth  
 doth spew,  
 And God renounce, and damn them, are their  
 prayers,  
 Yet some of these sweet youths are good men's  
 heirs  
 But up most tenderly they have been brought,  
 And all their breeding better fed than taught :  
 And now their lives float in damnation's stream,  
 To stab, drab, kill, swill, tear, swear, stare,  
 blaspheme :  
 In imitation worse than devil's apes,  
 Or incubuses thrust in human shapes :  
 As bladders full of other's wind is blown,  
 So self-conceit doth puff them of their own :



They deem their wit all other men surpasses,  
And other men esteem them witless asses.  
These puckfist<sup>1</sup> cockbrained coxcombs, shallow  
pated,  
Are things that by their tailors are created ;  
For they before were simple shapeless worms,  
Until their makers licked them into forms.  
'Tis ignorant idolatry most base,  
To worship satin Satan, or gold lace,  
T'adore a velvet varlet, whose repute  
Stinks odious, but for his perfumed suit.  
If one of these to serve some Lord doth get,  
His first task is to swear himself in debt :  
And having pawned his soul to hell for oaths,  
He pawns those oaths for newfound fashion clothes.  
His carcase cased in this borrowed case,  
Imagines he doth me exceeding grace :  
If when I meet him, he bestows a nod,  
Then must I think me highly blest of God,  
And though no wiser than flat fools they be,  
A good luck on them, they are too wise for me ;  
They with a courtly trick or a flim-flam,  
Do nod at me, whilst I the noddy am :  
One part of gentry they will ne'er forget,  
And that is, that they ne'er will pay their debt.

<sup>1</sup>PUCKFIST.—The puff-ball, or fungus ; an empty boasting fellow.



To take, and to receive, they hold it fit,  
But to requite, or to restore's no wit.  
And let them take and keep, but knocks, and pox,  
And all diseases from *Pandora's* box.  
And which of them says that I rave or rail,  
Let him but pay, and bid me kiss his *T*.  
But sure the devil hath taught them many a trick,  
Beyond the numbering of arithmetic.  
I meet one, thinking for my due to speak,  
He with evasions doth my purpose break,  
And asks what news I hear from *France* or *Spain*,  
Or where I was in the last shower of rain ;  
Or when the court removes, or what's a clock,  
Or where's the wind (or some such windy mock)  
With such fine scimble, scemle, spitter-spatter,  
As puts me clean besides the money-matter ?  
Thus with poor mongrel shifts, with what, where  
when?

I am abused by these things, like men,  
And some of them do glory in my want,  
They being Romists, I a Protestant :  
Their apostatical injunction saith,  
To keep their faith with me, is breach of faith :  
For 'tis a maxim of such Catholics,  
'Tis meritorious to plague heretics ;  
Since it is so, pray pay me but my due,  
And I will love the cross as well as you.  
And this much further I would have you know,



My shame is more to ask, than yours to owe :  
I beg of no man, 'tis my own I crave,  
Nor do I seek it but of them that have,  
There's no man was enforced against his will,  
To give his word, or sign unto my bill.  
And is't not shame, nay, more than shame to hear,  
That I should be returned above a year,  
And many rich men's words, and bills have passed,  
And took of me both books, both first and last,  
Whilst twice or thrice a week, in every street,  
I meet those men, and not my money meet.  
Were they not able me amends to make,  
My conscience then would sooner give than take :  
But most of those I mean, are full pursed hinds,  
Being beggarly in nothing but their minds :  
Yet sure methinks, if they would do me right,  
Their minds should be as free to pay, as write.  
Near threescore pounds, the books I'm sure did cost,  
Which they have had from me, and I think lost :  
And had not these men's tongues so forward been,  
Ere I my painful journey did begin,  
I could have had good men in meaner raiment,  
That long ere this, had made me better payment :  
I made my journey for no other ends,  
But to get money, and to try my friends :  
And not a friend I had, for worth or wit  
Did take my book, or pass his word, or writ :  
But I (with thankfulness) still understood



They took, in hope to give, and do me good.  
They took a book worth 12 pence, and were bound  
To give a crown, an angel, or a pound,  
A noble, piece, or half piece, what they list,  
They passed their words, or freely set their fist.  
Thus got I sixteen hundred hands and fifty,  
Which sum I did suppose was somewhat thrifty ;  
And now my youths, with shifts, and tricks, and  
cavils,  
Above eight hundred, play the sharking javels.  
I have performed what I undertook,  
And that they should keep touch with me I look.  
Four thousand, and five hundred books I gave  
To many an honest man, and many a knave :  
Which books, and my expense to give them out,  
(A long year seeking this confused rout)  
I'm sure it cost me sevenscore pounds and more,  
With some suspicion that I went on score.  
Besides, above a thousand miles I went,  
And (though no money) yet much time I spent ;  
Taking excessive labour, and great pains,  
In heat, cold, wet, and dry, with feet and brains :  
With tedious toil, making my heart-strings ache,  
In hope I should content both give and take,  
And in requital now, for all my pain,  
I give content still, and get none again.  
None, did I say ? I'll call that word agen,  
I meet with some that pay me now and then,



But such a toil I have those men to seek,  
And find (perhaps) 2, 3, or 4 a week,  
That too too oft, my losings gettings be,  
To spend 5 crowns in gathering in of three.  
And thus much to the world I dare avow,  
That my oft walks to get my money now,  
With my expenses, seeking of the same,  
Returning many a night home, tired and lame,  
Meeting some thirty, forty in a day,  
That sees me, knows me, owes me, yet none pay.  
Used and abused thus, both in town and court,  
It makes me think my Scottish walk a sport ;  
I muse of what stuff these men framed be,  
Most of them seem mockado unto me,<sup>1</sup>  
Some are stand-further off, for they endeavour,  
Never to see me, or to pay me never.  
When first I saw them, they appeared rash,  
And now their promises are worse than trash ;  
No taffety<sup>2</sup> more changeable than they,  
In nothing constant, but no debts to pay.  
And therefore let them take it as they will,  
I'll canvas them a little with my quill.  
To all the world I humbly do appeal,  
And let it judge, if well these men do deal,

<sup>1</sup>MOCKADO.—A kind of woollen stuff, made in imitation of velvet, and sometimes called mock-velvet.

<sup>2</sup>TAFFETY.—A fine smooth stuff of silk, having a wavy and variegated lustre imparted to it by pressure and heat.



Or whether for their baseness, 'twere not fitter,  
That I should use more gall, and write more bitter?  
I wrote this book before, but for this end,  
To warn them, and their faults to reprehend;  
But if this warning will not serve the turn,  
I swear by sweet Satiric *Nash* his urn,  
On every pissing post, their names I'll place  
Whilst they past shame, shall shame to show their  
face,  
I'll hail fell *Nemesis*, from *Dis* his den,  
To aid and guide my sharp revenging pen;  
That fifty Pope's bulls never shall roar louder,  
Nor fourscore cannons when men fire their powder.  
There's no wound deeper than a pen can give,  
It makes men living dead, and dead men live;  
It can raise honour drowned in the sea,  
And blaze it forth in glory, cap-a-pie.  
Why, it can scale the battlements of heaven,  
And stellify men 'mongst the planets seven:  
It can make misers, peasants, knaves and fools,  
The scorn of goodness, and the devils close stools.  
Forgot had been the thrice three worthies' names,  
If thrice three *Muses* had not writ their fames:  
And if it not with flattery be infected,  
Good is by it extolled, and bad corrected.  
Let judgment judge them what mad men are those  
That dare against a pen themselves oppose,  
Which (when it likes) can turn them all to loathing,



To anything, to nothing, worse than nothing,  
Yet e'er I went, these men to write did like,  
And used a pen more nimbly than a pike ;  
And writ their names (as I supposed) more willing,  
Than valiant soldiers with their pikes are drilling,  
No paper bill of mine had edge upon it,  
Till they their hands and names had written on it ;  
And if their judgments be not overseen,  
They would not fear, the edge is not so keen.  
Some thousands, and some hundreds by the year  
Are worth, yet they their piece or half-piece fear ;  
They on their own bills are afraid to enter,  
And I upon their pieces dare to venture :  
But whoso at the bill hath better skill,  
Give me the piece, and let him take the bill,  
I have met some that odiously have lied,  
Who to deceive me, have their names denied.  
And yet they have good honest Christian names,  
As *Joshua*, *Richard*, *Robert*, *John*, and *James* :  
To cheat me with base inhumanity,  
They have denied their Christianity,  
A half-piece or a crown, or such a sum,  
Hath forced them falsify their Christendom :  
Denying good ill names with them agree,  
And they that have ill names, half hanged be,  
And sure I think, my loss would be but small,  
If for a quittance they were hanged up all.  
Of such I am past hope, and they past grace,



And hope and grace both past's, a wretched case,  
It may be that for my offences passed,  
God hath upon me this disturbance cast :  
If it be so, I thank His name therefore,  
Confessing I deserve ten times much more ;  
But as the devil is author of all ill,  
So ill for ill, on th' ill he worketh still ;  
Himself, his servants, daily lie and lurk,  
Man's care on earth, or pains in hell to work.  
See how the case then with my debtors stands :  
They take the devil's office out of his hands ;  
Tormenting me on earth, for passed evils,  
And for the devil, doth vex me worse than devils.  
In troth 'tis pity, proper men they seem,  
And those that know them not, would never deem  
That one of them would basely seem to meddle,  
To be the devil's hangman, or his beadle.  
For shame, for honesty, for both, for either,  
For my deserts desertless, or for neither  
Discharge yourselves from me, you know wherefore,  
And never serve or help the devil more.  
I have heard some that lawyers do condemn,  
But I still must, and will speak well of them ;  
Though never in my life they had of me  
Clerks, Counsellors, or yet Attorneys fee,  
Yet at my back return, they all concurred,  
And paid me what was due, and ne'er demurred.  
Some Counter Serjeants, when I came again,



(Against their natures) dealt like honest men.  
By wondrous accident perchance one may  
Grove out a needle in a load of hay :  
And though a white crow be exceeding rare,  
A blind man may (by fortune) catch a hare,  
So may a Serjeant have some honest tricks,  
If too much knavery doth not overmix.  
Newgate (the university of stealing)  
Did deal with me with upright honest dealing,  
My debtors all (for ought that I can see)  
Will still remain true debtors unto me ;  
For if to paying once they should incline,  
They would not then be debtors long of mine.  
But this report I fear, they still will have,  
To be true debtors even to their grave.  
I know there's many worthy projects done,  
The which more credit, and more coin have won,  
And 'tis a shame for those (I dare maintain)  
That break their words, and not requite their pain :  
I speak to such, if any such there be,  
If there be none, would there were none for me.  
Thus all my debtors have increased my talent,  
Except the poor, the proud, the base, the gallant.  
Those that are dead, or fled, or out of town :  
Such as I know not, nor to them am known,  
Those that will pay (of which there's some small  
number)  
And those that smile to put me to this cumber,



In all they are eight hundred and some odd,  
But when they'll pay me's only known to God.  
Some crowns, some pounds, some nobles, some a royal,  
Some good, some naught, some worse, most bad in trial.  
I, like a boy that shooting with a bow  
Hath lost his shaft where weeds and bushes grow ;  
Who having searched, and raked, and scraped, and  
tost

To find his arrow that he late hath lost :  
At last a crotchet comes into his brain,  
To stand at his first shooting place again :  
Then shoots, and lets another arrow fly,  
Near as he thinks his other shaft may lie :  
Thus vent'ring, he perhaps finds both or one,\*  
The worst is, if he lose both, he finds none.  
So I that have of books so many given,  
To this compared exigent am driven :  
To shoot this pamphlet, and to ease my mind,  
To lose more yet, or something lost to find.  
As many brooks, fords, showers of rain and  
springs,  
Unto the *Thames* their often tribute brings,  
These subjects paying, not their stocks decrease,  
Yet by those payments, *Thames* doth still increase :

\*See *The Merchant of Venice*, act i, sc. 1.

“In my school days, when I had lost one shaft,  
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight  
The self-same way with more advised watch,  
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both  
I oft found both.”



So I that have of debtors such a swarm,  
Good they might do me, and themselves no harm,  
Invective lines, or words, I write nor say  
To none but those that can, and will not pay :  
And whoso pays with good, or with ill will,  
Is freed from out the compass of my quill.  
They must not take me for a stupid ass,  
That I (unfeeling) will let these things pass.  
If they bear minds to wrong me, let them know,  
I have a tongue and pen, my wrongs to show ;  
And be he ne'er so brisk, or neat, or trim,  
That bids a pish for me, a tush for him ;  
To me they're rotten trees, with beauteous rinds,  
Fair formed caskets of deformed minds.  
Or like dispersed flocks of scattered sheep,  
That will no pasture, or decorum keep :  
Some wildly skipping into unknown grounds,  
Stray into foreign and forbidden bounds ;  
Where some through want, some through excess  
have got  
The scab, the worm, the murrain, or the rot.  
But whilst they wander guideless, uncontrolled,  
I'll do my best to bring them to my fold ;  
And seeing sheepfold hurdles here are scant,  
I am enforced to supply that want  
With railing : and therefore mine own to win,  
Like rotten forlorn sheep, I'll rail them in.





*In defence of Adventures upon  
returns.*

**F**ORASMUCH as there are many, who either out of pride, malice, or ignorance, do speak harshly, and hardly of me and of divers others, who have attempted and gone dangerous voyages by sea with small wherries or boats, or any other adventure upon any voyage by land, either riding, going, or running, alledging that we do tempt God by undertaking such perilous courses, (which indeed I cannot deny to be true) yet not to extenuate or make my faults less than they are, I will here approve that all men in the world are adventurers



upon return, and that we do all generally tempt the patience and long suffering of God, as I will make it appear as followeth.

Whosoever is an idolator, a superstitious heretic, an odious and frequent swearer, or liar, a griping usurer, or uncharitable extortioner, doth tempt God, adventure their souls, and upon return, lose heaven.

Whosoever is a whore-master, doth adventure his health, and wealth, and his returns are endless misery, beggary, and the pox.

Whosoever doth contrive, plot, or commit treason, doth adventure his soul to the devil and his body to the hangman.

Whosoever doth marry a young and beautiful maid, doth adventure a great hazard for a blessing or a curse.

Whosoever goes a long journey, and leaves his fair wife at home, doth most dangerously adventure for horns, if she be not the honestest.

He that sets his hand to a bond, or passes his word for another man's debt, doth *adventure* a great hazard to pay both principle and interest. *Probatum est.*

That pastor who is either negligent or uncharitable in his function, doth *adventure* more than he will ever recover.



A merchant doth adventure ship, and goods, amongst flats, shoals, deeps, pirates, shelves, rocks, gusts, storms, flaws, tempests, mists, fogs, winds, seas, heats, colds, and calms, and all for hope of profit, which often fails.

That tradesman that daily trusts more ware than he receives money for, doth *adventure* for *Ludgate*, a breaking, or a cracking of his credit.

He or she who are proud either of beauty, riches, wit, learning, strength, or any thing which is transitory, and may be lost, either by fire, water, sickness, death, or any other casualty, do *adventure* to be accounted vain-glorious, and ridiculous coxcombs.

He that puts confidence in drabs, dice, cards, balls, bowls, or any game lawful or unlawful, doth adventure to be laughed at for a fool, or die a beggar unpited.

He that eats and drinks till midnight, and fights and brawls till day-light, doth *adventure* for little rest that night.

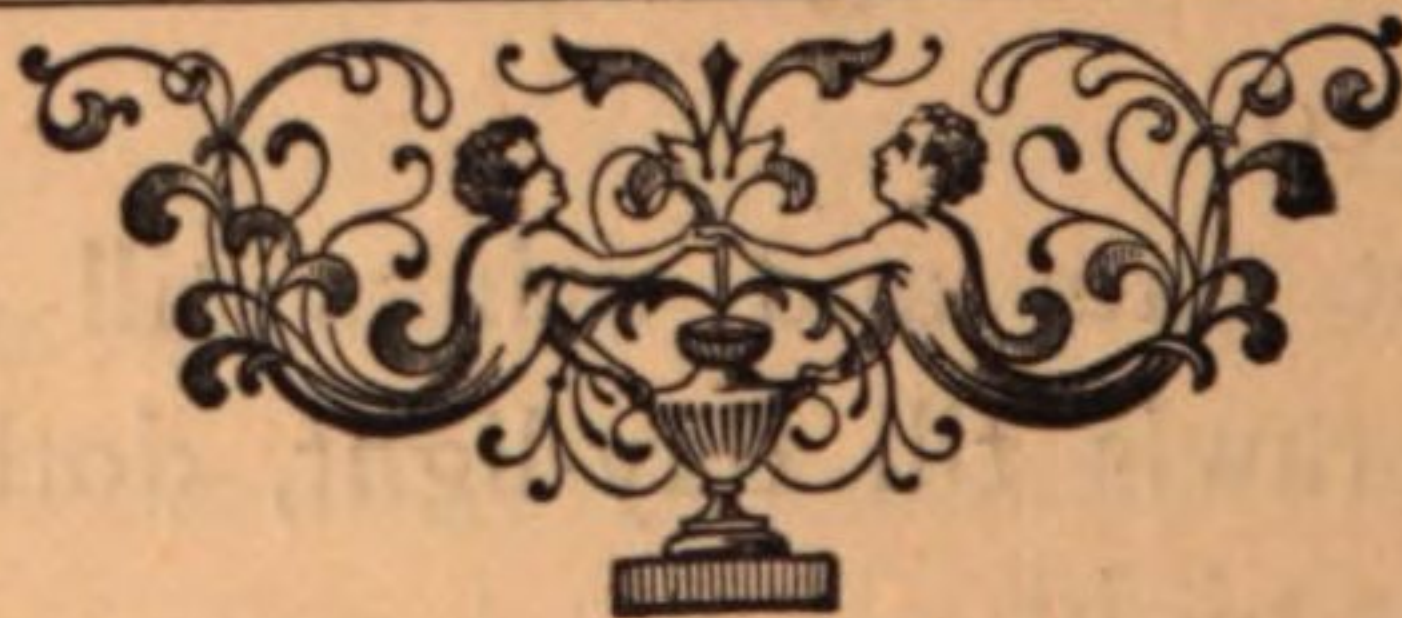
To conclude, I could name and produce abundance more of adventurers; but as concerning adventuring any more dangerous voyages to sea, with wherries, or any extraordinary means, I have done my last, only my frailty will now and then provoke me to adventure upon some of those



infirmities or vices, which attend on our  
mortalities. which I think I shall be  
free from committing before my  
debtors have paid me  
all my money.

• •  
•

*FINIS.*



LONDON,

Printed by *Nicholas Okes*, for *Matthew Walbank*,  
dwelling at *Grayes Inn Gate*.

1619.



TAYLORS  
FAREWEL,

TO

THE TOWER-  
BOTTLES.



Printed at *Dort*. 1622.



## THE ARGUMENT.

**A**BOUT three hundred and twenty years since, or thereabouts, (I think in the reign of King Richard the Second) there was a gift given to the Tower, or to the Lieutenants thereof, for the time then and for ever being, which gift was two black Leather Bottles, or Bombards of wine, from every ship that brought wine into the river of Thames; the which hath so continued until this day, but the merchants finding themselves aggrieved lately, because they thought the Bottles were made bigger than they were formerly wont to be, did wage law with the Lieutenant (Sir Gervis Helwis by name) in which suit the Lieutenant had been overthrown, but for such witnesses as I found that knew his right for a long time in their own knowledge. But I having had the gathering of these wines for many years, was at last discharged from my place because I would not buy it, which because it was never bought or sold before, I would not or durst not venture upon so dishonest a novelty, it being sold indeed at so high a rate, that whoso bought it must pay thrice the value of it: whereupon I took occasion to take leave of the Bottles in this following Poem, in which the reader must be very melancholy, if the reading thereof do not make him very merry.

JOHN TAYLOR.





## TAYLOR'S FAREWELL TO THE TOWER-BOTTLES.

**B**Y your leave Gentlemen, I'll make some  
sport,  
Although I venture half a hanging for 't:  
But yet I will no peace or manners break  
For I to none but Leather-bottles speak.  
No anger spurs me forward, or despite  
Insomuch plain verse I talk of wrong and right.  
The loser may speak, when the winner wins,  
And madly merrily my muse begins.  
Mad Bedlam *Tom*, assist me in thy rags,  
Lend me thy army of foul fiends and hags :  
Hobgoblins, elves, fair fairies, and foul furies,  
Let me have twelve gross of infernal juries,  
With *Robin Goodfellow* and bloody bone  
Assist my merry Muse, all, every one.  
I will not call to the (a) *Pegassian* nine,  
In this they shall not aid me in a line :  
Their favours I'll reserve till fitter time.  
To grace some better business with my rhyme,

(a) *The 9  
Muse.*



(b) The picture of two fools, and the third looking on, I do fitly compare with the two black Bottles and myself.

Plain home-spun stuff shall now proceed from me,

Much like unto the picture of we (b) three.

And now I talk of three, just three we are,

Two false Black bottles, and myself at jar.

And reader when you read our cause of strife,

You'll laugh or else lie down, I'll lay my life,

But as remembrance lamely can rehearse,

In sport I'll rip the matter up in verse.

Yet first here down I think it fit to set

By what means first, I with those Bottles met.

Then stroke your beard my masters and give ear,

I was a waterman twice four long year,

And lived in a contented happy state.

Then turn'd the whirling wheel of fickle Fate,

From water unto wine: Sir *William Waad*,

Did freely, and for nothing turn my trade.

Ten years almost the place I did retain,

(c) I filled the two Bottles, being in quantity six gallons from every ship that brought wines up the river of Thames.

And (c) glean'd great *Bacchus* blood from *France*  
and *Spain*,

Few ships my visitation did escape,

That brought the sprightly liquor of the grape:

My Bottles and myself did oft agree,

Full to the top all merry came *We three*.

(d) The wines had been continually brought into the Lieutenant's cellar of the Tower for 16 years and never sold till now of late within this four or five years,

Yet always 'twas my chance in *Bacchus* spite

To come into the Tower unfox'd<sup>1</sup> upright.

But as men's thoughts a world of ways do range,

So as Lieutenants chang'd, did customs (d) change:

<sup>1</sup>UNFOX'D.—i.e., not drunk.



The ancient use us'd many years before,  
 Was sold, unto the highest rate and more,  
 At such a price, which whosoe'er did give,  
 Must play the thief, or could not save and live.

Which to my loss, I manifestly found  
 I am well sure it cost me thirty pound  
 For one year, but before the next year come,  
 'Twas almost mounted to a (e) double sum :  
 Then I, in scorn, contempt, and vile disgrace,  
 Discarded was, and thrust quite from my place,  
 There *Bacchus* almost cast me in the mire,  
 And I from wine to water did retire.

(e) It was  
 sol'd at these  
 hard rates by  
 another  
 Lieutenant,  
 (an honest  
 religious  
 gentleman,  
 and a good  
 housekeeper)  
 by the per-  
 suasions of  
 some of his  
 double dili-  
 gent servants

But when the blind misjudging world did see,  
 The strange unlook'd for parting of *us three*,  
 To hear but how the multitude did judge,  
 How they did mutter, mumble, prate and grudge,  
 That for some (f) faults I surely had committed,  
 I, in disgrace thus from my place was quitted.

(f) Against  
 all the world  
 I oppose my-  
 self in this  
 point, but yet  
 I purpose to  
 confess more  
 than any  
 man can  
 accuse me of.

These imputations griev'd me to the heart,  
 (For they were causeless and without desert)  
 And therefore, though no man above the ground  
 That knew the Bottles would give twenty (g) pound  
 Rather than I would branded be with shame,  
 And bear the burthen of desertless blame,  
 To be an owl, contemptuously bewondered.

(g) Except he  
 were a fool,  
 or a mad  
 man.

I would (h) give threescore, fourscore, or a hundred.  
 For I did vow, although I were undone,  
 I would redeem my credit overrun,

(h) I did hear  
 that that  
 Lieutenant  
 was to leave  
 his place  
 which made  
 me bargain



*with him at  
any price, in  
hope that he  
would not  
stay the full  
receiving,  
which fell  
out as I  
wished it.*

And 'tis much better in a jail to rot,  
To suffer begg'ry, slavery, or what not,  
Than to be blasted with that wrong of wrongs,  
Which is the poison of backbiting tongues.  
Hoisted aloft unto this mounting tax,  
Bound fast in bonds in parchment and with wax,  
Time gallop'd, and brought on the payment day,  
And for three months I eighteen pounds did pay.  
Then I confess, I play'd the thief in grain,  
And for one bottle commonly stole twain.  
But so who buys the place, and means to thrive,  
Must many times for one take four or five.  
For this I will maintain and verify,  
It is an office no true man can buy.  
And by that reason sure I should say well,  
It is unfit for any man to sell :  
For till at such an extreme rate I bought,  
To filch or steal, I scarcely had a thought,  
And I dare make a vow 'fore God and men,  
I never play'd the thief so much as then.  
But at the last my friendly stars agreed,  
That from my heavy bonds I should be (*i*) freed :  
Which if I ever come into again,  
Let hanging be the guerdon for my pain.  
Then the (*k*) old custom did again begin,  
And to the Tower I brought the Bottles in,  
For which for serving more than half a year,  
I (with much love) had wages and good cheer,

*(i) That  
Lieutenant  
left his place,  
by which I  
was eased of  
my hard  
payments.*

*(k) By this  
Lieutenant  
that now is.*



Till one (*l*) most valiant, ignorantly stout,  
 Did buy, and over-buy, and buy me out.  
 Thus like times football, was I often tost,  
 In dock out-nettle, up-down, blest and crost,  
 Out fac'd and fac'd, grac'd, and again disgrac'd,  
 And as blind fortune pleas'd, displac'd, or plac'd,  
 And thus, for ought my (*m*) *Augury* can see,  
 Divorc'd and parted ever are *we three*.  
 Old *Naboth*, my case is much worse than thine,  
 Thou but the vineyard lost, I lost the wine :  
 Two witnesses (for bribes) thee false accus'd,  
 (Perhaps) some prating knaves have me abus'd :  
 Yet thy wrong's more than mine, the reason why,  
 For thou wast (*n*) stoned to death, so am not I.  
 But as the dogs, did eat the flesh and gore  
 Of *Jezebel*, that Royal painted whore,  
 So may the gallows eat some friends of mine,  
 That first striv'd to remove me from the wine.  
 This may by some misfortune be their lot,  
 Although that any way I wish it not.  
 But farewell Bottles never to return,  
 Weep you in sack, whilst I in ale will mourn ;  
 Yet though you have no reason, wit, or sense,  
 I'll senseless chide you for your vile offence,  
 That from your foster father me would slide  
 To dwell with ignorance, a blind-fold guide,  
 For who in *Britain* knew (but (*o*) I) to use you,  
 And who but I knew how but to abuse you ;

(*l*) A desperate cloth-worker, that did hunger and thirst to undo himself

(*m*) *Augury* is a kind of soothsaying by the flight of birds.

(*n*) *Naboth* was stoned to death, so am not I.

(*o*) My Bottles do deserve a little reproof.



My speech to you, no action sure can bear,  
From *Scandalum magnatum* I am clear.  
When upland tradesmen thus dares take in hand  
A wa'try business, they not understand :  
It did presage things would turn topsy-turvy,  
And the conclusion of it would be scurvy,  
But leaving him unto the course of fate,  
*Bottles* let you and I a-while debate,  
Call your extravagant wild humours home,  
And think but whom you are departed from ;  
I that for your sakes have given stabs and stripes,  
To give you suck from hogsheads and from pipes,  
I that with pains and care you long have nurs'd,  
Oft fill'd you with the best, and left the worst.  
And to maintain you full, would often pierce,  
The best of butts, a puncheon, or a tierce,  
Whil'st pipes and sackbuts were the instruments  
That I played on, to fill your full contents.  
With bastart, sack, with allegant, and Rhenish,  
Your hungry maws I often did replenish,  
With malmsey, muscadel, and Corsica,  
With white, red, claret, and liatica,  
With hollock, sherry, malaga, canary,  
I stuft your sides up with a sursarara, [*certiorari*]  
That though the world was hard, my care was  
still,  
To search and labour you might have your fill,  
That when my master did or sup or dine,



He had his choice of (*p*) fifteen sorts of wine.  
And as good wines they were I dare be bold,  
As any seller in this land did hold.  
Thus from these Bottles I made honour spring,  
Befitting for the castle of a king.  
This Royalty my labour did maintain,  
When I had meat and wages for my pain.  
Ingrateful *Bottles*, take it not amiss  
That I, of your unkindness tell you this,  
Sure if you could speak, you could say in brief,  
Your greatest want, was still my greatest grief.  
Did I not often in my bosom hug you,  
And in mine arms would (like a father) lug you,  
Have I not run through tempests, gusts, and storms,  
And met with danger in strange various forms,  
All times and tides, with, and against the stream,  
Your welfare ever was my labours theme.  
Sleet, rain, hail, wind, or Winter's frosty chaps,  
*Jove's* lightning, or his dreadful thunderclaps,  
When all the elements in one conspire,  
Sad earth, sharp air, rough water, flashing fire,  
Have warr'd on one another, as if all  
This world of nothing, would to nothing fall.  
When showering hail-shot, from the storming heav'n,  
Nor blustering gusts by *Æolus*, belching driven,  
Could hold me back, then oft I search'd and sought,  
And found, and unto you the purchase brought.  
All weathers, fair, foul, sunshine, wet and dry,

(*p*) This was  
a credit to  
the King's  
Castle, and  
to the  
Lieutenant  
thereof.



I travailed still, your paunches to supply.  
 Oft have I fought, and swagger'd in your right,  
 And fill'd your still by either sleight or might.  
 And in the exchequer I stood for your cause,  
 Else had you been confounded by the laws,  
 I did produce such (*q*) witnesses which cross'd  
 The merchant's suit, else you had quite been lost,  
 And (but for me) apparently 'tis known,  
 You had been kicksey-winsey over-thrown,  
 And for my service and my much pains taken,  
 I am cashier'd, abandon'd, and forsaken.  
 I knew it well, and said, and swore it too,  
 That he that bought me would himself undo,  
 And I was promis'd, that when he gave o'er,  
 That I should fill you, as I did before,  
 For which four years with patience I did stay,  
 Expecting he would break or run away,  
 Which though it be fallen out as I expected,  
 Yet nevertheless my service is rejected.  
 Let men judge if I have not cause to write  
 Against my fortune, and the world's despight,  
 That in my prime of strength, so long a (*r*) space,  
 I toiled and drudged, in such a gainless place,  
 Whereas the best part of my life I spent,  
 And to my power gave every man content.  
 In all which time which I did then remain,  
 I gave no man occasion to complain,  
 For unto all that know me, I appeal,

*(q) I found  
 and brought  
 3 witnesses  
 that knew  
 and took  
 their oaths  
 for the quan-  
 tities of the  
 Bottles  
 for 50 years.*

*(r) 14 years.*



To speak if well or ill I used to deal,  
Or if there be the least abuse in me,  
For which I thus from you should sund'red be.  
For though my profit by you was but small,  
Yet sure my gain was love in general.  
And that I do not lye nor speak amiss,  
I can bring hundreds that can witness this,  
Yet for all this, I ever am put off,  
And made a scorn, a by-word and a scoff.  
It must some villains information be,  
That hath maliciously abused me,  
But if I knew the misinforming elf,  
I would write lines should make him hang himself.  
Be he a great man that doth use me ill,  
(That makes his will his law, and law his will)  
I hold a poor man may that great man tell,  
How that in doing ill, he doth not well,  
But Bottles black, once more have at you breech,  
For unto you I only bend my speech  
Full fourteen times had *Sol's* illustrious rays,  
Ran through the *Zodiac*, when I spent my days  
To conserve, reserve, preserve and deserve,  
Your loves, when you with wants were like to starve.  
A gross of moons, and twice 12 months beside,  
I have attended you all time and tides.  
If I gain'd twelve pence by you all that time,  
May I to Tyburn for promotion climb,  
For though the blind world understand it not,



I know there's nothing by you can be got,  
Except a drunken pate, a scurvy word.  
And now and then be tumbled over board,  
And those these mischiefs I have kept me frō,  
No other Bottleman could e'er do so,  
'Tis known you have been stabb'd, thrown in the  
Thames,

And he that fil'd you beaten, with exclaims,  
Merchants, who have much abused been  
Which exigents, I never brought you in.  
But I with peace and quietness got more,  
Than any brabbling e'er could do before  
The warders knows, each Bottleman (but I)  
Had always a crack'd crown, or a black eye,  
Oft beaten like a dog, with a scratch'd face,  
Turn'd empty, beaten back with vile disgrace.  
These injuries myself did bring in quiet,  
And still with peace I fill'd you free from riot ;  
My labours have been dedicate to you,  
And you have dealt with me, as with a *Jew*,  
For unto thousand witnesses 'tis known.  
I did esteem your welfare as mine own,  
But an objection from my words may run,  
That seeing nothing by you may be won,  
Why I do keep this deal of do about you  
When as I say, I can live best without you.  
I answer, though no profit you do bring,  
Yet there is many a profitable thing,



Which I of (s) mariners might often buy,  
 Which unto me would yield commodity.  
 And I expected when the time should be,  
 That I should fill you, as 'twas promised me,  
 Whereby some other profit might be got,  
 Which I in former times remembered not,  
 All which could do the Custom-house (t) no wrong,  
 Which to repeat here, would be over-long,  
 But I was slighted with most vile disgrace,  
 And one that was my prentice plac'd in (u) place.  
 But holla, holla, Muse come back, come back,  
 I speak to none but you, you Bottles black.  
 You that are now turn'd monsters, most ingrate,  
 Where you have cause to love most, most do hate,  
 You that are of good manners quite derived,  
 Worse than the beast(x) from whence you are derived.  
 If you be good for nothing but what's naught,  
 Then sure you have been better fed than taught,  
 Besides the world will tax me, and say still  
 The fault was mine, that nurtur'd you so ill.  
 Persisting thus in your injurious wrong,  
 It shows you are drunk with being empty long.  
 Long fasting sure, hath made you weak and dull,  
 For you are steadiest, when you are most full.  
 Methinks I hear you say the fault's not yours,  
 You are commanded by superior powers,  
 But if the choice were yours, you had much rather  
 That I, than any one the wines should gather.

(s) This  
 course never  
 came into my  
 mind in 14  
 years whilst  
 I kept the  
 place.

(t) A jar  
 of olives or  
 oil, a few  
 potatoes,  
 oranges,  
 lemons,  
 and divers  
 other things,  
 which a man  
 may buy, get,  
 and save by.

(u) The  
 fellow was  
 ever a true  
 man to me,  
 and I envy  
 not his  
 happiness,  
 but yet I  
 have very  
 foul play  
 offered me.

(x) They are  
 made of a  
 beast hides



Alas poor fools, I see your force is weak,  
 Complain you cannot, wanting power to speak ;  
 If you had speech, it may be you would tell,  
 How with you and the merchants I dealt well,  
 But 'tis no matter though you silent be,  
 My fourteen years long service speaks for me ;  
 And for the merchants still my friends did prove,  
 I'll tell them somewhat to requite their love.  
 First let their wisdoms but collect and sum,  
 How many ships with wine do yearly come,  
 And they will find that all these Bottles shall  
 Not fill (y) nine hogsheads, at the most of all,  
 Then he that for them three tun dares to give,  
 The case is plain, he must or beg or thief.  
 I do not say that you have been abus'd,  
 But you may partly guess how we were used,  
 Indeed (z) I think we ne'er so soon had parted,  
 Had friendly outsides been but friendly hearted,  
 The sweet bait covers the deceiving hooks,  
 And false hearts can put on good words and looks :  
 All is not gold the proverb says that glisters,  
 And I could wish their tongues were full of blisters,  
 That with their flatt'ring diligence most double,  
 Themselves, and you, and I, thus much did trouble,  
 For misinforming paltry knaves must be,  
 The instruments of such indignity.  
 But as the fairest gardens have some weeds, [breeds,  
 And mongst the cleanest flock, some scab'd sheep

(y) At 3  
 gallons from  
 a ship, and  
 some but 1  
 gallon and a  
 half, 1  
 account 30,  
 ships  
 allowance is  
 the quantity  
 of a  
 hogshead  
 whereby it  
 may be  
 easily found  
 in the  
 custom house  
 if I speak  
 true or not

(z) Now I  
 speak of the  
 bottles  
 again.



Or as the tare amongst the wheat doth grow,  
Good only for what's ill, yet makes a show.  
So there's no greatness fixed on the ground,  
But claw-back sycophants may there be found.  
For 'tis a maxim held in every nation,  
Great men are waited on by adulation.  
No doubt but some doth to the court resort,  
And sure the Tower must imitate the Court,  
As *Cæsars* palace may (perhaps) have many,  
So *Cæsars* castle cannot say not any.  
I have found some that with each wind would move,  
With hearts all hatred, and with tongues all love,  
Who with hats moved, would take me by the fist,  
With compliments of honest *Jack* how ist?  
I'm glad to see thee well with all my heart,  
Long have I longed to drink with thee a quart,  
I have believed this dross had been pure gold,  
When presently I have been bought and sold  
Behind my back (for no desert and cause)  
By those that kindly cap'd and kissed their claws,  
For one of them (an ancient reverend scribe)  
Received forty shillings for a bribe,  
On purpose so to bring the case about  
To put another in, and thrust me out.  
Long was the time this business was a brewing,  
Until fit opportunity accruing,  
I was displaced, yet spite the bribed shark,  
The man that gave the bribe did miss the mark.



O Bottles, Bottles, Bottles, Bottles, Bottles,  
*Platos* Divine works, nor great *Aristotles*,  
Did e'er make mention of a gift so Royal,  
Was ever bought and sold like slaves disloyal.  
For since King *Richard* second of that name,  
(I think) your high prerogative you claim :  
And thus much here to write I dare be bold,  
You are a gift not given to be sold,  
For sense or reason never would allow,  
That you should e're be bought and sold till now.  
Philosophers with all their documents,  
Nor aged times with all their monuments,  
Did ever mention such untoward elves,  
That did more idly cast away themselves.  
To such low ebb your baseness now doth shrink,  
Whereas you yearly did make thousands drink,  
The hateful title now to you is left,  
You are instruments of beggary and of theft.  
But when I filled you (I dare boldly swear)  
From all these imputations you were clear,  
Against which I dare, dare, who dare or can,  
To answer him and meet him man to man,  
Truth arms me, with the which I will hold bias.  
Against the shock of any false *Goliahs*.  
Bottles you have not wanted of your fill,  
Since you have left me, by your heedless will,  
You scarce have tasted penury or want.  
(For cunning thieves are seldom ignorant)



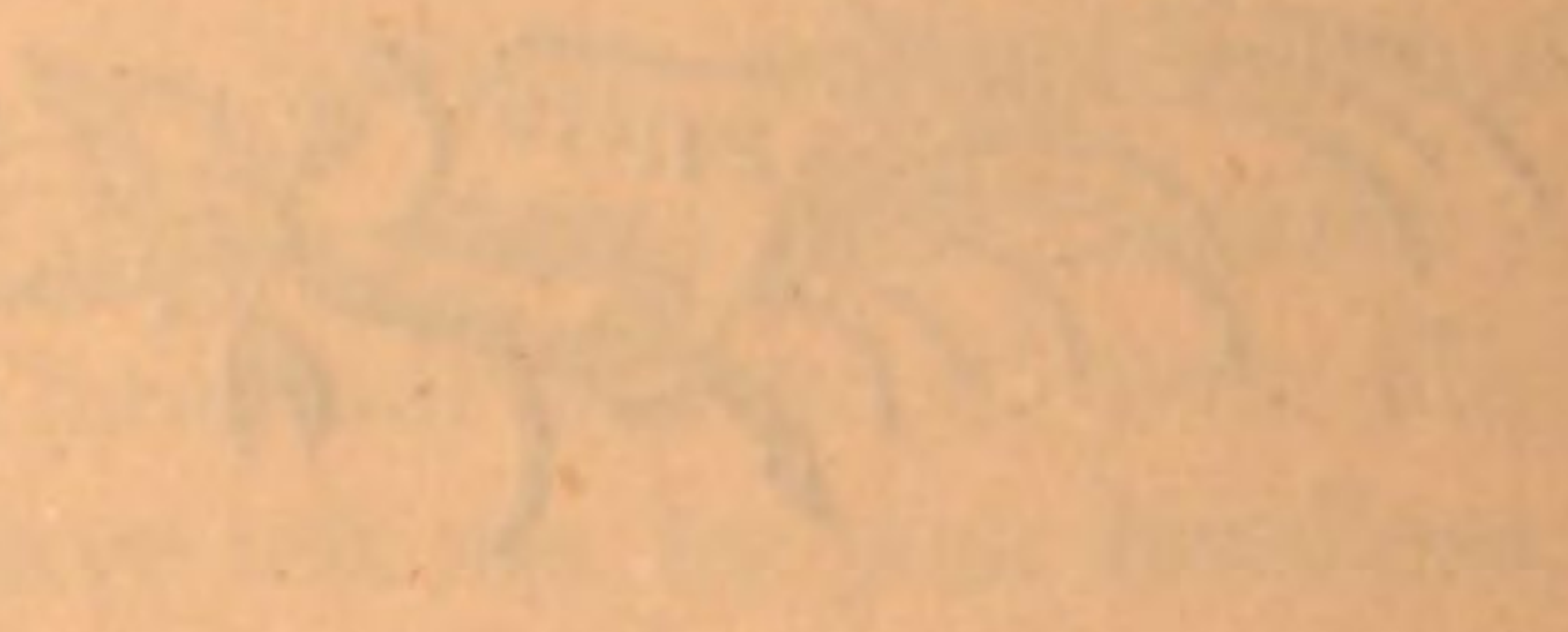
Yet many times you have been filled with trash,  
Scarce good enough your dirty skins to wash.  
All this I know, and this I did divine,  
But all's one, draff is good enough far swine.  
I do not here inveigh, or yet envy,  
The places profit, none can come thereby,  
And in my hand it lies (if so I please)  
To spoil it, and not make it worth a pease.  
And to the world I'll cause it to appear,  
Who e're gives for you twenty pounds a year.  
Must from the merchants pilfer fourscore more,  
Or else he cannot live and pay the score.  
And to close up this point, I say in brief,  
Who buys it is a begger or a thief,  
Or else a fool, or to make all agree,  
He may be fool, thief, begger, all the three,  
So you false Bottles to you both adieu,  
The *Thames* for me, not a *Denier* for you.





THE JEWEL BOX

I have found you more beautiful with age  
Than I could find you when I first began to write  
And that I know, and this I feel  
The difference is not enough for me  
I do not think I ever yet enjoyed  
The place where you are now so much  
And to my mind it is the best of all  
To see it was not made for me  
And to the world it is a shame  
To see it so long after you have gone  
But from the moment I first saw you  
The other women I no longer care  
And to the world I say in truth  
It is long since I have seen a girl  
So true and so to make all care  
The only thing I ever have seen  
So true and so to make all care  
The only thing I ever have seen





THE VNNATURALL FATHER:

*OR,*

A Cruell Murther committed by

one *IOHN ROVVSE*, of the Towne of  
*Ewell*, ten miles from *London*, in the  
County of *Surry*,

*Vpon two of his owne Children.*

---

By IOHN TAYLOR,

---



AT LONDON,  
Printed in the Yeare 1621.



THE

WATLING STREET

1841

AND

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE

WATLING STREET

AND THE

WATLING STREET

WATLING STREET

WATLING STREET

WATLING STREET

AT LONDON

Printed in the Strand 1841





## THE UNNATURAL FATHER.

**A**S a Chain consists of divers links, and every link depends, and is inyok'd upon one another: Even so our sins, being the Chain wherewith Satan doth bind and manacle us, are so knit, twisted, and soldered together, that without our firm faith ascending, and Gods grace descending, we can never be freed from those infernal fetters; for Sloth is linked with drunkenness, Drunkenness with Fornication and Adultery, and Adultery with Murder, and so of all the rest of the temptations, suggestions, and actions, wherewith miserable men and women are insnared and led captive into perpetual perdition, except the mercy of our gracious God be our defence and safe guard.

For a lamentable example of the Devils malice, and mans misery; this party, of whom I treat at this time, was a wretch, not to be matched, a fellow



not to be fellowed, and one that scarce hath an equal, for matchless misery, and unnatural Murder. But to the matter.

This *John Rowse* being a Fishmonger in *London*, gave over his trade and lived altogether in the town of *Ewell*, near *Nonsuch*,\* in the county of *Surrey*, ten miles from *London*, where he had land of his own for himself and his heirs for ever to the value of fifty pounds a year, with which he lived in good and honest fashion, being well reputed of all his neighbours, and in good estimation with Gentlemen and others that dwelt in the adjoining villages.

Until at the last he married a very honest and comely woman, with whom he lived quietly and in good fashion some six months, till the Devil sent an instrument of his, to disturb their Matrimonial

\*Nonsuch, a royal retreat, built by Henry VIII. with an excess of magnificence and elegance, even to ostentation; one would imagine everything that architecture can perform to have been employed in this one work; there are everywhere so many statues that seem to breathe, so many miracles of consummate art, so many casts that rival even the perfection of Roman antiquity, that it may well obtain and justify its name of Nonsuch, being without an equal, or as the poet sings :

“This, which no equal has in art or fame,  
Britons deservedly do Nonsuch name.”

The palace itself is so encompassed with parks full of deer, delicious gardens, groves ornamented with trellis-work, cabinets of verdure, and walks so embrowned by trees, that it seems to be a place pitched on by Pleasure herself to dwell in along with Health. The materials of Nonsuch House were valued at £7,020. Not a vestige is now standing, but the coloured bricks, stones, &c. plentifully introduced into the houses and garden walls of Cheam, prove that the materials have not been entirely destroyed.—*Cooke's Surrey*.



happiness : for they wanting a Maidservant, did entertain into their house a Wench, whose name was *Jane Blundell*, who in short time was better acquainted with her Masters bed than honesty required, which in time was found out and known by her Mistress, and brake the peace, in such sort, between the said *Rowse* and his Wife, that in the end, after two years continuance, it brake the poor womans heart, that she died and left her husband a widower, where he and his Whore were the more free to use their cursed contentments, and ungodly embracements.

Yet that estate of being unmarried, was displeasing to him, so that he took to wife another woman, who for her outward feature, and inward qualities was every way fit for a very honest man, although it were her hard fortune to match otherwise.

With this last Wife of his he lived much discontented, by reason of his keeping his lewd Trull in his house, so that by his daily riot, excessive drinking and unproportionable spending, his estate began to be much impoverished, much of his land mortgaged and forfeited, himself above two hundred pounds indebted, and in process of time to be (as a lewd liver) of all his honest neighbours rejected and contemned.

His estate and credit being almost past recovery wasted and impaired, he forsook his Wife, came up



to *London* with his Wench where he fell into a new league with a corrupted friend ; who (as he said) did most courteously cozen him of all that ever he had, and whom at this time I forbear to name, because it was *John Rowse* his request before his execution, that he should not be named in any Book or Ballad, but yet upon a Die his name may be picked out betwixt a Cinq and a Trois. This false friend of his (as he said) did persuade him to leave his Wife for altogether, and did lodge and board him and his paramour certain weeks in his house, and afterward caused him and her to be lodged (having chang'd his name) as Man and Wife in an honest mans house near Bishops-gate, at *Bevis Marks*, where they continued so long, till his money was gone, (as indeed he never had much, but now and then small petty sums from his secret friend aforesaid) and he being fearful to be smooked out by his Creditors, was counselled to leave his Country and depart for *Ireland* ; and before his going over Sea, his friend wrought so, that all his land was made over in trust to him, and Bonds, Covenants, and Leases made, as fully bought and sold for a sum of two hundred and threescore pounds ; of all which money the said *Rowse* did take the Sacrament at his death, that he never did receive one penny, but he said now and then he had five or ten shillings at a time from his said friend, and never above twenty shillings ;



and all that ever he had of him, being summed together, was not above three and twenty pounds, the which moneys his friend did pay himself out of his rents. But some more friend to him, than he was to himself, did doubt that he was cheated of his land : whereupon (to make all sure) he said that his false friend did so far prevail with him, that he the said *Rowse* took an oath in the open Court at Westminster Hall, that he had lawfully sold his land, and had received the sum above said, in full satisfaction and payment, and his said friend did vow and protest many times unto him, with such oaths, and vehement curses, that he never would deceive his trust, but that at any time when he would command all those forged Bonds and Leases, that he would surrender them unto him, and that he should never be damnified by them or him, to the value of one half penny. Upon which protestations (he said) he was enticed to undo himself out of all his earthly possessions, and by a false Oath to make hazard of his inheritance in Heaven.

In *Ireland* he staid not long, but came over again, and was by his friend persuaded to go into the Low Countries: which he did, never minding his Wife and two small children which he had by her, having likewise a brace of bastards by his Whore (as some say) but he said that but one of them was of



his begetting. But he, after some stay in *Holland*, saw that he could not fadge there, according to his desire and withal, suspecting that he was cheated of his land, and above all, much perplexed in his Conscience for the false oath that he had taken, pondering his miserable estate, and rueing his unkindness to his Wife, and unnatural dealing to his Children, thinking with himself what course were best to take to help himself out of so many miseries which did incompass him, he came over again into *England* to his too dear friend, demanding of him his Bonds and Leases of his Land which he had put him in trust withal. But then his friend did manifest himself what he was, and told him plainly, that he had no writings, nor any land of his, but what he had dearly bought and paid for. All which (*Rowse* replied unto him) was false, as his own Conscience knew. Then said the other, have I not here in my custody your hand and seal to confirm my lawful possession of your land? and moreover have I not a record of an oath in open Court, which you took concerning the truth of all our bargain? And seeing that I have all these especial points of the Law, as an Oath, Indentures, and a sure possession, take what course you will, for I am resolved to hold what I have

These (or the like) words, in effect passed betwixt *Rowse* and his friend (*Trusty Roger*) which entering at his ears, pierced his heart like daggers ;



and being out of money, and credit, a man much infamous for his bad life, indebted beyond all possible means of payment; a perjured wretch to cozen himself, having no place or means to feed or lodge, and fearful of being arrested, having so much abused his Wife, and so little regarded his Children, being now brought to the pits, brim of desperation, not knowing amongst these calamities which way to turn himself, he resolved at last to go home to *Ewell* again to his much wronged Wife for his last refuge in extremity.

The poor Woman received him with joy, and his Children with all gladness welcomed home the prodigal Father, with whom he remained in much discontentment and perplexity of mind: the Devil still tempting him to mischief and despair, putting him in mind of his former better estate, comparing pleasures past with present miseries: and he revolving that he had been a man in that Town, had been a Gentlemans companion, of good reputation and calling, that he had Friends, Lands, Money, Apparel and Credit, with means sufficient to have left for the maintenance of his Family, and that now he had nothing left him but poverty and beggary, and that his two Children were like to be left to go from door to door for their living.

Being thus tormented and tost with restless imaginations; he seeing daily to his further grief,



the poor case of his Children, and fearing that worse would befall them hereafter, he resolved to work some means to take away their languishing lives, by a speedy and untimely death, the which practice of his (by the Devils instigation and assistance) he effected as followeth.

To be sure that no body should stop or prevent his devilish enterprise ; he sent his Wife to *London* on a frivolous errand, for a riding coat : and she being gone somewhat timely, and too soon in the morning, both her children being in bed and fast asleep, being two very pretty Girls, one of the age of six years, and the other four years old, none being in the house but themselves, their unfortunate Father, and his ghostly Counsellor, the doors being fast locked, he having an excellent spring of water\* in the cellar of his house (which, to a good mind that would have employed it well, would have been a blessing : for the water is that of christaline purity, and clearness, that Queen *Elizabeth* of famous memory would daily send for it for her own use) in which he purposed to drown his poor innocent children sleeping : for he going into the chamber where they lay, took the youngest of them named *Elizabeth*, forth of her bed, and carried her down the stairs into his cellar, and there put her in the

\*SPRING OF WATER.—The Spring Hotel, renowned for its beautiful gardens and wedding breakfasts, and now kept by Mr. John King, a very civil and obliging “mine host,” occupies the site.



spring of water, holding down her head under that pure element with his hands, till at last the poor harmless soul and body parted one from another.

Which first act of this his inhuman tragedy being ended, he carried the dead corpse up three pair of stairs, and laying it down on the floor, left it, and went down into the chamber where his other daughter, named *Mary*, was in bed; being newly awaked, and seeing her father, demanded of him where her Sister was? To whom he made answer that he would bring her where she was. So taking her in his arms, he carried her down towards the cellar: and as he was on the cellar stairs, she asked him what he would do, and whither he would carry her? Fear nothing, my Child (quoth he) I will bring thee up again presently: and being come to the spring, as before he had done with the other, so he performed the last unfatherly deed upon her, and to be as good as his word, carried her up the stairs and laid her by her sister; that done, he laid them out, and covered them both with a sheet, walking up and down his house, weeping and lamenting his own misery, and his friends treachery, that was the main ground of all his misfortunes, and the death of his Children: and though there was time and opportunity enough for him to fly, and to seek for safety; yet the burthen and guilt of his conscience was so heavy to him, and his desperate case was so extreme



that he never offered to depart ; but as a man weary of his life, would, and did stay, till such time as he was apprehended and sent to Prison, where he lay till he was rewarded with a just deserved death.

What his other intents were, after he had drowned his Children is uncertain ; for he drew his sword, and laid it naked on a table, and after he gat a poor woman down into the cellar, and in the same place where the two infants lost their lives, he did help the woman to wring a buck of his clothes, and then he requested her to help to convey his goods out of his house ; for he said that he feared, that the Sheriff of Surrey would come and seize upon all. But the woman not thinking of any of the harm that was done, imagined that he had meant that his goods would be seized for debt, and not for murder.

But to return to the miserable Mother of the murdered Children, she said that her heart throbbed all the day, as fore-boding some heavy mischance to come : and having done her business that she came about to *London*, as soon as she came home, she asked for her Children ; to whom her husband answered that they were at a neighbours house in the Town. Then said she, I will go thither to fetch them home. No, quoth he, I will go myself presently for them. Then said his Wife, let the poor woman that is here, go and bring them home. But at last she saw such delay was used, she was



going herself; then her Husband told her that he had sent them to a Kinsmans of his at a village called *Sutton*, four miles from *Ewell*, and that he had provided well for them, and prayed her to be contented and fear nothing, for they were well. These double tales of his, made her to doubt somewhat was amiss: therefore she intreated him for Gods sake to tell her truly where they where. Whereupon he said, If you will needs know where they are, go but up the stairs into such a chamber, and there you shall find them. But in what a lamentable perplexity of mind the poor woman was, when she perceived how and which way they lost their lives, any Christian that hath an heart of flesh may imagine. Presently the Constable was sent for, who took him into his custody, who amongst other talk, demanded of him why and how he could commit so unnatural a fact, as to murder his Children? To whom he answered, that he did it, because he was not able to keep them, and that he was loth they should go about the Town a begging: and moreover, that they were his own, and being so, that he might do what he would with them, and that they had their lives from him, and therefore he had taken their lives from them, and was contented to lose his life for them: for he was sure that their miseries were past, and for his part, he had an assured hope to go to them, though they could not come to him.



So being had before Justice, his examination was very brief ; for he confest all the whole circumstances of the matter freely ; so that he was sent to the common Prison of *Surrey*, called the *White Lion*, where he remained fourteen or fifteen weeks a wonderful penitent Prisoner, never, or very seldom, being without a Bible or some other good book meditating upon ; and when any one did but mention his Children, he would fetch a deep sigh, and weep, desiring every one to pray for him : and upon his own earnest request, he was prayed for at *Pauls Cross*, and at most of the Churches in *London*, and at many in the Country, and at the Sessions holden at *Croydon*, the latter end of *June* last, he made such free confession at the Bar, declaring the manner of his life, his odious Drinking, his abominable Whoring, his cruel Murder, and the false dealing of his deceitful friend, which was the cause of his final wreck : with which Relations of his pronounced, with such vehemency and protestations, he moved all that heard him to commiseration and pity.

So, according to Law and Justice, he was there condemned and judged (for the murdering of his two children) to be hanged ; which judgment was executed on him at the common Gallows, at *Croydon*, on Monday, the second day of *June*, 1621, where he died with great penitency and remorse of conscience.



This was the lamentable end of *John Rowse*, a man of the age of fifty years, and one that might have lived and died in better fashion, if he had laid hold on the grace of heaven, and craved Gods protection and fatherly assistance ; but of all that herein is declared, this one thing which I now declare, is most lamentable and remarkable ; which is, that *Ewell* being a market town, not much above ten miles from *London*, in a Christian Kingdom, and such a Kingdom, where the all-saving Word of the ever-living God is most diligently, sincerely, and plentifully preached ; and yet amidst this diligence, as it were in the circle or centre of his sincerity, and in the flood of this plenty, the Town of *Ewell* hath neither Preacher nor Pastor : for although the Parsonage be able to maintain a sufficient Preacher, yet the living being in a Laymans hand, is rented out to another for a great sum, and yet no Preacher maintained there. Now the chief Landlord out of his portion, doth allow but seven pounds yearly for a Reader, and the other that doth hire the Parsonage at a great rent, doth give the said Reader four pound the year more out of his means and courtesy : and by this means the Town is served with a poor old man that is half blind, and by reason of his age can scarcely read : for all the world knows, that so small a stipend cannot find a good Preacher books, and very hardly bread to live on ; so that the poor souls



dwelling there, are in danger of famishing, for want of a good Preacher to break the Bread of Life unto them : for a Sermon amongst them, is as rare as as warm weather in *December*, or ice in *July* : both which I have seen in *England*, though but seldom.

And as the Wolf is most bold with the Sheep, when there is either no shepherd, or an impotent insufficient one, so the Devil (perhaps) took his advantage of this wretched man, seeing he was so badly guarded, and so weakly guided to withstand his force and malice : for where God is least known and called upon, there Satan hath most power and domination. But howsoever, I wish with all my heart, that that Town and many more were better provided than they are, and then such numbers of souls would not be in hazard to perish ; nor so many sufficient scholars that can preach and teach well, live in penury through want of maintenance. I could run further upon this point, but that I do shortly purpose to touch it more to be quick in another book.

By this mans fall, we may see an example of Gods Justice against Drunkenness, Whoredom, and Murder ; the Devil being the first Author, who was a Murderer from the beginning : who filled *Cain* with envy, that he murdered his brother *Abel* : who tempted *David* first to Adultery, and afterwards to Murder ; who provoked *Herod* to cause the blessed



Servant of God *John Baptist* to lose his head, because he told him it was not lawful for him to marry his brother *Philips* Wife ; and who was the provoker of the aforesaid *Herod* to murder all the innocent male children in his Kingdom. And let us but mark and consider the plagues and punishments that God hath inflicted upon Murderers, Adulterers, and incestuous persons : First *Cain*, although by his birth he was the first man that ever was born, a Prince by his birth, and heir apparent to all the world ; yet for the Murder by him committed on his brother, he was the first Vagabond and Runagate on the face of the earth, almost fearful of his own shadow : and after he had lived a long time terrified in Conscience, was himself slain (as is supposed) by *Lamech*, *Simeon* and *Levi* the sons of *Jacob* were accursed of their Father for the slaughter of the *Sichemites* ; *Joab* the Captain of *David's* host, was slain for the murdering of *Abner* ; *David* himself, for the death of *Urias*, and the Adultery committed with *Bethsheba*, was continually plagued and vexed with the Sword of War, with the Rebellion of his own sons, and with the untimely deaths of *Amnon*, and *Absolom*. *Baanah* and *Rechab*, for the slaying of *Ishbosheth* the son of *Saul*, they were both by *David's* commandment put to death, who had both their hands and feet cut off, and were afterward hanged over the Pool in *Hebron* :



*Samuel* 2. 4. The examples are infinite out of divine and human Histories, that God did never suffer Murder to go unrewarded: and this miserable man, of whom I have here related is a most manifest spectacle of Gods revenging vengeance, for that crying and heinous sin.

As concerning Lust and Incontinency, it is a short pleasure, bought with long pain, a honeyed poison, a Gulf of shame, a Pickpurse, a breeder of diseases, a gall to the Conscience, a corrosive to the heart, turning mans wit into foolish madness, the bodies bane, and the souls perdition: it is excessive in youth and odious in age; besides, God himself doth denounce most fearful threats against Fornicators and Adulterers, as the Apostle saith, that Whoremongers and Adulterers shall not inherit the Kingdom of Heaven, *1. Cor.* 6. 9. And God himself saith, that he will be a swift witness against Adulterers, *Mal.* 3. 5. And the Wise man saith, *that because of the whorish woman, a man, is brought to a morsel of bread, and a woman will hunt for the precious life of a man:* For, saith he, *can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burnt? or can a man go up on hot Coals, and his feet not be burnt? So he that goeth into his neighbours Wife, shall not be innocent,* *Prov.* 6. 27, 28, 29. *Abimelech*, one of the sons of *Gideon*, murdered three-score and ten of his Brethren; and in reward thereof (by the



Just Judgment of God) a woman with a piece of a millstone beat out his brains, after he had usurped the Kingdom three years, *Judges* the 9. Our English Chronicles make mention, that *Roger Mortimer*, Lord Baron of Wallingford, murdered his Master King *Edward* the second, and caused the Kings Uncle, *Edmund* Earl of *Kent*, causelessly to be beheaded: but Gods Justice overtook him at last, so that for the said Murders he was shamefully executed. *Humphrey* Duke of *Gloucester* was murdered in the Abbey of *Bury* by *William de la Poole* Duke of *Suffolk*, who afterward was beheaded himself on the Sea by a Pirate. *Arden* of *Feversham*, and *Page* of *Plymouth*, both their Murders are fresh in memory, and the fearful ends of their wives and their Aiders in those bloody actions will never be forgotten.

It is too manifestly known, what a number of Stepmothers and Strumpets have most inhumanly murdered their Children, and for the same have most deservedly been executed. But in the memory of man (nor scarcely in any History) it is not to be found, that a Father did ever take two Innocent Children out of their beds, and with weeping tears of pitiless pity, and unmerciful mercy, to drown them shewing such compassionate cruelty, and sorrowful sighing, remorseless remorse in that most unfatherly and unnatural deed,



All which may be attributed to the malice of the Devil, whose will and endeavour is that none should be saved, who lays out his traps and snares, entangling some with Lust, some with Covetousness, some with Ambition, Drunkenness, Envy, Murder, Sloth, or any Vice whereto he sees a man or a woman most inclined unto, as he did by this wretched man, lulling him, as it were, in the cradle of sensuality, and ungodly delight, until such time as all his means, reputation, and credit was gone, and nothing left him but misery and reproach. Then he leads him along through doubts and fears, to have no hope in Gods Providence persuading his Conscience that his sins were unpardonable, and his estate and credit unrecoverable.

With these suggestions, he led him on to despair, and in desperation to kill his Children, and make shipwreck of his own Soul in which the diligence of the Devil appeareth, that he labours and travels incessantly : and as Saint *Bernard* saith, in the last day shall rise in condemnation against us, because he hath ever been more diligent to destroy souls, than we have been to save them. And for a Conclusion let us beseech God of his infinite mercy to defend us from all the subtle temptations of Satan.





JOHN ROWSE his Prayer for pardon  
of his lewd life, which he used  
*to pray in the time of his  
imprisonment.*

**G**OD of my Soul and Body, have mercy upon me; the one I have cast away by my Folly, and the other is likely to perish in thy Fury, unless in thy great mercy thou save it. My Sins are deep Seas to drown me; I am swallowed up in the bottomless gulf of my own transgressions. With *Cain* I have been a Murderer, and with *Judas* a Betrayer of the Innocent. My body is a slave to Satan, and my wretched Soul is devoured up by Hell. Black have been my thoughts, and blacker are my deeds. I have been the Devils instrument, and am now become the scorn of men; a Serpent upon earth, and an Outcast from Heaven. What therefore can become of me (miserable Caitiff? If I look to my Redeemer, to him I am an Arch-Traitor, if upon Earth, it is drowned with blood of my shedding, if into Hell, there I see my Conscience burning in the



Brimstone Lake. God of my Soul and Body have mercy therefore upon ; Save me, O Save me, or else I perish for ever ; I die for ever in the world to come, unless (sweet Lord) thou catchest my repentant Soul in thine Arms ; O save me, save me, save me.



JOHN ROWSE of *Ewell* his own Arraignment,  
Confession, Condemnation, and Judgment  
of himself whilst he lay Prisoner  
in the *White Lion*, for  
drowning of his  
*two Children.*



*Am arraign'd at the black dreadful Bar ;  
Where Sins (so red as Scarlet) Judges  
are ;*

*All my Indictments are my horrid Crimes,  
Whose Story will affright succeeding Times,  
As (now) they drive the present into wonder,  
Making Men tremble, as trees struck with Thunder.*

*If any asks what evidence comes in ?  
O 'tis my Conscience, which hath ever been*



*A thousand witnesses : and now it tells  
A Tale, to cast me to ten thousand Hells.*

*The Jury are my Thoughts (upright in this,)  
They sentence me to death for doing amiss :  
Examinations more their need not then,  
Than what's confest here both to God and Men.*

*That Crier of the Court is my black Shame,  
Which when it calls my Fury doth proclaim,  
Unless (as they are summon'd) they appear,  
To give true Verdict of the Prisoner,  
They shall have heavy Fines upon them set,  
Such, as may make them die deep in Heavens debt :  
About me round sit and Innocence and Truth,  
As Clerks to this high Court ; and little Ruth  
From Peoples eyes is cast upon my face :  
Because my facts are barbarous, damn'd and base.*

*The Officers that 'bout me (thick) are plac'd,  
To guard me to my death, (when I am cast)  
Are the black stings my speckled soul now feels,  
Which like to Furies dog me, close at heels.  
The Hangman that attends me, is Despair,  
And gnawing worms my fellow-Prisoners are.*



His Indictment for Murder of his Children.



*HE first who (at this Sessions) loud doth call  
me*

*Is Murder, whose grim visage doth appal  
me ;*

*His eyes are fires, his voice rough wind out-roars,  
And on my head the Divine vengeance scores :  
So fast and fearfully I sink to ground,  
And wish I were in twenty Oceans drown'd.*

*He says, I have a bloody Villain been,  
And (to prove this) ripe Evidence steps in,  
Brow'd like myself: Justice so brings about,  
That black sins still hunt one another out :  
'Tis like a rotten frame ready to fall ;  
For one main Post being shaken, pulls down all.*

*To this Indictment, (holding up my hand,)  
Fettered with Terrors more than Irons stand,  
And being asked what to the Bill I say,  
Guilty, I cry. O dreadful Sessions day !*



His Judgment.

**F**OR these thick Stygian streams in which  
th'ast swom,  
Thy guilt hath on thee laid this bitter  
doom ;

Thy loath'd life on a Tree of shame must take  
A leave compelled by Law, e'er old age make  
Her signed Pass-port ready. Thy offence  
No longer can for days on earth dispense.  
Time blot thy name out of this bloody roll,  
And so the Lord have mercy on my Soul.

His speech what he could say for himself.

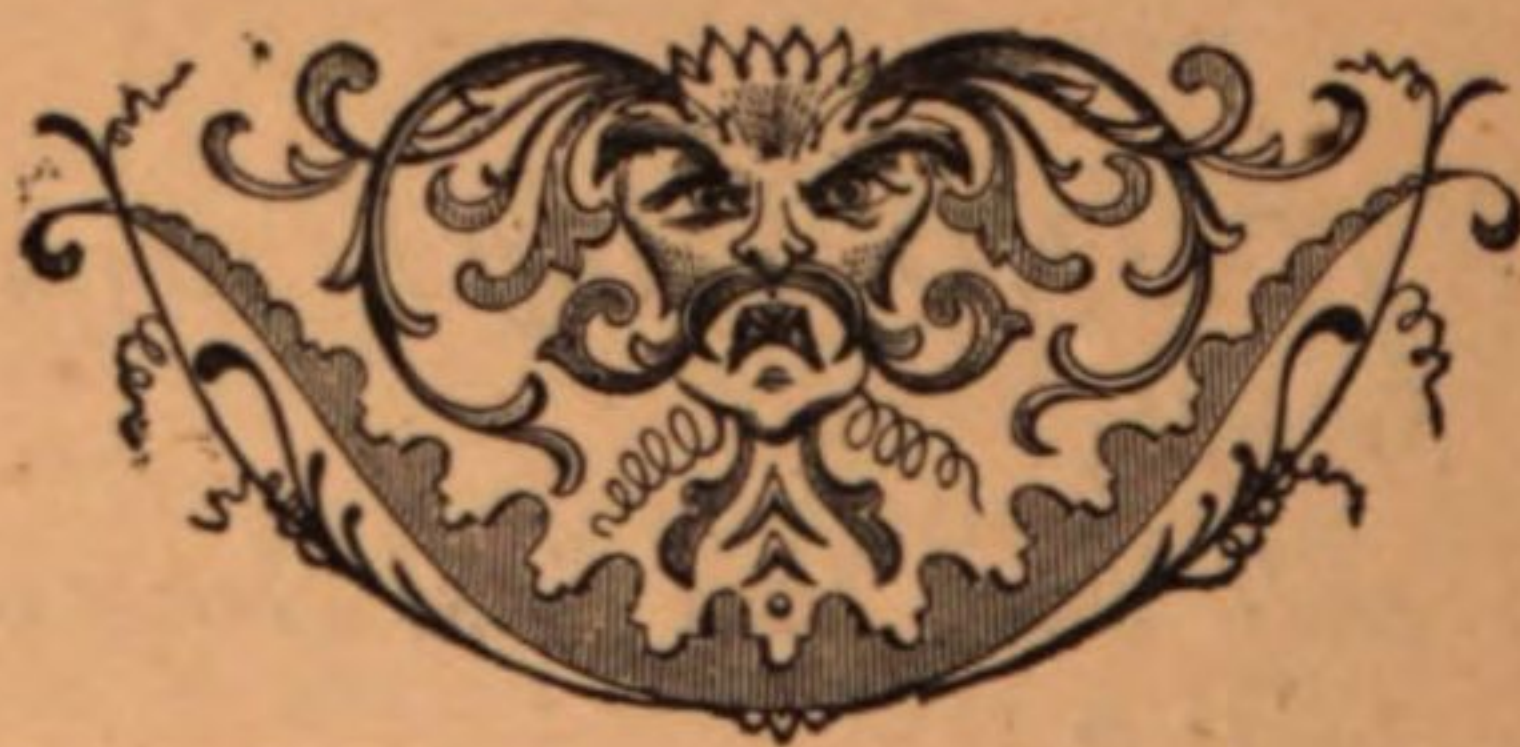
**W**RETCHED Caitiff! what persuasive  
breath,  
Can call back this just Sentence of quick  
death ?

I beg no boon, but mercy at Gods hands,  
(The King of Kings, the Sovereign that commands  
Both Soul and Body) O let him forgive  
My Treason to his Throne, and whilst I live,  
Fibbets and Racks shall torture limb by limb,



*Through worlds of Deaths I'll break to fly to him.  
My Birth-day gave not to my Mothers womb,  
More ease, than this shall joys, whene'er it come.  
My body mould to earth, sins sink to Hell,  
My penitent Soul win Heaven, vain world farewell.*

FINIS.





*SIR*  
Gregory Nonsense

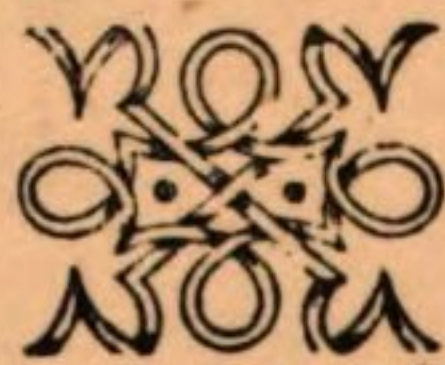
His Newes from no place.

*Written on purpose, with much study to  
no end, plentifully stored with want of  
wit, learning, Iudgement, Rime and  
Reason, and may seeme very fitly  
for the vnderstanding of  
Nobody.*

*Toyte, Puncton, Ghemorah, Molushque,  
Kaycapepson.*

This is the worke of the Authors, without bor-  
*rowing or stealing from others.*

By *Iohn Taylor.*



Printed in *London*, and are to bee sold be-  
tweene *Charing-Crosse*, and *Algate*.

1700.









To the (Sir Reverence) Right Worshipped Mr.  
Trim Tram Senseless, Great Image of Authority  
and *Hedgborough* of the famous City of  
*Gotham*, and to the rest of that admir-  
ed and unmatched Senate, with  
their Corruptions and  
Families.

**M**OST Honorificabilitudinitatibus, *I having studied the seven Lubberly Sciences (being nine by computation) out of which I gathered three conjunctions four mile Ass-under, which with much labour, and great ease, to little or no purpose, I have noddicated to your gray, grave, and gravelled Pratection. I doubt not but I might have had a Patron nearer hand, as the Dean of Dunstable, or the Beadle of Leighton Buzzard, but that I know the Phrase, Method and Style, is not for every mans understanding, no my most renowned Pythagor-Asses, for you this Hogshead of invention was brewed and broached, for I am ignorantly persuaded, that your wisdom can pick as much matter out of this Book in one day, as both the Universities can in twelve months, and thirteen Moons, with six times*



*four years to boot. I know your bounties too exding, for as old mother Baly said, the wit of man was much, when she saw a dog muzzled. Every man is not born to make a Monument for the Cuckoo ; to send a Trifoot home alone, to drive sheep before they have them, or to Trundle cheeses down a hill. So saluting you with more prespect than the Mayor of Loo did the Queens Ape, I take leave to leave you, and rest yours to bid you welcome, if you came within a mile of my house to stay all night.*

*Yours Rolihaytons.*







*To Nobody.*

**U**PON a Christmas Even, somewhat nigh  
Easter, anon after Whitsuntide, walking in  
a Coach from London to Lambeth by  
water, I overtook a man that met me in the morning  
before Sunset, the wind being in *Capricorn*, the  
Sign *Southwest*, with silence I demanded many  
questions of him, and he with much pensiveness did  
answer me merrily to the full, with such ample and  
empty replications, that both our understandings  
being equally satisfied, we contentiously agreed to  
finish and prosecute the narration of the Unknown  
Knight Sir *Gregory Nonsense*: so sitting down upon  
our shoulders, resting uneasily on a bank of  
Sycamores, under a tree of Odoriferous and conta-  
gious Camomile, after three sighs, smilingly uttered  
in the Hebrew Character, two groans from the  
Chaldean Dialect, five sobs from the Arabian  
Cinquapace, six dumps from the German Idiom,  
nine Moods of melancholy from the Italian tongue,  
With one hub bub from the Hibernian outcry.  
And last he laughed in the Cambrian tongue, and  
began to declare in the Utopian speech, what I have  
here with most diligent negligence Translated into  
the English Language, in which if the Printer hath



placed any line, letter or syllable, whereby this large volume may be made guilty to be understood by any man, I would have the Reader not to impute the fault to the Author, for it was far from his purpose to write to any purpose, so ending at the beginning, I say as it is ap plausefully written and commended to posterity in the Midsummer nights dream. If we offend, it is with our good will, we came with no intent, but to offend, and show our simple skill.

*Rolihaytons.*

---

The names of such Authors Alphabetically recited, as are simply mentioned in this Work.

*A* *MADIS de Gaul.*

*Archy Arms.*

*Bevis of Hampton.*

*Boe to a Goose.*

*Charing Cross.*

*Coakley.*

*Dusmore Cow.*

*Davy Wager.*

*Evanwich Muff.*

*Frier and the boy.*

*Fubs his Travels.*

*Garagantua.*

*Gammon of West Phallia,*

*Grigs Granam.*

*Hundred merry tales.*

*Huon of Burdeaux.*

*Jack Drum.*

*Knight of the Sun.*

*Knave of Diamonds.*

*Lanum.*

*Long Meg.*

*Mad Mawlin.*

*Nobody.*

*O tool.*

*Proofs of OOOO.*

*Quinborough Oysters.*

*Ready money.*

*Shooters Hill.*

*Singer.*

*Sir Thomas Persons.*

*Tarleton.*

*Tom Derry.*

*Tom Thumb.*

*Unguentum Album.*

*Will Summers.*

*Wit whither wilt thou?*

*Woodcock of our side.*

*Xampelloes Quiblines.*

*Yard of Ale.*

*Zany on tumbling.*





SIR GREGORY NONSENSE;  
HIS NEWS FROM NO PLACE.

**I**T was in June the eight and thirtieth day,  
That I embarked was on Highgate hill,  
After discourteous friendly taking leave :  
Of my young Father *Madge* and Mother  
*John,*

The wind did ebb, the tide flow'd North  
Southeast,

We hoist our Sails of Colloquintida.  
And after 13. days and 17. nights,  
(With certain Hieroglyphic hours to boot)  
We with tempestuous calms and friendly storms,  
Split our main top-mast, close below the keel.  
And I with a dull quick congruity,  
Took 19. ounces of the Western wind,  
And with the pith of the pole Artichoke,  
Sail'd by the flaming Coast of Trapezond,  
There in a Fort of melting Adamant,  
Arm'd in a Crimson Robe, as black as jet,



I saw *Alcides* with a Spiders thread,  
Lead *Cerberus* to the Pronontic sea,  
Then cutting further through the marble Main,  
'Mongst flying Bulls, and 4. leg'd Turkeycocks,  
A dumb fair spoken, wellfaced aged youth,  
Sent to me from the stout Stimphalides,  
With tongueless silence thus began his speech :  
Illustrious flap-jack, to thy hungry doom,  
Low as the ground I elevate my cause,  
As I upon a Gnat was riding late.  
In quest to parley with the Pleiades,  
I saw the Duke of Houndsditch gaping close,  
In a green harbour made of yellow starch,  
Betwixt two Brokers howling Madrigals,  
A Banquet was served in of lampreys bones,  
Well pickl'd in the Tarbox of old time,  
When *Demogorgon* sail'd to *Islington* ;  
Which I perceiving with nine chads of steel,  
Straight flew upon the coast of Pimlico.  
T'inform great *Prester John*, and the *Mogul*,  
What ex'lent Oysters were at *Billingsgate*.  
The *Mogul* (all enraged with these news,)  
Sent a black snail post to *Tartaria*,  
To tell the Irishmen in *Saxony*,  
The dismal down downfall of old Charing Cross.  
With that nine butter Firkins in a flame,  
Did coldly rise to Arbitrate the cause :  
Guessing by the Cinderesses of Wapping,



Saint *Thomas Watrings* is most ominous.  
For though an Andiron, and a pair of Tongs,  
May both have breeding from one teeming womb,  
Yet by the calculation of Pickt-hatch,  
Milk must not be so dear as Muscadel.  
First shall Melpomene in Cobweb Lawn  
Adorn great *Memphis* in a Mussel boat,  
And all the Muses clad in Robes of Air,  
Shall dance Levoltions with a Whirligig,  
Fair *Pluto* shall descend from Brazen Dis,  
And *Polyphemus* keep a Seamsters shop,  
The Isle of *Wight* shall like a dive-dapper,  
Devour the Egyptian proud *Pyramids*,  
Whilst *Cassia Fistula* shall gormandize,  
Upon the flesh and blood of Croydon coal dust,  
Then on the banks of Shoreditch shall be seen,  
What 'tis to serve the great Utopian Queen.  
This fearful period with great joyful care,  
Was heard with acclamations, and in fine,  
The whilst a lad of aged Nestors years,  
Stood sitting in a Throne of massy yeast,  
(Not speaking any word) gave this reply :  
Most conscript Umpire in this various Orb,  
I saw the Cedars of old, *Lebanon*,  
Read a sad Lecture unto *Clapham* heath.  
At which time a strange vision did appear,  
His head was Buckram, and his eyes were sedge,  
His arms were blue bottles, his teeth were straw,



His legs were nine well squar'd Tobacco Pipes,  
Cloth'd in a garment all of Dolphins eggs,  
Then with a voice erected to the ground,  
Lifting aloft his hands unto his feet,  
We thus began, Cease friendly cutting throats,  
Clamour the Promulgation of your tongues,  
And yielded to Demagorgons policy.  
Stop the refulgent method of your moods,  
For should live old *Paphlagonias* years,  
And with *Sardanapalus* match in virtue.  
Yet *Atropos* will with a Marigold,  
Run through the Mountains of the Caspian Sea.  
When you shall see above you and beneath,  
That nothing kills a man so soon as death,  
*Aquarius* join'd with *Pisces*, in firm league,  
With Reasons and vindictive Arguments,  
That pulveriz'd the King of Diamonds,  
And with a diogorical relapse,  
Squeaz'd through the Cinders of a Butterfly,  
Great *Oberon* was mounted on a Wasp,  
To signify this news at Dunstable.  
The Weathercock at Pancrage in a fume,  
With Patience much distracted hearing this,  
Reply'd thus briefly without fear or wit,  
What madness doth thy Pericranion seize,  
Beyond the Dragons tail Artiphilax.  
Think'st thou a Wolf thrust though a sheep-skin  
glove,



Can make me take this Goblin for a Lamb :  
Or that a Crocodile in Barley broth,  
Is not a dish to feast don Belzebub,  
Give me a Medlar in a field of blue,  
Wrapt up stigmatically in a dream,  
And I will send him to the gates of Dis,  
To cause him fetch a sword of massy Chalk,  
With which he won the fatal Theban field,  
From Romes great mitred Metropolitan.  
Much was the quoil this braving answer made,  
When presently a German Conjuror,  
Did ope a learned Book of Palmistry,  
Cram'd full of mental reservations :  
The which beginning with a loud low voice,  
With affable and kind discourtesy,  
He spake what no man heard or understood,  
Words tending unto this or no respect,  
Spawn of a Tortoise hold thy silent noise,  
For when the great Leviathan of Trumps,  
Shall make a breach in *Sinons* Tennis Court.  
Then shall the pigmy might *Hercules*,  
Skip like a wilderness in Woodstreet Counter,  
The *Taurus* shall in league with *Hannibal*,  
Draw *Bacchus* dry, whilst *Boreas* in a heat,  
Envelop'd in a Gown of Icicles :  
With much discretion and great want of wit,  
Leave all as wisely as it was at first.  
I mused much how those things could be done.



When straight a water Tankard answer'd me,  
That it was made with a Parenthesis,  
With thirteen yards of Kersey and a half,  
Made of fine flax which grew on Goodwin sands,  
Whereby we all perceived the Hernshaws breed,  
Being trusted with a charitable doom,  
Was near Bunhill, when straght I might descry,  
The Quintessence of Grub street well distilled  
Through Cripplegate in a contagious Map.  
Bright *Phæton* all angry at the sight,  
Snatcht a large Wool-pack from the pismires mouth.  
And in a Tailors Thimble boil'd a Cabbage.  
Then all the standers-by, most Reverend, rude,  
Judg'd the ease was most obscure and clear,  
And that three salt Enigramates well apply'd  
With fourscore Pipers and *Arions* Harp,  
Might catch *Garagantua* through an auger-hole,  
And 'twas no doubt but mully *Mahomet*,  
Would make a quaffing bowl of *Gorgons* skull,  
Whilst gormondizing *Tantalus* would weep,  
That *Polypheme* should kiss *Auroras* lips,  
Tri-formed *Cinthia* in a Cinquefoil shape,  
Met with the Dogstar on Saint *David's* day,  
But said *Grimalkin* mumbling up the Alps,  
Made fifteen fustain fumes of Pastycrust.  
This was no sooner known at *Amsterdam*,  
But with an Ethiopian Argosy,  
Man'd with Flap-dragons, drinking upsy-freeze,



They past the purple gulf of Basingstoke.  
This being finished, search to an end,  
A full odd number of just sixteen dogs,  
Drenched in a sulphur flame of scalding Ice,  
Sung the Besonian Whirlpools of *Argeire*,  
Mixt with pragmatistical potatoe pies,  
With that I turn'd my ears to see these things,  
And on a crystal wall of Scarlet dye,  
I with mine eyes began to hear and note,  
What these succeeding verses might portend,  
Which furiously an Anabaptist squeak'd,  
The audience deafly list'ning all the while.







A most learned-Lye, and Illiterate Oration, in lame  
galloping Rhyme, fustainly pronounced by *Nimshag*,  
a *Gimnosophical Philosopher*, in the presence of  
*Achitophel Smell-smock*, *Annani-Ass*, *Aretine*,  
*Iscariot-Nabal*, *Fransiscus Ra-viliaco*, *Garnetto*  
*Jebusito*, *Guido Salpetro Favexit Povderio*, and  
many other grave Senators of *Limbo*. Translated  
out of the vulgar Language, of *Terra incognita*, and  
is as material as any part of the Book the  
meaning whereof a blind man  
may see without Spectacles  
as well at midnight  
as at noon  
day.



THE Story of *Richardo*, and of *Bindo*,  
Appear'd like *Nilus* peeping through a  
window :  
Which put the wand'ring Jew in much amazement,  
In seeing such a voice without the casement,  
When lo a Bull, (long nourish'd in *Cocitus*,  
With sulphur horns sent by the Emp'ror *Titus*,  
Ask'd a stigmatic *Paracelsian* question,  
If *Alexander* ever lov'd *Ephestion*.



I seeing each to other were much adverse,  
In mirth and sport set down their minds in sad  
verse,

Which as my brains with care have coin'd and  
minted,

With plenteous want of judgment here 'tis printed,  
But if *Grimalkin* take my line in dudgeon,  
The case is plain, I pray good Readers judge ye on,  
That *Æsop* that old fabulistic *Phrygian*,  
From the Nocturnal flood or lake call'd *Stygian*,  
Came to the Court at *Creet*, clad like a Legate,  
The Porter kindly to him open'd the Gate,  
He past through *Plutoes* Hall in Hell most horrid,  
Where gnashing cold mixt with combustions torrid,  
Where all things that are good and goodness  
wanted,

Where plants of mans perdition still are planted,  
Where Ghosts and Goblins all in sulphur suited,  
And all the fiends like Cuckolds were cornuted.  
At last he audience got in *Plutoes* presence,  
And of his whole Embassy this was the sense:  
To thee Tartarian Monarch now my Rhyme-is,  
And therefore mark my Prologue, or *Imprimis*,  
Thou that in *Limbo* art as 'twere *Rex Regnant*,  
Bear with my wit, which is not sharp or pregnant,  
I come from Houndsditch, Long-lane, and from  
Bridewell,

Where all that have liv'd ill, have all not died well,



Where as the Vices show like Virtues Cardinal,  
Where's money store, and conscience very hard in  
all,

Through thy protection they are monstrous thrivers,  
Not like the Dutchman in base Doits and Stivers,  
For there you may see many a greedy grout-head,  
Without wit, or sense, almost without-head,  
Held and esteem'd a man whose zeal is fervent,  
And makes a show as he were not your servant.

To tell this news I came from many a mile hence,  
For we do know there's odds 'twixt talk and silence.

With that the smug-fac'd *Pluto* shook his vestment,  
Deep ruminating what the weighty Jest meant,  
Calling to mind old *Dodonæus* Herbal,

With Taciturnity and Actions verbal,

Quoth he, I care not for Friend or Kinsman,  
Nor do I value honesty two pins man :

But 'tis a Maxim Mortals cannot hinder,

The doughty deeds of Wakefields huff-cap Pindar,  
Are not so pleasant as the fair *Aurora*,

When *Nimrod* rudely played on his Bandora.

For 'tis not fit that any Turk or Persian,

Should in a Cloak-bag hide a fever Tertian,

Because the Dog-star in his cold Meridian,

Might arm himself in fury most quotidian.

With that, most quick a Pettifoggers tongue went,

(Well oil'd with *Aurum Argent*, or such *Unguent*)

Is't fit (quoth he) here should be such encroachment,



By such whose fathers ne'er knew what a Coach  
    meant ;  
Or shall their Scutchions fairly be endorsed,  
Who riding backward jadishly were horsed ?  
For though in *India* it be rare and frequent,  
Where to the wall most commonly the weak went,  
Yet neither can the *Soldan* or the *Sophy*,  
Shew any Precedents for such a Trophy.  
By Rules of Logic, he's a kind a Cative,  
And makes no reckoning of his Country native,  
That doth with feeble strength, love with derision.  
And without bloodshed makes a deep incision,  
Why should a man lay either life or limb ny,  
To be endangered by a falling Chimney.  
For though the prosecution may be quaintly,  
Yet may the execution end but faintly,  
Let's call to mind the famous acts of *Hector*,  
When aged *Ganymede* carousing *Nectar*,  
Did leave the Greeks much matter to repine on ;  
Until the Wooden-Horse of trusty *Synon*,  
Foal'd a whole litter of mad Colts in Harness,  
As furious as the host of *Holofernes*.  
But to the purpose here's the long and short on't,  
All that is said, hath not been much important,  
Nor can it be that what is spoke is meant all,  
Of any thing that happens accidental.  
We will examine wisely what the Foe sent,  
And whether he be innocent or nocent.



In weighty matters let's not be too serious,  
There's many an Eunuch hath been thought vene-  
reous,  
And 'tis a thing which often hath been heard on,  
That he that labours, doth deserve his Guerdon.  
Let us the first precedent time examine,  
You'll find that hunger is the cause of famine,  
The Birds in Summer that have sweetly chirped,  
Ere winter hath been done, have been extirped.  
He may wear Robes, that ne'er knew what a Rag  
meant,  
And he that feasts, may fast without a fragment,  
The end proves all, I care not for the Interim,  
Time now that summers him, will one day winter him,  
To outward view, and Senses all exterior,  
Amongst all fools I never saw a verier,  
Than he that doth his liberty prohibit,  
To fall in danger of a fatal Jibbet.  
Nor for this purpose here to talk come I,  
How silver may be mock'd with Alchemy.  
I oft have heard that many a Hawk have muted,  
Whereby the Falconers Clothes have been polluted,  
This may be avoided if the Knight *Sir Reverence*,  
Be wary with a negligent perseverance :  
For men of Judgment never think it decent,  
To love a stinking Pole-cat well for the scent.  
But if a man should seriously consider,  
Where Charity is fled or who hath hid her,



He in the end would give this worthy sentence,  
The earth hath been accursed since she went hence,  
The times are biting, and the days Caniculer,  
And mischief girds about the Globes orbiculer,  
How from the Country all the plain Rusticity,  
Lives by deceit, exiling plain simplicity.  
A face like Rubies mix'd with Alabaster,  
Wastes much in Physic, and her water-caster,  
That whosoever perceives which way the stink went,  
May scent and censure she's a great delinquent.  
Why should a Bawd be furr'd Budge and Miniver,  
As if she was a Lady, or Queen *Guiniver*,  
When as perhaps there's many a modest Matron,  
Hath scarcely meat, or money, clothes, or patron?  
And wherefore should a man be grown so stupid;  
To be a slave to *Venus* or to *Cupid*?  
He's but a fool that hoping for a vain prize,  
Being captived can have no bail or main prize.  
For he that hath no shift let him determine,  
He shall be bitten with Fleas, Lice or vermin.  
This being all his speeches, *Pia Mater*,  
He call'd a Sculler, and would go by water:  
When straight the Stygian Ferryman a rare one,  
Old amiable currish courteous *Charon*,  
Row'd with a whirl-wind through the *Acheron* tic,  
And thence unto the Azure Sea propontic,  
There *Neptune* in a burning blue Pavilion,  
In state did entertain this slow Postilion,



There *Proteus* in a Robe of twisted Camphire,  
With a grave beard of monumental Samphire,  
Quoth he, shall we whose Ancestors were war-like,  
Whose rich Perfumes were only Leeks and Garlic,  
Whose noble deeds nocturnal and diurnal,  
Great Towns and Towers did topsy turvy turn all,  
Shall all their valour be in us extinguish'd ?  
Great *Jove* forbid, there should be such a thing  
wish'd,

Though *Cleopatra* was *Octavian's* rival.  
It is a thing that we may well connive all.  
Amongst the Ancient it is undisputable,  
That women and the winds were ever mutable,  
And 'tis approved where people are litigious,  
There every Epicure is not religious,  
Old *Oceanus* knowing what they meant all,  
Brought *Zephyrus* unto the Oriental,  
And he by Argument would prove that love is  
A thing that makes a wise man oft a Novice :  
For 'tis approv'd, a Greyhound or a Beagle,  
Were not ordain'd or made to hunt the Eagle,  
Nor can the nimblest Cat that came from *Gotham*,  
Search the profundity of *Neptunes* bottom.  
Let roaring Cannons with the Welkin parley,  
It's known, good liquor may be made with Barley,  
And by experience many are assured,  
Some grounds are fruitful, if they be manured.  
For in the rudiments of health or sanity,



An arrant Whore is but a price of vanity :  
Some men with fury will procrastinate,  
And some with leaden speed make haste in at,  
But in conclusion many things impurely,  
Die in the birth, and never end maturely.  
The man that seeketh straying minds to wean all,  
From venial vices, or offences penal :  
Had he the forces of the Turkish Navy,  
He would lye down at last and cry *peccavi*,  
Of one thing I have oftentimes took notice,  
The fool that's old, and rich, much apt to dote is ;  
And by the light of *Pollux* and of *Castor*,  
A Wolf in Shepherds weeds is no good Pastor.  
Those that do live a Comic life by Magic,  
Their Scenes in their Catastrophes are tragic.  
And he that o'er the world would be chief Primate,  
May give occasion for wise men to rhyme at.  
Before men fell to wrangling disagreement.  
A Lawyer understood not what a fee meant :  
It was a time when Guilt did fear no censure,  
But love, and peace, and charity was then sure.  
Now fathers (for their bread) dig and delve it.  
The whilst the Satin Sons are lin'd with Velvet.  
Thus do I make a hotch potch mess of *Nonsense*,  
In dark enigmas, and strange sense upon sense :  
It is not foolish all, nor is it wise all,  
Nor it is true in all, nor is it lies all.  
I have not shew'd my wits acute or fluent,



Nor told which way of late the wandering Jew  
went :

For mine own part I never cared greatly,  
(So I farewell) where those that dress the meat lie.  
A miserable Knave may be close fisted,  
And prodigal expence may be resisted,  
I neither care what *Tom*, or *Jack*, or *Dick* said,  
I am resolv'd and my mind is fixed,  
The case is, not as he, or I, or you said,  
Truth must be found, and witnesses produced,  
My care is, that no captious Reader bear hence,  
My understanding, wit, or reason here-hence.  
On purpose to no purpose, I did write all,  
And so at noon I bid you here all good night.







**T**HEN with a touchbox of transalpine tar,  
Turning thrice round, and stirring not a  
jot,

He threw five ton of red hot purple Snow,  
Into a Pigmys mouth, nine inches square,  
Which straight with melancholy mov'd,  
Old *Bembus* Burgomaster of *Pickt-hatch*,  
That plunging through the Sea of *Turnbull street*,  
He safely did arrive at *Smithfield Bars*.  
Then did the Turntripes on the Coast of *France*,  
Catch fifteen hundred thousand grasshoppers,  
With fourteen Spanish Needles bumbasted,  
Poach'd with the Eggs of fourscore Flanders Mares,  
Mounted upon the foot of *Caucasus*,  
They whirl'd the football of conspiring fate,  
And brake the shins of smug-fac'd *Mulciber* :  
With that grim *Pluto* all in Scarlet blue,  
Gave fair *Proserpina* a kiss of brass,  
At which all Hell danc'd Trenchmore in a string.  
Whilst *Acheron*, and *Termagant* did sing.  
The Mold-warp all this while in white broth bath'd,  
Did Carol *Didoes* happiness in love,



Upon a Gridiron made of whiting-mops,  
Unto the tune of *John* come kiss me now,  
At which *Avernus* Music gan to roar,  
Enthron'd upon a seat of three-leav'd grass,  
Whilst all the Hibernian Kernes in multitudes,  
Did feast with Shamrocks stew'd in Usquebaugh.  
At which banquet made of Monopolies,  
Took great distate, because the Pillory  
Was hunger-starv'd for want of Villains ears,  
Whom to relieve, there was a *Mittimus*,  
Sent from *Tartaria* in an oyster boat,  
At which the King of *China* was amaz'd,  
And with nine grains of Rhubarb stellified,  
As low as to the altitude of shame,  
He thrust four Onions in a Candle-case,  
And spoil'd the meaning of the worlds misdoubt,  
Thus with a Dialogue of crimson starch,  
I was inflamed with a num-cold fire,  
Upon the tenterhooks of *Charlemagne*,  
The Dogstar howl'd, the Cat a Mountain smil'd,  
And *Sisyphus* drank Muscadel and eggs,  
In the horn'd hoof of huge *Bucephalus*,  
Time turn'd about, and show'd me yesterday,  
Clad in a Gown of mourning had I wist,  
The motion was almost too late they said,  
Whilst sad despair made all the World stark mad,  
They all arose, and I put up my pen,  
It makes no matter, where, why, how, or when.





Some Sense at last to *the Learned*.



YOU that in *Greek* and *Latin* learned are,  
And of the ancient *Hebrew* have a share,  
You that most rarely oftentimes have sung  
In the *French*, *Spanish*, or *Italian* tongue,  
Here I in *English* have employed my pen,  
To be read by the learnedest *Englishmen*,  
Wherein the meanest Scholar plain may see,  
I understand their tongues, as they do me.

*FINIS.*

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